

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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COMFORT

The Key to

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Crumbs of Comfort

The worst of madmen is a saint run mad. One cannot light a fire with no fuel to burn. Life's working day is twenty-four hours long. The presence of those whom we love is as a double life.

Youthful rashness skips like a hare over the meshes of good counsel.

Half the ills we hoard within our hearts are due because we hoard them.

By abstaining from most things, it is surprising how many things we enjoy.

As the rain is drawn up by some conditions of the sun, some natures draw trouble.

Always rise from the table with an appetite and you will never sit down without one.

Man is born for action; he ought to do something. Who does nothing knows nothing.

That good sense which nature affords us is preferable to most of the knowledge we acquire.

Treasure is not for the young. At twenty, one does not know how to be rich or how to be loved.

Those who are formed to win general admiration are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness.

That deed is wrong which either blushes to beg a blessing, or having succeeded, dares not offer a thanksgiving.

Some persons of weak understanding are so sensible of their weakness that they are able to make good use of it.

Use your youth so that you may have comfort to remember it when it has forsaken you, and not grieve over its loss.

Absence diminishes moderate passions and augments great ones, as the wind extinguishes a candle and kindles a fire.

Wrong is wrong. No fallacy can hide it, no subterfuge cover it so shrewdly that the All-seeing One cannot discover and punish it.

When we begin to yearn for what is out of our reach, we are still in the cradle. When worn out with our yearnings, still beyond our reach, we are on our deathbeds.

He is a nobleman in God's peerage who goes out every morning, it may be from the humblest of homes, to his work and to his labor until the evening, with a determination, as working for a heavenly Father, to do his best.

BILL BAMBOOZLE:

or, Dodging His Destiny

By Glenn & Jessica Guernsey

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

William Bamboozle, nicknamed "Bamboozle" because of his deftness in working confidence schemes, is an orphan and is brought up and educated by a rich uncle until the young man is expelled from college for gambling. In consequence of which the enraged uncle disowns him and turns him adrift. Previously he had gambled only for sport, but now that he has made his own living he becomes a professional gambler and all-round confidence crook. His uncle's partner has a son, James Barton, who is a New York lawyer, and a beautiful and accomplished daughter, Elizabeth, who had been young Bamboozle's sweetheart until he disgraced himself. After a run of unusually bad luck Bamboozle borrows a hundred dollars from the young lawyer and steals some of the latter's office stationery and goes to Bermuda for the winter. There he becomes a boarder in the Jenkins family. Again short of money, he makes love to the gross and repulsive Miss Jenkins in order to beat his board bill, but with no idea of ever marrying her. He pretends to be a millionaire, and to carry out the deception he writes himself letters in the New York lawyer's stationery and forges the lawyer's name. He manages to have this letter fall into the hands of Mr. Jenkins who thus becomes convinced that Bamboozle is immensely rich and a most desirable catch for his daughter. Reasoning that rich men usually marry rich women Mr. Jenkins devises a scheme to make Bamboozle believe that his daughter is an heiress. When he knows that Bamboozle, in the next room, will be sure to overhear the conversation, he tells his wife and ugly daughter not to let her lover know that she has just fallen heir to her deceased uncle's large estates in England for fear he may be a fortune-hunter. "If this American is in earnest, let him marry you for love alone, and not about your fortune afterward," said Mr. Jenkins. Bamboozle is completely fooled. Here is his chance to marry a big fortune, he believes, but he loathes the thought of having to take the repulsive Miss Jenkins for his wife. He lies awake most of the night struggling with the proposition, and in his dreams the lovely face of Elizabeth Barton seems to reproach him. Can he do it even for a fortune? Surely not if there is still any hope that by reforming his life he might yet win Miss Barton. What should he do?

CHAPTER V. (CONTINUED.)

IN his perplexity he reverted to the black art of the fortune-tellers, as all gamblers do for the settlement of doubtful propositions.

There is not a more superstitious class of people than gamblers. They believe in signs and omens of good and bad luck, and have full faith in the predictions of palmists, astrologers, necromancers, trance mediums and all manner of other fortune-telling fakers whose advice they eagerly seek on matters of importance.

Bamboozle had had his fortune told a dozen times by as many soothsayers in as many different ways. Among their various vague predictions of his future most of them told him, as they do nearly all young, unmarried people, that his fortune would turn largely on his marriage, meaning the selection of a wife who would sooner or later bring him riches. What especially impressed him, and perplexed and worried him, especially in this crisis, was the further prediction of a certain noted fortune-teller in New York who had said that he would have the opportunity of marrying wealth and happiness, but that he was fated to throw away his one grand opportunity by foolishly marrying a penniless wife.

Bamboozle had concluded that thus forewarned he was forearmed even against Fate, and determined to dodge his destiny by keeping a sharp eye to the main chance and promptly marrying the lady of fortune whom Fate had in store for him, but apparently grudging him possession, as soon as lucky chance should favor him with her acquaintance.

Unfortunately none of those gifted with the mysterious power of seeing into the future had been able to give him the lady's name or even describe her appearance or furnish any other clue to her identity by which he might recognize her. He had assumed this to be a matter of easy solution when the time came.

Now that he seemed to be up against the proposition he seriously pondered the great fortune-

teller's prediction with as much gravity and concern as did King Saul the words of the witch of Endor.

To his superstitious mind here was the very case the fortune-teller had foreseen, the one grand opportunity for marrying riches which "ironical Fate" had prepared and presented to him in a form so repulsive as to be well calculated to cause him to reject it. How well, as it appeared to him, it fitted the prediction. Cruel Fate should not mock him; he was no fool; thanks to the warning of the master of occult science he saw through the veil, he would beat Fate at her own game and dodge his destiny by marrying this caricature of a woman and be rich, and happy, too, in the possession and enjoyment of great wealth. Thus he reasoned, and thus concluded. And thus, like thousands of others who have followed the advice of fortune-tellers instead of exercising their own reason and good common sense, he brought on himself the calamity which he sought to escape.

On the morrow, he decided, he would propose to the heiress.

CHAPTER VI.

"Caroline," Mr. Bamboozle managed to put a great deal of endearment into the word, but he looked off into space as he said it, and not into the eyes of the repulsive woman by his side. "Caroline, I love you, darling, with all my heart and soul. On the day I first saw you, I immediately recognized you as my ideal woman. Dearest Caroline, I am but a plain business man, and I cannot use the flowery phrases of other men, but I love you, dear. Will you be my wife?"

Her action proved that Caroline was willing, and even eager. She threw herself—which was no slight matter—into the arms of her passionate wooer, and cuddled upon his manly bosom with every evidence of satisfaction.

There are limits to human endurance, and William Bamboozle soon and none too gently engaged the clinging arms of his bulky bride-to-be and fled to the safety of his room. Overcome with disgust at his fiancée and himself he mopped his face with a handkerchief, and sighed heavily. The brandy bottle of his host was lowered considerably before he had recovered his composure and again resigned himself to his hateful sacrifice to avarice.

Dinner that evening was a banquet given over to felicitations and congratulations, but while father and daughter were in high spirits, Mrs. Jenkins was ill at ease and more apologetic than usual. Although the prospective bridegroom preserved a happy mien, he was internally quaking and on the verge of collapse. When his host suggested that the marriage take place within a few days, Mr. Bamboozle assented. The sooner this terrible suspense became certainty, he reflected bitterly, the better for his nerves.

That night he tossed and tumbled in his bed. Horrible nightmares tortured his sleep. The crowning agony came when he saw the sweet face of Elizabeth Barton, crying him reproachfully. He awoke tired and unrefreshed, and it is to be feared that Miss Caroline found him a very unsatisfactory lover.

During the days preceding the wedding, Mr. Jenkins was almost amiable. At times he was worried by the fear that something might yet arise to upset the matrimonial alliance of his daughter with the wealthy American, but the course of true love appeared to run smoothly, although his future son-in-law wore a constrained and harried look.

Mr. Jenkins had reason for viewing life cheerfully. He had almost despaired of marrying off his homely daughter, and the poorest Bermudian swain would have been acceptable as a husband. Now he was not only to be rid of her, but he confidently expected that his daughter's millionaire husband would provide liberally for his father-in-law. That he had secured such a match for his thirty-five-year old and far from handsome offspring he attributed to his own clever ruse.

On the day before that set for the nuptials, the postman again called at the Jenkins cottage and left another letter addressed to Mr. William Bam-

Beware the White-Slavers' New Scheme to Trap Innocent Girls

Mothers awake! Rouse up and mount guard to protect your daughters from the alluring devices of the traders in young womanhood who make merchandise of innocence and virtue.

Girls, be wise and ever vigilant to detect and shun the enticements of those social wolves in sheep's clothing who, under pretense of tempting offers to better your condition, disguise the snare designed to ruin you.

Because it is such a delicate subject to treat, so difficult to handle without offending the prudish or shocking the over-sensitive, we have heretofore touched but lightly on the White Slave menace in our efforts to warn our readers against the besetting dangers of the great social evil, although we have had urgent requests from COMFORT Sisters for more light on this subject.

Some of the new schemes and devices of the White-Slave Traders are so insidiously deceptive that we deem it our duty now to expose them, and accordingly we shall print an article for that purpose in May COMFORT. Don't fail to read and profit by our article on dangers of

THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE EXPOSED IN MAY COMFORT

There will be no indelicacy nor objectionable suggestiveness, even to young readers, in our disclosure of certain startling and somewhat sensational facts which should be made known to every girl for her protection against the pitfalls placed by organized vice mongers in the path of unsuspecting innocence.

"At the Call of the Bugle,"

the fifth story of the Cyclus, to appear complete in May COMFORT, is a touching romance of war and love, telling of the brave veteran of the old war, the gallant soldier boy of the Spanish war and how he won his sweetheart. Lots of other good things in May COMFORT that you would be sorry to miss, so SEE TO YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TODAY.

Look At The Figures

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April, 1913.

The Little Feet in the Golden Street

BY MRS. C. E. BOYD.

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The step was slow,
And the whispers low,
In the room where the light was dim.
And sorrow's cup
Was there filling up,
Soon to overflow the brim.
A few trembling sighs
And closing eyes,
Then—then—death's awful shock—
And the angels say,
"Today! today!
A precious lamb of the flock
Is coming home!
Never to roam
From the tender Shepherd's side."

All unaware
Of the fowler's snare
A bird escapes to the skies—
And angels of light
On wings so bright
Bear him in gladness surprise
To the Shepherd's arms,
From all that harms,
Henceforth to be
Through eternity
A gem for the Savior's crown.

The little feet
In the golden street
Can never go astray
And the heart o'er charged
With sorrow large
And fainting by the way,
Will find relief
Though great its grief.
And a sweet soothing rest
On the Shepherd's side,
There to abide,
Folded on Jesus' breast.
Then to look above,
In trust and love,
To the Home not far away,
And softly sing
While the joy bells ring,
"We'll meet them some glad day."
Yes! we shall meet
And with rapture greet
Our precious darlings there,
Where sorrow's tears,
Where sighs and fears,
And staggering dumb despair
Are all unknown;
And joy alone
Crowns every lovely head.

posed. Mr. Jenkins noted that the envelope bore the card of James Barton, Attorney at Law. Then he placed it in his pocket, and, vastly excited at the affair of the morrow, forgot it.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bamboozle sat on a decrepit sofa in the Jenkins parlor. The neighbors, with tongues in cheeks, had congratulated him upon his acquisition of a wife, and gone away, asking each other, "What in the world can be seen in her?" The spinsterhood of Miss Jenkins had long been a topic for jest in the community, and now that she had married an apparently prosperous and certainly handsome American, all Bermuda was filled with wonder.

The question which the wedding guests asked of each other, William Bamboozle now put to himself. His bride had ever been hideous but now her outrageous wedding finery accentuated all her imperfections of face and figure, and rendered her almost intolerable, in his critical sight. But after all, he decided, a fortune might atone for many shortcomings. He decided to broach the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Darling wife," he murmured, gingerly taking her hand, "I heard a strange rumor yesterday. One of the neighbors told me that you were about to inherit a large estate from an English relative. Of course," he added, closing his eyes and kissing her thick lips, which he smacked loudly in response, "of course that has no effect on my affection for you, but it will be rather nice, won't it?"

"Dearest husband," she responded, "you must have dreamed it. I haven't any relatives in England, and haven't heard of any estate."

Mrs. Bamboozle, secure in the delusion that her husband was animated only by affection in marrying her, was scarcely prepared for the wild outburst that followed. Throwing aside all disguise, he repeated the conversation he had overheard between her and her father.

"Oh, William, William," the bride sobbed, throwing herself at the feet of her husband of an hour, and weeping piteously. "That was only a t-trick that f-father made me do. F-forgive me, W-William, and say you f-forgive me. Haven't you money enough for b-both of us?"

"Me? Money?" he hissed the outraged bridegroom, spurning the weeping woman with his foot. "Me? I haven't a cent—not a cent. You—you damned impostor! You crook!"

His face red with rage, he strode from the room. In the yard his smiling father-in-law met him, and, not perceiving the anger writ large upon the countenance of Bamboozle, extended a hand bearing an envelope.

"Here's a letter I got yesterday, and forgot to give you," quoth Mr. Jenkins. His irate son-in-law grasped the missive and strode on to a bench in the garden.

As he read the letter, the blood died out of his face and he turned ghastly white. Yesterday that letter would have opened up to him all the avenues of joy and ambition he had ever dreamed of. Today it was but a mockery, a final slap in the face from Fate. He read it again, slowly, as a condemned man spells out his death warrant:

JAMES BARTON,
Attorney at Law,
Skyhigh Building,
New York, March 12, 1909.

Mr. William Bamboozle, Hamilton, Bermuda.
Dear Sir:

You will be pained, I know, to hear of the death of your uncle, who expired suddenly of apoplexy on March 10.

As attorney for the late Daniel Bamboozle, I recently drew up his last will and testament, which provides that his entire fortune, estimated at three million dollars, shall go to you, upon the condition that you marry, within six months, the daughter of his late partner, who is, of course, my sister Elizabeth. I may state that this condition is not distasteful to her, as you probably know for you and your welfare. Should you decide to accept this condition, she will not come to you penniless, as our father left each of us more than a million dollars.

I know, my friend, that your life has not always been blameless, but I confidently believe that such mistakes were of the head rather than the heart, and were largely due to the harshness of your uncle, of which he sincerely repented in his last days.

Of course, before permitting a matrimonial alliance between Elizabeth and you, I would ask that you give satisfactory assurance of your intention to henceforth live a blameless life. However, I may add, I have no doubts on that score.

Elizabeth joins with me in sending you love and sympathy. Hoping to see you soon, I remain,
Very truly your friend,
JAMES BARTON.

After a life of deception, something real had come to him—but too late. He seemed a dozen years older as he arose from the bench. A moment later his ungainly wife threw herself at his feet, sobbing convulsively and beseeching forgiveness. Almost tenderly he picked her up, and pressed a kiss upon her tousled hair.

With the resignation of the fatalist, that he was, he accepted his destiny which he had unsuccessfully tried to dodge.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p. picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o. over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; s. p. shorter than usual picot; ch. chain, a succession of double stitches made with two threads; pkt. picot and knot together. * Indicates a repetition.

Corner in Drawnwork

THIS design is especially suitable for a tea-cloth or sideboard corner. Though the finished work is quite elaborate it is not difficult. First select a piece of linen and cut the desired size by a thread. Leave a good three inches for a hem, then draw an eighth-inch space and hemstitch.

Leave one-half inch, draw three-fourth inch, leave one-half inch, draw three inches, leave one-half inch, draw three-fourth inch, leave one-half inch, draw one-eighth inch, leave one sixteenth inch, draw one-eighth inch.

In each of the drawn spaces knot chain or tie the threads in groups of 6 or 8 threads each, according to quality of goods. In the first row after the hem, tie the groups of threads through the center alternately one and two groups together. The spot in this row is woven with the last thread.

In the wide space knot chain through the center, then tie in groups of 6 each, on each side, being careful not to tie the same groups together on each side as two that belong to the first group on one side must belong to the second group on the other. Then proceed with the other work according to sample.

In the next tie two groups together so as to form squares. To do this there must be three tyings.

In the last hemstitch or knotstitch on each side dividing the group in the middle from what it is on the other side. Thus giving the "zigzag" appearance.

The design in the corners can easily be copied from the illustration. In doing this work care should be used in fastening in and finishing off threads, and also in doing some parts of the work closer and tighter than others, or the finished piece will not lie flat.

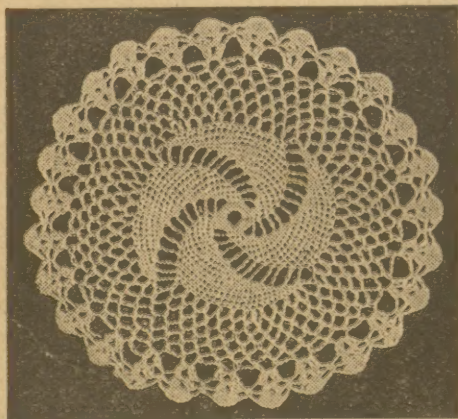
Small Crocheted Doilies

No. 1.

Begin with chain of 10 stitches, join.

1st round.—Fill ring with 27 single crochet. 2 single crochet on first 2 single crochet worked in ring, ch. 3.

2nd round.—Skip 2 sts., work 1 s. c. in next



CROCHETED DOILY, NO. 1.

4 s. c., ch. 3, sk. 3, 4 s. c., on next 4 s. c., ch. 3, sk. 3, 4 s. c., ch. 3, 2 s. c., on last 2 s. c. worked in ring, 2 s. c. on next 2 sts., making fourth group of 4 s. c., add 2 s. c. under first ch. 3.

3rd round.—Ch. 3, 6 s. c., last 2 under second ch. 3, repeat 3 times.

4th round.—Same as third, only work 3 s. c. under each, ch. 3; 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th round the same. After completing 13th round, make ch. 3, 1 s. c. in first s. c. of next spoke, ch. 3, sk. 1, 1 s. c., ch. 3, sk. 1, 1 s. c., repeat all around.

Make next five rows of ch. 3, 1 s. c. in each ch. 3 of previous row.

20th round.—2 d. c., ch. 3, 2 d. c., under ch. 3, ch. 3, sk. 3, 2 d. c., ch. 3, 2 d. c., repeat around.

21st round.—The same as 20th.

22nd round.—Shell of 6 d. c. under ch. 3, which separates each group of 4 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c. under 2 ch. 3, ch. 3, 6 d. c., repeat all around.

No. 2.

Begin with chain 7, join.

2nd round.—36 d. c. in ring.

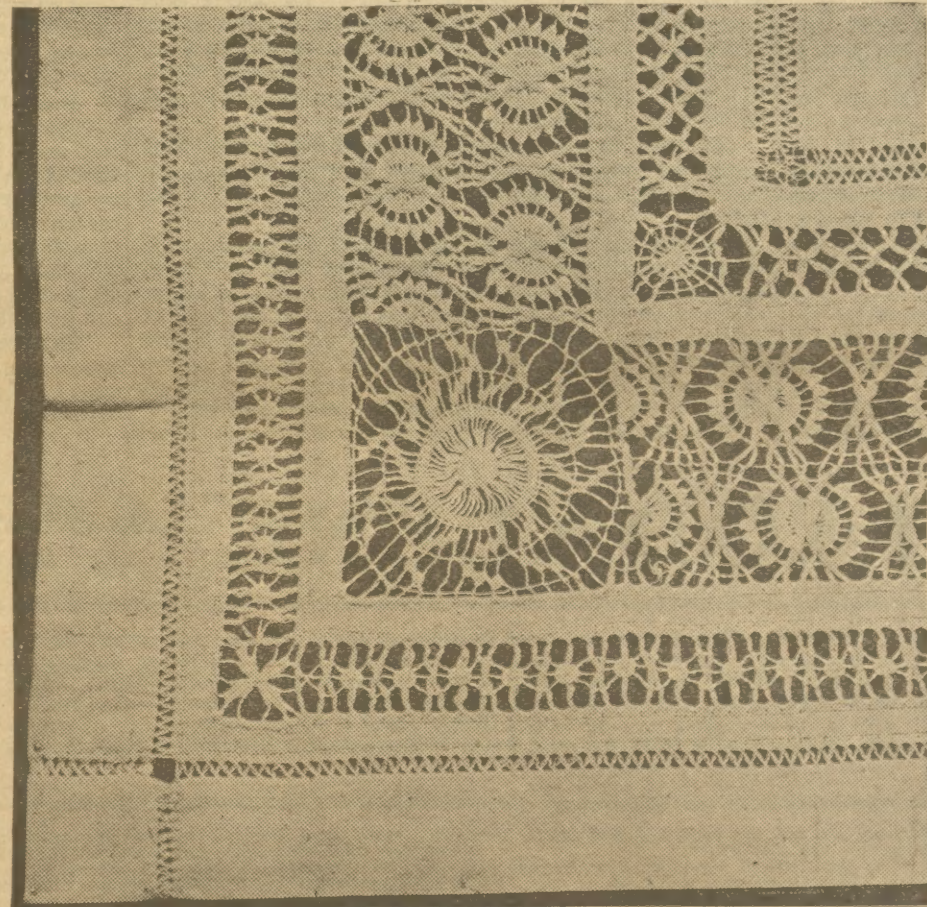
3rd round.—Ch. 10, 1 s. c. in 7th, d. c., turn



CROCHETED DOILY, NO. 2.

work over, 2 s. c. under ch. 10, 10 d. c. under ch. 10, ch. 2, 10 d. c. on 10 d. c., * ch. 9, 1 d. c. in 13 d. c. in ring, turn work, 10 d. c. under ch. 9, ch. 2, 10 d. c. on 10 d. c., repeat from *, putting 1 d. c. in the 19, 25 and 30th d. c., and last d. c. in ring.

4th round.—Ch. 3, 1 d. c. in first d. c. of first group of 10 d. c. made; ch. 3, sk. 3, 1 d. c., repeat.



CORNER IN DRAWNWORK. By Jennie Blair.

5th round.—6 tr. c. under each ch. 3 in previous row.

6th round.—Ch. 9, 1 tr. c. in 6th tr. c. of previous row, turn work, 10 tr. c. under ch. 9 ch. 2, turn, 10 tr. c. on 10 tr. c., ch. 9, 1 tr. c. in 12 tr. c., repeat all around.

7th round.—Ch. 3, 1 tr. c. in first d. c. of first group of 10 d. c. made; ch. 3, sk. 3, 1 d. c., repeat.

8th round.—Same as 5th.

9th round.—Same as 7th.

Last three rows same as doily No. 1.

Lace Beading

This is a lovely little beading to edge corset covers and nightgowns.

No. 40 crochet cotton makes an edging one and one half inches wide, of course the finer the thread the narrower the beading. For the foundation make a chain of 26 stitches, turn, and 1 d. c. in the eighth chain stitch from the needle (ch. 2 and 1 d. c. in the next 3rd chain), repeat to the end of the chain. You should have seven spaces in all in this row. Ch. 5, turn.

1st row.—5 d. c. in the first space, for a shell, ch. 4, skip two spaces, a shell of 5 d. c. in the

next space, 1 d. c. on the d. c. of next space, ch. 2, 1 d. c. on d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in the 3rd stitch of end space, ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 d. c., second d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., next d. c., ch. 2, and a d. c. in the center of shell, ch. 2 and 1 d. c. in same place, ch. 2, 3 s. c. made over four ch. 4, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in center of shell; ch. 2, 1 d. c. in same place, ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—5 d. c. in first space, ch. 4, shell of

5 d. c. in the next space over the shell, d. c. on d. c. of next space, ch. 2, d. c. on next d. c., ch. 2, d. c. in 3rd stitch of end space.

Alternate the 2nd and 3rd rows.

A. O. L. WERTMAN, Tannersville, Pa.

Purse in Crochet

The original bag was crocheted of blue silk-ateen with a medium steel hook. Ch. 4, join in a ring.

1st round.—10 d. c. in ring.

2nd round.—2 d. c. in each double.

3rd round.—* 2 d. c. in double, 1 double in next. Repeat from * all around.

4th round.—Same as third round.

5th round.—1 d. c. in each of 5 d. c., 1 spot as follows: (5 trs. in next st., leaving last loop of each on hook, thread through all loops at once, 1 d. c. tight), * 1 d. c. in each of 6 d. c., 1 spot. Repeat from * all around.

6th round.—Same as fifth round, but have the spots come in third double from spots in fifth round.

Repeat the sixth round 7 times more.

14th round.—1 d. c. in each d. c.

15th round.—* 1 tr. in d. c. Ch. 1 miss 1. Repeat from * all around.

16th round.—* 1 d. c., 2 tr. c., ch. 3, 2 tr. c., 1 d. c., all in ch. 1; 1 s. c. in next ch. 1. Repeat from * all around.

17th round.—* 1 s. c. in each of 3 sts. of scallop. Ch. 4, single in first st. of ch. 4 (forms picot), single in chain 3 of sixteenth round, 1 s. c. in each of 3 remaining sts. of scallop. Repeat from * all around.

Double the thread, crochet a chain long enough to insert in fifteenth round and tie. If preferred, ribbon may be used for this.

Old-gold color would make a lovely purse.

Crocheted Design for Garter

Make a chain of 12 stitches; join in a ring with a sl. st. and make 20 s. c. in this ring. Join with a sl. st. and make a ch. of 6 sts., skip 2 sts., fasten with a sl. st. in next s. c.

Ch. 6, sk. 2 sts., fasten with sl. st. in next s. c. Ch. 12, sk. 3 s. c., fasten in next s. c. Ch. 6, sk. 2 sts., fasten in next s. c. Ch. 12, sk. 3 sts., fasten in last s. c. Then make 3 s. c. in loop of 5 ch., 3 ch., 3 s. c. Repeat for next loop. In loop of 12 ch., make 6 d. c., 3 ch., 6 d. c. In next loop make 3 s. c., 3 ch., s. c. Repeat next loop. In loop of 12 ch., make 6 s. c., 3 c. h., 6 s. c. Fasten and break thread.

Repeat for remainder of the designs, joining

by the 3 chain of the large loops. Run a ribbon or elastic through the large loops and the center rings. The design is best made of coarse linen or silk thread. Silkateen is an effective working material for crocheting or knitting handsome laces.

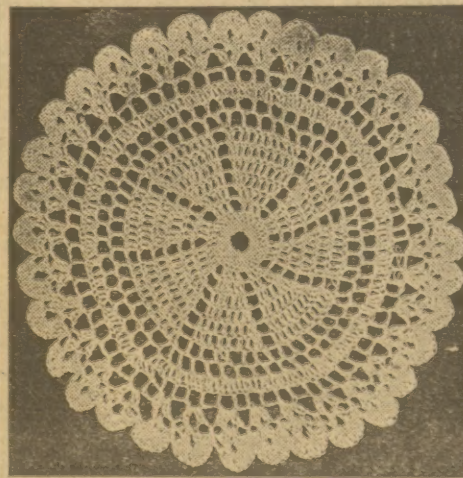
Small Crocheted Doilies

No. 3.

Begin with ch. 9, join.

2nd round.—40 d. c. in ring, 1 s. c.

3rd round.—4 tr. c. in first 4 d. c., ch. 2, sk. 1,



CROCHETED DOILY, NO. 3.

4 tr. c. in next 4 sets, repeat, making 8 groups of 4 each.

4th round.—8 groups of 4 tr. c. each with ch. 2 between.

5th round.—8 groups of 6 tr. c. with ch. 2 between.

6th round.—8 tr. c. in each group, ch. 2. 7th round.—10 tr. c. in each group, ch. 2. 8th round.—11 tr. c. in each group, ch. 2. 9th round.—Ch. 2, 1 tr. c., ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 tr. c., repeat. 10th round.—Same as 9th round. 11th round.—3 tr. c. under each ch. 2. 12th round.—Same as 9th round. Last three rows same as doilies Nos. 1 and 2.

French Knot Embroidered Bag

A shopping bag such as is here shown, can be quickly and very effectively decorated by working out any simple design in French knots. Coarse silk should be used for doing the work, as it is much more showy.



A SHOPPING BAG.

A variety of material is suitable for making the bag, such as silk, fine natural linen or coarse Russian crash. Finish the bottom with silk or cotton balls and use heavy cord for the top.

If the bone or ivory slides cannot be obtained, substitutes can be made of a piece of a cigar box. For an ordinary size bag, say 8 by 12 or 10 by 14 inches, slides 5 inches long by 5-8 inches wide will be about right. Each of these should have four holes, large enough for the cord to run through freely.

Crocheted Shawl

Make a chain the width the shawl is desired. One treble crochet in each of the third and fourth stitches. Now make a treble crochet in each of the first and second stitches of the chain; this gives a crossed effect. Repeat to end of the chain. Repeat this row until you have the shawl the desired length. Finish with knotted fringe at each end.

Patchwork

Once again the designing and making of old-fashioned patchwork quilts, is occupying the attention and keeping busy the nimble fingers of young girls.

Well made and preserved old-fashioned quilts of the best patterns are sought after and paid good prices for, by lovers of the antique, as these and the old hand-woven bedspreads are most appropriate for colonial furnished bedrooms.

Patchwork quilts made up even of some

simple pattern, of bits of a young girl's gowns, or those of her family and friends, will be prized by the maker in later years for the flood of happy memories which the sight of the different scraps of calico will bring.

These three designs by Nida Hope can be easily copied. Quilts of all blue and white, red and white, or light and dark calico, either may be used and the blocks joined with alternating plain squares or "sashed" together with three-inch strips of plain goods.

A Star Stitch Border

Crochet one row of single crochet all around the sweater, bottom and fronts.

2nd row.—Make one row of stars all around. Begin in middle of back of the neck. At the corners widen by making ch. 3 in eye of star, join.

3rd row.—1 s. c. in the eye of each star, one or two s. c. under the next loop according to how one works, whether loose or tight.

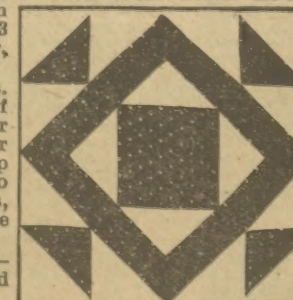
4th row.—Same as the 2nd row.

5th row.—Same as the 3rd row.

6th row.—Same as the 2nd row.

7th row.—Same as the 3rd row. Finish with pearl buttons and wool worked button holes, which can be made without much cutting. All ends should be tied carefully before the button-holes are worked, to prevent unraveling.

If the maker prefers, the work can be entirely of single crochet ribbed, but the rows of star stitch add much to the appearance of the sweater.



A Few Words by the Editor

A SYSTEMATIC and dangerous attempt to burglarize the nation is being made by rich and powerful interests which have had a large and influential crew of lobbyists at work on our Senators and Congressmen in the effort to accomplish this purpose.

The situation is alarming and demands the vigorous action of each and every good and patriotic citizen in support of those who are making the fight in the people's interest against this movement to rob them.

COMFORT is in this fight to guard the people's rights, as it was in that for the Parcel Post, and it again appeals to its readers to make their mighty influence felt on the side of right.

Capitalists are trying to gobble up what there is left of the national forests, water powers and coal and mineral lands. The greater part has already been gathered in by corporations, syndicates and individuals or fallen a prey to robber trusts which must not be permitted to get possession of the remainder.

Private monopoly of natural resources is one of the most shameful and oppressive evils that are robbing and otherwise distressing the people of this trust ridden land.

This monster evil has attained a magnitude and power that is intolerable, a power that apparently is greater than that of the government, for it has thus far successfully resisted all government efforts to curb or restrain it. Its further extension must not be allowed.

The coal barons not only rob but freeze us, for even at the present exorbitant prices the market supply of hard coal has been scanty and of bad quality the past year; there is more profit in mining less coal and putting the price up. An occasional coal famine that makes people anxious to obtain a necessary supply at any price may be an effective expedient temporarily to check the popular clamor for lower prices and cleaner coal, but is more than likely to result in an irresistible demand for government ownership of the mines.

The price of gasoline has been jacked up during the last fifteen months to a figure that is almost prohibitive, thanks to the cupidity of the little ring of philanthropists who seem to control the petroleum products, notwithstanding the Supreme Court's bluff at dissolving the oil trust.

The mammoth steel trust that, like many other tariff protected American trusts, sells its products to foreigners in foreign lands cheaper than to Americans in the United States, has obtained control of a large part of the iron mines and iron ore deposits in this country.

The magnificent forests, which once abounded in this country, for the most part have passed into private ownership and have suffered such ruthless destruction that their vanishing point is now in sight, entailing a lumber famine in the near future, so near that its blighting foreshadow is already discernible in the present scarcity, poor quality and high prices of lumber.

The developed water powers in the older states are largely owned by great corporations controlled by mighty syndicates which are now reaching out their greedy hands for those still owned by the government.

All these vast natural resources once were public property and should have remained so for the benefit of all the

people instead of being given away or sold for a song to enormously enrich a few.

The wild lands, forests, mineral lands and water powers in the New England and other old eastern states, which are older than the federal government, were owned by these states until they passed them over to land grabbing individuals and corporations that had influence enough to get them for little or nothing; this happened long ago. Such has been the usual fate of the natural resources owned by the states, and until recently a similar policy has been pursued by the federal government in disposing of the forests, coal, oil and other mineral lands and water powers belonging to the national domain.

Theodore Roosevelt, when President, first put a stop to this pillage and started the great conservation movement the chief purpose of which was to induce the government to retain, protect and develop such natural resources as it still owned for the benefit of the people instead of passing them over to those who were interested only in monopolizing them for their own aggrandizement.

With President Roosevelt ready to veto any hostile action of Congress, and men of such sterling integrity and progressive ideas as former Secretary Garfield on guard at the head of the Interior Department and Gifford Pinchot in charge of the Forest Service, the "interests" perceived the uselessness of any attempts on the nation's natural resources.

But under the reactionary administration of President Taft, who first put Ballinger of unsavory notoriety in connection with the Alaska coal land scandals into Garfield's place, and then dismissed Pinchot and several efficient and conscientious subordinates, the would-be plunderers of the national domain plucked up courage and gathered their forces for renewed attacks.

The lobbyists for the special interests have besieged Congress to pass a great variety of bills to permit the free grabbing of water powers and private appropriation of millions of acres of the national forest reserve.

These schemes have failed, chiefly because of the constant vigilance and determined opposition of the National Conservation Association under leadership of its distinguished president, Gifford Pinchot, and the able and patriotic manner in which U. S. Forester, Henry S. Graves, has performed the duties of his important office. We trust that President Wilson will retain Mr. Graves in his present position, or promote him, for the good of the service.

One bill to give away valuable water power privileges, that pertaining to the Coosa River in Alabama, was forced through Congress but was wisely vetoed by President Taft.

Failing in all direct attempts to grab the nation's natural resources, the promoters of the "special interests" finally have resorted to a flank movement or indirect method of accomplishing their purpose, a most insidious form of attack in which their real design is so masked that they might well hope it would escape detection, while the supposedly popular features with which they have concealed it are calculated to win the support of the people of the states most closely concerned.

Here is their enticing proposition which looks reason-

able and innocent enough to those who do not understand the design behind it and are not familiar with the history and ultimate fate of state lands. They ask Congress to give the government lands to the states in which they are situated. This is but an intermediate step in the process by which the land grabbers expect to get possession of them, for experience has shown that it is easier to influence state legislatures than to induce Congress to give away such valuable properties and concessions.

If given to the states the public lands would soon fall into the hands of Wall Street speculators, for no state government is strong enough to withstand the intrigues of powerful syndicates with hundreds of millions at their command such as that which all but succeeded in stealing the immensely valuable Alaska coal fields. Furthermore, the friends of conservation, now organized as the National Conservation Association, with headquarters in the City of Washington, could not successfully watch for, detect and oppose the numerous spoliation schemes that would be sprung in the legislatures of the dozen or more states in which the public lands are situated.

The State of Maine once owned the vast forests which still cover a large part of her area, but she sold her wild lands for a mere bagatelle to make millionaires of a bunch of speculators. The timber is now being slaughtered at an alarming rate which threatens to affect injuriously the stream flow of the Maine rivers and the climatic conditions and agricultural interests of the state. The same thing has happened in New Hampshire and other states.

Now Maine, New Hampshire and other eastern states in like predicament are urging the federal government to buy up a part of the timber lands within their borders and hold them as national forest reserves.

You people in the western states, where the national forest reserves are situated, should learn wisdom from the experience of the eastern states. You have a good thing in good hands strong enough to protect it for your benefit; so just keep it there.

Don't be deceived by the pretty talk of those who will tell you that it would be a nice thing for the federal government to give your state the part of the national forest reserve and the water powers within its borders. It would not benefit you or your State, but only make some rich speculators considerably richer at the expense of the public.

Don't be persuaded by their plea that their purpose is to have the State open it up to homesteaders. That is not what they really want any more than did the conspirators who tried to steal the Alaska coal lands through fake homesteaders. But the government is arranging to open up for straight homesteaders such parts of the national forest reserve as are best adapted to agriculture, and to lease the water powers and coal and mineral lands on reasonable and proper terms for development under such conditions as shall best serve the public interests and prevent them from coming under the control of the trusts.

This matter is likely to be pressed again at the coming extra session of Congress, and when it does show up we shall warn our readers and tell them what to do to make their influence felt.

Comfort's Editor

MARY MAGDALENE A Story of The Christ

By William S. Birge, M. D.

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MARY arose from the couch on which she had been reclining, and going to the window drew back with a silken cord the heavy draperies of purple, inwrought with gold, which shaded the apartment from the direct rays of the sun, and gazed with a thoughtful brow out upon the quiet streets of the city of Nain. Beyond the walls lay the sea, whose waters reflected back to heaven the thousand resplendent lights and shadows scattered along the western horizon by the flashing rays of the setting sun, and in the far distance, like a streak of gray clouds, lay the mountains of Judea. Many a vessel, richly laden, was gliding over the still waters; some bound outward, freighted with rich dyes and stuffs of Nazareth; some coming into port bearing treasures of gold and jewels from distant lands, others with costly silks and fine paintings—polished mirrors of steel and silver, and pearl and wrought ivory from the Ionian Isles. The chant of the sailors as their oars splashed lazily in the glowing waters came faintly and sweetly to her ear, and the white sails, scarcely swelling in the breeze, looked like saffron tinted clouds. Then came stealing on the stillness the vespers hymns of the birds, and, blending as they did with the gradually decreasing hum of the city as the evening mist brooded over it, they were sounds which shed over the spirit of Mary Magdalene a feeling of peace. A crowd of young and beautiful maidens now tripped along with jars filled from the purest well in the city; then came a band of children dancing to the cymbals and lutes, and trailing after them long wreaths of flowers, and sending out their joyous laughter, and sounds of mirth which well accented with the sweet harmony of music.

Mary Magdalene turned her eyes wearily away from those tokens of peace and joy, and, leaning her hand against a pillar, wept. A low, sweet voice aroused her, singing an old Jewish song which told in sad poetry the tale of a broken heart. The singer was a young and lovely girl just blushing into the morning of life; her skin was like polished ivory, save where a rose tint flushed her cheeks and dyed the tips of her taper fingers. Her large blue eyes were cast downward, and the full red lips just parted enough to reveal two rows of pearl-like teeth; her exquisitely formed arms and bust combined with a slight and graceful figure, now half hidden by a profusion of sunny hair, which fell back from her sad, childish forehead and swept the mosaic pavement, completed the beautiful picture.

Mary started, as the voice told her her slave had been a witness to her emotion, and, raising her magnificent form to its utmost height, while her commanding black eyes flashed with anger, exclaimed:

"Thou here? Away, slave! How dost thou dare see me weep?"

The timid voice was stifled, and the fair young head bowed in silence and tears. After gazing on the young maiden a few moments, during which short space anger, contempt and an expression of mysterious bitterness alternately changed her countenance, the touching and beautiful grief of Miriam moved her bitter spirit and chased away every feeling except pity.

"Come hither, Miriam; come hither, poor child. Forgive thy mistress's wayward mood, and sing again; but sing something to enliven my heart, for it is heavy and sad, child. Sing something to stir the still fountain of gladness—sing—sing,

NOTE.—This touching and inspiring story of the beautiful Mary Magdalene's repentance and reformation from a life of shame is founded on the incidents told in the seventh chapter of Luke. Jesus said "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much." The brief account of her in the Bible gives a strong hint of her character, but our story lifts the veil from this woman's life which has always been a subject of interest.

Miriam. Is not thy cage a gilded one? Then, wherefore sad and silent?"

"The star that lit my path, lady, is gone out. Zimri, the widow's son, is dead."

"Dead! Poor child, I pity thee! Yet, Miriam, come hither; I would tell thee, maiden, to cherish a love for the dead; let it not go out and leave thy heart like the waters of that sea whose sullen waves cover these olden cities which were destroyed in their might and glory. Thou hast heard of the fruits which grow on its banks?"

"Yes, lady."

"Let love for the dead go out, and thou wilt become like—like—me; yes, Miriam, me—beautiful and bright to the eye, but within bitterness and—ashes. But hark!"

"Oh, lady," sobbed the young slave, "that source of grief is the wall of Zimri's mother and kinsmen; they are bearing him past to the grave." Miriam rushed to the window, and saw the bier on which was laid the dead body of Zimri, and over it the bended form of his widowed mother, weeping as though her heart would break; and she also saw by the torches' light which they carried, the sorrowful faces of his kinsmen.

"They are coming, lady," she cried to Mary, who had thrown herself again on the crimson pillows of her couch. "Oh, Zimri! Is that still form nevermore to move? Methinks I see now the smile on his white lips, and the wave of his shining hair on his gentle brow. See, lady, they are beneath the window, and the pall has fallen so closely around him that you can see the beauty of his form, even in death. Why do they stop? A crowd approaches—who—what—oh! It is Jesus and His followers."

Mary started from her recumbent posture, and, throwing back the tresses of long black hair which had fallen like a veil around her with a look of intense anxiety gazed on the face of Miriam, who, unheeding her mistress' emotion continued: "He is like one of our mountain palms in His majesty. His brow is like the evening star. He approaches the widow. He looks on her tears with eyes of tender pity. He speaks. He raises His face towards heaven, and reaches forth His hand and lays it on the dead. God of my fathers! The dead!" and with a loud and piercing shriek she rushes forth into the streets.

Mary started up with an expression of dread and wonder, and looking down upon the crowd below saw the youth arising from his bier at the command of Jesus. She saw him with the warm breath of life in his nostrils, who a few moments past was dead and cold. And as the shouts from the assembled people rent the air, many of whom were now willing to believe on and worship Him who had wrought the miracle, He bowed His head meekly on His bosom and gathering the folds of His garments around Him, glided noiselessly away from the multitude.

After long hours of abstraction, Mary lifted

her head from her bosom, and approaching a mirror, folded her arms and gazed on her image with an expression of scorn and bitterness; anon tears coursed over her flushed cheeks, her bosom heaved as though some pent-up agony wrung her heart.

"Why art thou weeping?" said a voice near her. "Why art thou weeping, Mary?"

"Ha! Phelon!"

"Ave, Phelon!" he answered. "Phelon, the king's son, who abides here in the common garb of a publican, to be near thee!"

"Go to thy father's palace again, Phelon," answered Mary, sadly, and, without turning to look at the beautiful youth, with his brown, curling hair and dark blue eyes, which gazed with an incredulous wonder on her.

"Mary," said he, "thou art angered with me. I came but to bring a parting gift. My father is wroth against me because I am not at the head of his soldiery, and hath sent his chief officer to bring me to his presence; but I will go on the first watch of the morning, Phelon will be on his war horse with helmet and battle spear ready for the fight."

Her lips quivered and her face paled as she turned and looked on him, and her voice was plaintive as she replied:

"Go Phelon! Thou art bright and beautiful in mine eyes, and verily have I loved thee; but go—I pray never to see thy face again—I pray nevermore to hear the words of thy silvery and honeyed tongue again. I have sinned—go from me."

He looked steadfastly and sternly at her while she spoke, and with a searching glance said: "Hast thou seen the Nazarene who calleth himself Jesus?"

"I have," she answered, calmly, "and tomorrow while thou art going to battle, I shall be kneeling in the dust at His feet."

Phelon laughed tauntingly, and turning on his heel, replied:

"Look on my gift, Mary," and he laid an exquisitely wrought casket at her feet.

The light from the scented lamp, which threw upward delicious odors from its silver pedestal, shone down on the interior of the casket, and glittered on the gold and precious stones that were therein in many hued sparkles of brilliance. There was also an alabaster box set around with jewels, which contained spikenard and ointment, such as queens used.

"Hence, tempter!" she shrieked, "hence, or I will send thy name out on the speeces of Nain like tenfold thunder. Hence! I say, for the devils which tear my soul are raving within me!"

Unaccustomed to her strange mood, he left the apartment hastily. She threw herself prostrate on the floor, and pressed her burning forehead against the cold marble. She writhed and wept in her anguish and misery. Her conscience

was sorely troubled—for mightily had the Magdalene sinned.

When she arose from her humble posture it was past the middle watch of the night, and the inhabitants of the city had gone to rest, and all was silent save the watch cry of the sentinel as he passed the wall, and the occasional clangor of his armor as he changed from hand to hand his heavy spear.

The rippling of gentle waves on the distant sea—came singing past, mingled with scented winds which had been sleeping through the day, amid the orange grove and blossoms, and the moon, like a crescent of diamonds, showered a flood of serene and beautiful glory over the earth; but still Mary could not slumber or rest. A costly robe of crimson, confined around the waist by a girdle inwrought with precious stones, fell in rich folds around her voluptuous form, and the long black braids of hair, which, when unconfined, swept the floor as she stood, but now were gathered up in plaits secured by combs of gold and strings of rubies and pearls. Her arms, bared almost to the shoulders, were entwined with bracelets of precious stones and silver, and as she paced with a rapid step to and fro, the constant glitter of her feet displayed costly taste in the handsomely jeweled sandals.

She looked out upon the heavens, peaceful and bright in their glory of azure and silver—then scanned with a restless eye the calm landscape below—all were at rest.

The very dogs had ceased barking at the moon and were slumbering quietly in their chains. She turned and gazed around her apartment. The singing birds were sleeping with their glossy heads behind their wings, undisturbed by the fountain which bubbled from the marble basin, and trickled down its side with a ringing sound. Miriam, the beautiful one, was dreaming of Zimri, for there was a tear stealing over the roses of her smiling face.

Nowhere that she turned could Mary see or hear aught to still the agonies which tore her heart. She snatched her harp and commenced many soothing melodies, but her fingers trembled and her hand fell by her side. She could not play and threw the instrument aside, and, crossing her arms over her bosom, she lifted her pallid face and closing her eyes, as if to shut out every object which had grown familiar, sat like some breathless statue awaiting the touch of Promethean fires to start it into life; but soon her breast began to heave and her white teeth were pressed upon her lips until the red blood gushed from beneath them—she threw her arms on high, and, with a cry of anguish, cast herself upon her knees in all the despairing sorrow of a repentance like hers. She tore from her hair the gems, which fell like a shower of glory around her, and trampled beneath her feet the casket of precious jewelry until the floor was strewn with its rich contents. She sprinkled ashes upon her head and wept tears such as never welled up from her heart.

Miriam, who had been awakened by the unrestrained grief of her mistress, ran and knelt at her feet and clasped her knees, and, comprehending well from her expression the cause of her woe, exclaimed:

"Go to Him—go to Him who raised the dead!"

And wherefore, Miriam, should I, the sinful, go to Him?"

"Oh, lady! If the sleeper in the valley of death heareth His voice, thy spirit can hear it—and to hear it is love."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

FAITHFUL SHIRLEY

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hamilton Vining, a wealthy New Yorker, threatens to stop his son Clifton's allowance unless he cuts the acquaintance of a fast set and gives up his club. Angry words follow and Clifton leaves home with ten dollars—a loan from his sister Annie. Walking aimlessly near the East river, he rescues Shirley Livingstone, a refined, educated young girl from drowning and takes her to the home of Abby Knapp, his childhood nurse, to whom Shirley confides the story of her life. Left orphan, John Hubbard, a cousin by adoption, assumes control of her money, and promises to befriend her. He loses her money and his family make her life unbearable. Clifton goes to Mr. Norwood, an old friend of his father, tells his troubles and asks for work. Desiring to marry his daughter to Clifton Vining, Mr. Norwood takes him into his office where he does good work. Clifton visits his old nurse and the more he sees Shirley the less satisfied is he with his life. Through his influence Shirley recovers her clothing and five hundred dollars from John Hubbard. Clifton invites his old nurse and Shirley for a sail. Returning home the steamer takes fire. Shirley displays heroism in saving Abby Knapp and six children from drowning. Clifton declares his love to Shirley, who admits her love for him. Shirley, taking work home she has done for Mrs. Norwood, renders Hamilton Vining a favor, by removing a splinter from his eye, for which he begs her to command him if he can ever be of any service to her. Reaching Mrs. Norwood's home she is met by Blanche Norwood, who is overbearing and fault-finding. Clifton casts upon his father's aid advice and determination to marry Shirley Livingstone. Mr. Vining objects and swears his son shall never marry her. Clifton secures a position for Shirley through Mr. Norwood, whose aunt, Madame Marton, a most eccentric woman, desires a companion. Mr. Norwood schemes with Mr. Vining and induces Clifton to consent to go abroad on a business trip with him, and admits his wife and Blanche will be in the party. Clifton expresses surprise and annoyance. Mr. Vining prevents Clifton receiving letters from Shirley. Blanche admits to her father of a conspiracy with Lurline Lovering, who is the guest of Lord Wallace. Madame Marton takes Shirley to her home at St. Sauveur. It is cold and cheerless. Shirley visits Madame Marton's home and she allows Shirley to brighten the home with flowers and rare bric-a-brac. Going for a walk Shirley is confronted by a huge black-and-white mastiff. It belongs to Neil Wallace, who is near and he assures her the dog is harmless. She apologizes for trespassing and he requests the pleasure of showing her Ivyhurst, then he accompanies her. Madame Marton relates the story of Neil Wallace's life. A graduate physician with wealth at his command he gives his time to the slums of the town. Married to a handsome but unprincipled woman, she becomes the mother of a beautiful boy, who through her neglect is hopelessly crippled and unable to walk. Later she drowns and dies soon after. Lord Wallace and his mother, Lady Wallace, call upon Madame Marton and Shirley. Returning the call a week later Lord Wallace takes Shirley to the conservatories and to his child who is in a carriage attended by a nurse. Shirley wins the boy's heart, and he hopes she will come again. Lady Wallace extends an invitation to Madame Marton and Shirley to spend a week at Ivyhurst, where she entertains large house parties. Shirley has misgivings as to the reception she will receive. Madame Marton shows the way clear and asks to see Shirley's wardrobe.

CHAPTER XXI.

MADAME AND SHIRLEY GO TO IVYHURST FOR A WEEK.

PROMPTLY at five o'clock the next day Lord Wallace's handsome carriage and a noble pair of coal-black horses drew up before Madame Marton's door, and half an hour later both she and her young protegee were pleasantly installed in rooms adjoining each other and overlooking the Ivyhurst conservatories and the great beeches which overshadowed Master Raymond's playground.

Lady Wallace and her son received their guests with the greatest cordiality, both expressing unfeigned pleasure at their acceptance of their invitation to Ivyhurst.

Madame Marton, strange to say, had seemed like a different person in anticipation of this unusual break in her life.

Later in the day Shirley helped Madame to dress, and thoroughly enjoyed the task, for the woman had brought her richest apparel to do honor to Ivyhurst.

She had chosen for today a dress of stiffest brocade, with trimmings of finest point lace, while the diamonds which she laid out to complete her toilet made Shirley catch her breath with delight.

"How beautiful!" the young girl murmured, as she bent admiringly over the glittering array.

"Well, they are fine!" Madame responded, in a tone of satisfaction. "Lady Wallace herself has not so rare a collection. And now you shall choose what I shall wear tonight, if you like. Or, if you think diamonds too conspicuous for this first dinner, select something from these other jewels," and lifting the tray which contained the diamonds she revealed another underneath that was filled with beautiful sets, glittering with numerous varieties of stones.

"Oh, Madame, I never saw such an array before," Shirley exclaimed, more and more astonished.

"Well, I'm not in the habit of boasting about my possessions, but you haven't seen them all yet," the woman returned.

"Well, then, if you really wish me to be the judge," Shirley began, smiling, as with a thrill of delight she daintily laid out one thing after another. "I will suggest these medium-sized solitaires for your ears—we must hold the finest in reserve for later occasions, you know. This crescent will be pretty to pin your collar; and let me see—diamonds and emeralds look well together; suppose you wear this lovely ring—this great emerald, with the diamonds you already have on your finger."

"All right; your taste can't be criticised in the matter of jewelry any more than regarding your clothing," Madame dryly remarked, as without a demur she put on the stones Shirley had suggested. "Now, child, run away and dress yourself, or we shall be late to dinner," she concluded, as she turned back to the jewel trunk, with a view of rearranging its contents, as the girl thought.

Accordingly she tripped away to her own room, where she slipped into her dainty costume of Nile-green nun's veiling, which she had previously laid out in readiness on her bed.

It was very simply made, with a straight, full skirt, the corsage alone being trimmed with silken ruffles of the same color. A broad sash of watered ribbon, that exactly matched the hue of the dress, was tied about her slim waist and fell in long loops and ends at the back, and delicate lace was fulled into the neck and about the wrists.

There was not a single ornament about her save the two or three rings which she always wore, but she was exquisitely fair; she looked like a pure and spotless flower rising out of its calyx of green.

Madame Marton came into her room, bearing a small box in her hand, just as she had finished adjusting her sash.

"Bless my heart, child, I never saw you look so pretty before," she remarked, her eyes gleaming at the graceful figure of the girl with undisguised satisfaction.

Shirley laughed out musically.

"Fie, dear Madame Marton," she cried, gayly,

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"I never knew you to be guilty of flattery before."

"Tut, tut; look in the glass, and see for yourself," Madame retorted. "But you need a little color to brighten you up, so I have brought you these to wear."

As she spoke she uncovered the box she held, and revealed to Shirley's admiring eyes a beautiful set of pink corals, composed of richly carved flowers and leaves.

There were tiny clusters for the ears, a delicate chain and pendant for the neck, with narrow gold bands, fastened with unique clasps for the wrists.

"How exquisite!" Shirley exclaimed, her eyes beaming with delight, "and they would be just lovely with this Nile-green."

Then she suddenly checked herself, and a grave look settled about her sweet lips.

"It is really very kind of you to be so thoughtful for me, Madame Marton," she resumed after a moment of thought, "but I could not wear borrowed jewelry."

"What! you won't wear them?" Madame exclaimed, flushing, while her eyes began to flash ominously, as was usual when anyone opposed her.

"Pray do not be wounded, and do not think me unappreciative," said Shirley gently. "I know that you were prompted only by the kindest of motives, but mamma would never allow me to borrow anything to wear; and really I should take no comfort with them, for I should be in constant fear that something would happen to them. They are very lovely, though," she concluded, with a wistful glance at the dainty things.

"Well, well; you develop every day," Madame remarked laconically. "You do credit to your bringing up, but," with a twinkle in her sharp black eyes, "nobody has asked you to wear borrowed jewelry. I brought the things to give you, if you will accept them from me; they have lain in my box for more than forty years, doing nobody any good. So put them on and wear them, and some day I will tell you a story about them."

Shirley shot a radiant glance into the woman's face.

"You brought them to give to me!" she cried, almost breathlessly. "And you have had them so many years! How very kind! and I shall love them always. They have a story, too," she went on, musingly, as she took them in her hands and regarded them curiously. Then, looking earnestly up into the aged face beside her, she asked, softly: "Dear Madame Marton, are you sure that it will not rouse painful memories to see another wear them?"

"No, no, child," was the quick response; "and no one but you would ever have thought to ask such a question. I shall like to see you wear them; so put them on, and we will go down."

Shirley did as she was told, and smiled with innocent pleasure as she realized the pleasing tone that they gave to her costume. Then, slipping her arm within Madame's she touched her lips softly to her cheek, and murmured a grateful "thank you" in her ear.

They found a number of people in the great drawing-room and Lord Wallace immediately came forward to conduct them to his mother.

As soon as these greetings were over he turned a smiling look upon Shirley and remarked:

"My cousins have been eagerly awaiting your arrival; will you be introduced to them?"



Shirley thanked him, and was led to the farther end of the room, where the young man presented her to Miss Miriam and Miss Ernestine Wallace, two very delightful young ladies, who greeted her with unusual cordiality, considering that they were English girls.

Miss Ernestine she judged to be about her own age, and her sister some two years her senior.

Lord Wallace left her to chat with them for a while, then a little later he sought her again, and presented her to the other guests—Mr. Charles Wallace, his wife, and his son, Archibald, a young man of perhaps twenty-five years; Sir Anthony Montcalm and his three daughters, Alice, Mary and Helen; Mr. and Mrs. St. Clare, Mr. Herbert St. Clare, Mr. John St. Clare.

These comprised all the guests who were to dine with them that day, and everyone was so gracious and cordial that Shirley felt at ease at once, and found herself anticipating a most delightful week.

It fell to Mr. Herbert St. Clare to take Shirley down to dinner, and he felt himself greatly honored in so doing.

Lady Wallace had so arranged it that the young people should be seated together, feeling that they would thus experience more freedom and have an opportunity to become better acquainted, and, availing themselves of this thoughtfulness, they became very social and merry before the signal was given to rise from the table.

After dinner they gathered in the music room, where they became even more friendly, and where, after a time, someone proposed that

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they adjourn to the great hall and have some dancing.

This suggestion met with instant favor. The elder Miss Montcalm, a stately, dignified girl of twenty-eight, who had filled the place of mother to her sisters since the death of Mrs. Montcalm, five years previous, volunteered to officiate at the piano for them, and soon nimble feet were keeping time to the alluring strains of a waltz quadrille.

Lady Wallace had met Shirley several times during the three months that she had been with Madame Marton, and though at first she had regarded her somewhat jealously, and had been rather anxious lest Nell should become entangled a second time, only to be deceived, yet even her skeptical heart had been gradually won by this lovely girl, whose life was characterized by so much purity of purpose, and who did not appear to care to attract her son's attention, although it was plain to be seen that he was daily becoming more and more charmed with her.

It had been Nell's idea to invite her, as a guest, to Ivyhurst, although he had given his mother the credit of it, thinking thus the more easily to win the consent of both Madame and Shirley to the arrangement.

At first she had demurred, feeling that it would perhaps be unwise to place such a temptation in his path, but she wanted Madame Marton for several reasons, and he had argued that it would be a delicate matter to ask her there as Madame's companion, unless Madame herself should desire her to come in that capacity, while as he told his mother, the poor child had scarcely seen a single young person since coming to St. Sauveur, and it would be a great pity to shut her out from festivities which she was so fitted to enjoy, if Madame could be persuaded to sanction the arrangement he proposed.

So Lady Wallace had yielded to him, and as she watched the girl tonight she could not confess to herself that of all the guests at Ivyhurst she was the fairest, while she conducted herself with as much propriety and easy observance of society etiquette as her own nieces, who had been reared among the best of London society and had also been presented at court.

She had been very much surprised to see her so perfectly at home among her other guests, while she was considerably amused when once she chanced to overhear her conversing with Sir Anthony Montcalm, and discussing with pleasing fluency the merits and demerits of the defense of Quebec, which a distant relative of that gentleman—the notable General Montcalm—had conducted during the memorable campaign of 1759.

"She seems to be thoroughly posted in history, at all events," she said, laughing softly to herself as she heard Shirley correct her companion or rather courteously assist his memory regarding a slight discrepancy in a statement he was making. "I think she must have been very carefully reared, and her mother was evidently a lady of great refinement; still I am not sure that I should like Neil to fall in love with her, although she doubtless would make a very conscientious little wife."

CHAPTER XXII.

OUR HEROINE BRAVELY FACES A TRYING SITUATION.

It was on Tuesday afternoon, that Madame and Shirley went to Ivyhurst, and on Friday the party was increased by the arrival of a Mrs.



Lovering and her daughter, Miss Lurline Lovering, from Montreal.

The former lady was a widow who lived simply for this, her only child, and the hope of accomplishing a brilliant marriage for her.

Miss Lovering, who was a dashing brunette, had, all her life, been accustomed to be first in everything. She had been reared to believe that she possessed surpassing beauty—and she would have been cultivated to correspond with her person—while she had never been denied anything she wished from childhood up to the present time.

Miss Lovering was in her twenty-first year, and ever since the death of Lord Wallace's wife, Mrs. Lovering had cherished the hope that her idolized daughter might step into the place thus left vacant by the beautiful but misguided woman who had been such a source of unhappiness to the noble young man.

As it happened, both mother and daughter were cognizant of the fact that Madame Marton had, upon her return from her last visit to New York, brought with her a young lady companion. They also knew that this young lady's name was Shirley Livingstone.

It will readily be surmised how they learned these facts, as, of course, the conversation between Blanche Norwood and her father, during which Lurline Lovering's name figured conspicuously, cannot have been forgotten.

Shirley went in to dinner on this evening with Mr. John St. Clare, and as they took their places at the table they found themselves exactly opposite Miss Lovering and her escort.

Shirley was specially lovely on this occasion, in a simple white embroidered muslin, with no ornaments save a pretty cross of filigree gold, in which there gleamed a single diamond—one of her mother's wedding presents—which fastened the frill of lace at her throat, and in her belt a bunch of choice half-blown pink roses, which Lord Wallace had sent to her room that afternoon.

Her face was animated, her cheeks slightly flushed, her eyes glowing with pleasurable excitement. Her golden hair was coiled in a loose knot at the back of her head, while a few waving locks lay, like spun sunshine, on her white forehead.

"Who is she?" Miss Lovering inquired in a low voice of her companion.

"An especially bright, lovely girl, who helps to make things very lively for us here at Ivyhurst; her name is Miss Livingstone," was the subdued reply.

Miss Lovering's face clouded. Praise of another always offended her, and she instantly conceived a feeling of jealous dislike toward her innocent rival.

"Livingstone?" she repeated to herself. "Where have I heard that name before?"

Then she glanced down the table, and her eyes fell upon Madame Marton, a malicious gleam shot into them as a suspicion of the truth flashed into her mind.

"Is her name Shirley Livingstone?" she inquired.

"Yes, and a very pretty one it is, too; do you not think so? It is a little out of the ordinary, you know, and so seems suited to her most admirably," heartily responded the gentleman.

Miss Lovering tossed her dark head pertly, while her lips curled scornfully.

"And I am to infer from that, I suppose, that Miss Livingstone is a little above the ordinary young lady of the present day," she sarcastically remarked.

Her companion saw that he had made a mistake in discussing Shirley's charms, for it evidently was not an agreeable topic to the lady by his side; he therefore adroitly changed the subject, and not long after the signal was given for the ladies to leave the table.

On their way to the drawing-room, Madame Marton waylaid Shirley.

"I have left my fan up-stairs," she whispered; "won't you run up and get it for me?"

"Of course I will," Shirley cheerfully answered. "And is there anything else?—have you your vinaigrette with you? You know you always need it, where there is a roomful of people."

"No, I have forgotten that, too. You are a thoughtful child, and I am sure I don't know what I should do without you," said the woman, with unusual appreciation, while she regarded the sweet, bright face with quiet satisfaction.

"Well, it is nice to be appreciated," responded Shirley, with a light laugh, as she tripped up the stairs to get the forgotten articles.

When she returned to the drawing-room with them, she found that the gentlemen had rejoined the ladies, and everybody seemed to be in a most social mood.

Madame Marton was sitting by an open window, and going directly to her side, she put the fan and vinaigrette into her hands, and then remained standing beside her, watching the animated faces round her.

But she was not allowed to remain in the background very long.

A group of young people stood near, conversing with Lord Wallace regarding the programme of amusements for the next day.

Miss Lovering and her dinner escort were among the company, and the gentleman, spying Shirley, and thinking to perform a courteous act, turned to her and remarked:

"You have not met the new arrival, I believe; Miss Lovering, allow me to make you acquainted with Miss Livingstone."

Shirley, with a gracious smile on her lips, took a step forward and cordially extended her hand to the girl, for she had been received so like an equal by all the other guests that she had for the time, almost forgotten that there was any difference in their relative positions.

She was destined to be rudely reminded of the fact, however, for Miss Lovering, utterly ignoring her outstretched hand, deigned to give her only the haughtiest bow, although she placed a peculiar emphasis upon her name as she uttered it.

Then, turning to Alice Montcalm, with whom she had been conversing but a moment before, she remarked in a voice loud enough to be heard by all who composed the group around her, and by Madame Marton also:

"Miss Livingstone is the companion of Madame Marton, I believe."

A blank silence fell upon the company in an instant.

Miss Montcalm looked both embarrassed and distressed; Lord Wallace flushed hotly, more at the slighting, contemptuous tone than at the statement of the fact; and Madame Marton bridled indignantly at this evidently premeditated insult to the fair girl, who, until that moment, had had nothing to mar her enjoyment.

For one instant Shirley's eyes fell after this ill-bred assault, and a scarlet spot burned on each cheek, for, of course, she had recognized the fact that the slur was intentional, while she had also noticed the shock, which Miss Montcalm had experienced upon learning the truth.

The next she lifted a bright and smiling glance to the rude girl, and frankly replied:

"Yes, Miss Lovering, I am Madame Marton's companion; but she has kindly given me this week in which to enjoy Lady Wallace's delightful hospitality."

More than one face was turned admiringly toward the brave girl as, without the slightest embarrassment, or evidence of false shame, she thus acknowledged her position before a roomful of fashionable people.

Then Lord Wallace came nobly to the rescue, just as Madame Marton arose to her feet, her sharp black eyes flashing with anger, to make some scathing retort upon the offender.

"Well, young people it is decided that we go to the Hermitage tomorrow," he remarked, as if there had been no interruption. "I have a treasure to show you. Miss Livingstone," turning to Shirley with his most courteous bow, "you doubtless remember I was telling you of a painting which I ordered, some three months ago; it has arrived. Will you come with me to pass your judgment upon it? Miss Livingstone is something of a connoisseur in such matters," he added, with a glance around the circle, "and as many of you who have any curiosity regarding my new possession may accompany us."

He offered his arm to the young girl and led her from the room across the wide hall to the spacious music room, where, over the mantel, the new picture had been hung.

Most of the others followed, only too happy to have the recent unfortunate contretemps so well tidied over; but Miss Lovering, laying a detaining hand upon Alice Montcalm's arm, remained behind.

"Really, I am surprised that the Wallaces, who stand so high should make so much of a girl in a menial position," she scornfully remarked.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Joining room; a father, mother and baby, but imagine my surprise when a father and mother came out to discover baby was a little spotted dog. I think it a sin, for God in His goodness and wisdom created woman for the noble purpose of rearing children, and to think she will lavish her affection on a dog!

I have taken two of the little ones. The girl is now thirteen years old and is a member of the Christian church. The boy (Gall) is twenty-three months old. His parents both died with typhoid fever when he was seven months old. I have now had him over a year. Gall is a little blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, curly-haired darling, and I love him well; I could not tell how well.

He is a great joy in our home. I suppose all the country sisters raise poultry, and I wonder how many have ever tried feeding sunflower seeds. I have been trying it this winter and I never had more eggs from the number of hens in my experience. The seeds are so rich in oil that they answer for worms and bugs that are so necessary in producing the eggs.

Now just a few words more on "lifting the veil" and then will bid you good by. I have plenty of little nephews and nieces, and when they ask perplexing questions I tell them they are not old enough to understand; that to wait and in time to come again and I will explain to them that God has arranged all things as is best. Children know lots more than we really suppose they do. Keep their minds employed with the things that belong to childhood, for other than this would be, I think, opening channels that would lead perhaps to something for which there would be causes to regret. Teach them above all things, modesty for that is the keynote to virtue.

I am a great lover of flowers and would be glad of cuttings, etc.

With love to all, including Billie and Marie, Mrs. M. B. PENDLETON, Blairs Mills, Morgan Co., Ky.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have received much help from your letters. I have taken COMFORT for many years and could not keep house without it.

My first real sorrow came a short time ago when we lost our baby, the first death in our family of eight children; five boys and three girls.

We live in a coal mining district. Novinger has a population of two thousand; all nationalities. We live two miles out in the country, but our children go to school in town. About one half of the business houses are booze joints or beer dives. Our county "went dry," but they still sell the curse. We have a Law-and-order League, and may God help us to drive the curse from our town. I have one of the good "Johns," only his name is Andrew, who greatly objects to liquor.

How many of the sisters know that good breakfast food can be made from light bread that has become hard; toast through in oven until a nice brown and grind in a food mill or roll with a rolling pin until fine. Serve with fruit, or cream and sugar.

Can some of the sisters give a remedy for nervous headache. I suffer with it so much.

May God bless Uncle Charlie and his good work and all the shut-ins. How I wish I could help them all.

Mrs. SARAH C. CANFIELD, Novinger, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader several years, and never thought of writing to the comfort sisters until now. I have not sent any letters from our little village, so I will endeavor to interest someone of my age who perchance has as perplexing a problem to face as I.

I am twenty-one and have been married over four years, and have a daughter of three. This is the problem of which I spoke. She is a bright, sunny child, but with a very strong will. At home she is obedient when told to do anything, but when there are callers, or when she is away from home, she doesn't obey as she should. My husband says I am too exacting, but I love to see little ones do as they are told. Would like to hear some of the sisters' experiences on this subject.

Mrs. RUTH REED, Nashville, Box 92, Ohio.

Mrs. Reed. I doubt if a "bright sunny child" is constitutionally willful, for if so, she would be unreasonable at home as well as elsewhere. Perhaps "husband" is right; you may be over-ambitious that she appear as children do of older years. I would not make her conspicuous before others in any way, for I have known children through sheer embarrassment to be obstinate and seemingly disagreeable.

I think the following by Fenelon is wonderfully helpful in its clear conception of child life. I quote it to you with true sympathy in your mother-pride and faith in your success: "If I were asked what single qualification was necessary for one to have the care of children, I should say patience—patience with their tempers, with their understandings, with their progress. It is not brilliant parts or great acquisitions which are necessary for teachers, but patience to go over first principles again and again; steadily to add a little every day; never to be irritated by willful or accidental hindrance. Beware of fatiguing them by ill-judged exactness. If virtue offers itself to the child under a melancholy and constrained aspect, while liberty and license present themselves under an agreeable form, all is lost, and your labor is in vain."—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I enjoy COMFORT and enjoy talking over what I read with friends. I love good reading and would have more if I could afford it.

So much has been said about lifting the veil, a subject I am interested in on account of my own youthful experience. My mother, a good woman who did her duty as she saw it, believed in too free use of the rod, and we were always afraid of her disapproval, and never went to her for council. Although I cannot go into details, I hope some mother will understand and profit.

I am fifty years old, was left a widow at nineteen, marrying again ten years ago. I have had a hard time, but never lost heart, nor my trust in God. I still find this old world a good place to live in, if you do your part to help.

I will close wishing there were a thousand Mrs. Wilkinsons and Uncle Charlies. With love to all the readers of dear old COMFORT, I am your sister, Mrs. ALBERT HARRISON, Ft. Smith, Box 175, Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I join your band of helpful sisters? I have often longed to write COMFORT Sisters' Corner but could never "pluck up" sufficient courage to do so until while reading the letters this rainy day, when I decided to try to enter the charmed circle from which I derive, each month, much pleasure and many helpful ideas.

I wish to tender special thanks to Mrs. Lewis Faris for her beautiful words of counsel in the January COMFORT. I think I never heard such earnest words on the subject of home making, trials and rearing of children more appropriately expressed.

The subject, much discussed just now, of the adoption of orphan children is one very near to my heart, as I was early orphaned, having never known a mother's love nor father's indulgence. I can, in a measure, appreciate the thoughtfulness and the tenderness which prompts a loving heart to express its affection, and pour its effluence upon some lonely, small one who stands in need of sympathy.

Though having arrived at the age of maturity and known the fullness and happiness of heart in being mother to a sweet little son, I yet miss the care of a mother, and when I witness, as I often do, the lack of reverence, of tenderness, of honor, which girls and boys of the present day have for their mothers, my heart swells with indignation and I find myself saying: "O that I had such a mother!"

The wickedness and sin so obvious in the United States today is caused partly by lack of proper reverence for one without whom the human race would be extinct. Husbands and fathers, too, have much to answer for in not demanding and enforcing proper respect for the wife and mother. Too often our boys' conduct and attitude toward mother is but the unconscious action of the pernicious example set by the father.

Pardon me, sisters, for my too lengthy message but the attitude of American fathers toward the Queen of American homes is too often a chase of dollars, regardless of internal home conditions, and is a subject of deep interest to me as I regard it as the real cause of so much dissatisfaction in our homes.

May I request a letter party from the COMFORT sisters for my birthday, April 5. I am very lonely at times. May I come again?

Mrs. THOMAS ESTES, Krebs, Box 826, Okla.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

As the price of meat has practically prohibited the use of the "best cuts" in most families, the housewife has been forced to give greater attention to making palatable those that are less expensive, and a few suggestions to this end may prove helpful.

One of the principal rules to remember is, that tough meat should simmer, not boil. In preparing pot roasts or smothered meat, always cook in the oven where the heat is easily regulated to the simmering point. Have meat barely covered with boiling water and let cook down one half in a closely covered vessel. When making broths cut or grind meat very fine, cover with cold water and let stand two hours, then very slowly bring to boil and cook gently until all the flavor is drawn from meat. If boiling water is poured over meat, it hardens the albumen and thus prevents the juices leaving the meat.

The cheaper cuts of meat contain as much nourishment as the higher priced ones. Delicious meat stews are made from the gristly parts of the flesh, the sinewy parts around the joints and the shin bones which contain much nourishment. When preparing the meat for stews, cut off bits of lean meat here and there that seem juicy, put through food chopper, and simmer in oven two hours, keeping just covered with water. Season with pepper and salt and serve on slices of toast, using the liquid to soften toast.

The three following recipes are inexpensive and delicious.

LIVER LOAF.—Cut one calf's liver into inch cubes and cook in boiling water six minutes; drain, add three quarters of a cup of bread crumbs and put both liver and crumbs through meat chopper. Stir into half a teaspoon of salt, a teaspoon of poultry dressing, four teaspoons of vinegar, three slices of chopped salt pork,



LIVER LOAF.

a little chopped onion, cayenne pepper and one and a quarter cups of cold water. Put into a deep tin and press well together, cover tightly and bake one hour and a quarter in a moderate oven. Turn onto platter and garnish with slices of fried breakfast bacon and parsley.—Ed.

CREAMED PORK.—Try out four small slices of salt pork cut into fine bits. Into a separate frying pan, put two tablespoons of the pork fat and stir in three tablespoons of flour; when smooth, keep stirring and gradually pour in one cup of milk and bring to boiling point; season with salt and pepper. To this cream add two small cups of cold roast pork cut into small cubes, and when boiling hot add bits of salt pork. Serve with mashed potato and baked soft apples.

NECK OF LAMB.—Cut out the lean parts and chop medium fine. Take the bone, cover with cold water and cook three hours; strain, set to cool and skim. Bring stock made from bones to a boil and add the chopped lean meat, pepper and salt; cover tight and simmer three hours and until the stock is down to top of meat; add enough flour mixed up with cold water to make a gravy, and lastly add one third the amount of very fine bread crumbs that you have meat and a good-sized piece of butter. The mixture should be very moist but not enough to run. Heap on center of hot platter and surround with boiled rice cooked dry.

TABLE SAUCE.—(Requested.) Peel and cut up one peck of ripe tomatoes and one quarter peck of onions, and put on to cook till they are tender. Add one pound of white sugar, one teaspoon of salt, two green and two red peppers (seeded and chopped fine), one teaspoon each of ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice, and add a few whole cloves; two tablespoons of celery seed and two tablespoons of mustard seed. Stir until thoroughly mixed, then let simmer gently till it will thicken a little on cooling. Now add one quart of best vinegar and let boil briskly for fifteen minutes. It is now ready to bottle and will keep indefinitely.

Mrs. JESTIE WATKINS, Burlington, R. 5, Kans.

CORN FRITTERS.—Two beaten eggs, one half cup of milk, one teaspoon of salt, two cups of corn one cup of sifted flour. Fry in deep fat same as doughnuts.

Mrs. W. F. BECKER, Genoa, Ill.

CURED BACON AND HAM.—Salt down for five weeks; wipe clean and rub well with powdered borax and smoke with hickory wood or coals.

Mrs. JNO. CAROTHERS, Coble, Tenn.

VINEGAR PIE.—One half cup of sorghum molasses, one half cup of flour, one half teaspoon soda, one half cup of vinegar, two cups of water; cloves and cinnamon to taste. Bake with under crust only.

CUSTARD PIE.—When eggs are scarce; two eggs, one cup of sugar, heaping tablespoon of flour, one pint of creamy milk, nutmeg to flavor.

VIRGINIA BELLE NEALY, Elkton, Todd County, Ky.

ORANGE CHARLOTTE.—Peel and slice oranges and remove seeds and centers; line a deep bowl or mould well toward the top with slices. Have prepared a gelatine filling made as follows: Soak one heaping tablespoon of gelatine in one half cup of cold water until soft. Bring one cup of milk to boiling point and pour over one egg which has been well-beaten with three table-



ORANGE CHARLOTTE.

spoons of sugar; return to fire and add dissolved gelatine, stirring rapidly until smooth and creamy. Remove from fire and add one half cup of orange juice and pulp. When cold beat in one half cup of whipped cream and pour all into lined mould.—Ed.

RAISIN PIE.—One cup of chopped raisins or whole, one cup of sugar; one cup of sour cream or milk, adding a lump of butter; one or two eggs (whites for top), three tablespoons of vinegar, pinch of salt, spice. This is excellent. Bake with one crust. Makes one large pie.

GREEN TOMATO PIE.—One pint of tomatoes, stand and drain, one cup of sugar, one cup of raisins, three tablespoons of vinegar, pinch of salt and spice as for mince meat. Put on stove and cook until tender. More tomato can be used; molasses would substitute for sugar. Enough for two pies.

PERPETUAL OR EVERLASTING YEAST.—At noon dissolve one cake of compressed yeast in a cup of warm water in a glass fruit jar; add half cup of sugar, one teaspoon of salt and nearly fill with warm potato water. Stir well and set in a warm place to rise until evening, when you stir and take out about three quarters of the contents of the can for baking, leaving the rest to start yeast for the next time. The yeast taken out will be sufficient for six large loaves, but can be used for a less number. There should be about a teaspoonful left over each time. Seal this in can and set in cool place until needed for next baking, then add potato water and sugar as before; stir well and the yeast will be ready to use in the evening again.

STELLA M. THOMPSON, Downing, Wyo.

DELICIOUS AMBER MARMALADE.—Shave one orange, one lemon and one grape fruit very thin, rejecting seeds and cores. Measure fruit and add three times the quantity of water; let it stand over night in an earthen dish, and in the morning boil for two minutes; let stand another night and the second morning add pint for pint of sugar, then boil until it jellifies. It should have a limpid appearance, quite different from the mushy look of most marmalades, the strips of fruit should be well defined; while boiling stir very little and cook slowly for two hours or more.

Mrs. W. M. BURNS, Mobile, Ala.

BLACKBERRY JAM CAKE.—One cup of sugar, three quarters cup of butter, three eggs unbeaten, one and one half cups of flour, one cup of jam, three tablespoons of sour cream, one teaspoon soda, one tablespoon each of cinnamon and allspice, one quarter teaspoon of clove.

Mrs. JAMES M. CROWE, Lucasville, R. 1, Ohio.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Dissolve two squares of chocolate in five tablespoons of boiling water. Cream one half cup of butter, add one and one half cup of sugar, the beaten yolks of three eggs and melted chocolate and beat hard; add one half cup of milk and two cups of flour to which one teaspoon of cream of tartar and one half of soda has been added, and lastly fold in the beaten whites of eggs.

ANGEL FOOD.—One even cup of flour, one cup of sugar, three teaspoons of baking powder and a pinch of salt sifted together four times. Mix into this without beating, one cup of milk that has been brought to the boiling point by setting into a pan of hot water or in a double boiler; when smooth fold in without beating the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Bake forty minutes in moderate oven.

Mrs. HATTIE KNITTEL, Moreau, Perkins Co., S. Dak.

FEATHER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one tablespoon of butter or lard, one egg, two thirds cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of cream of tartar and one teaspoon of soda. Sift cream of tartar and soda in flour. Bake in layers. You will be surprised how light and nice this cake is.

JENNY LIND CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, two eggs, one half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, three teaspoons of baking powder, flavor to taste.

LAYER GINGER CAKE.—One cup of light brown sugar, one cup of baking molasses, one cup of sour cream, three cups of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder put in flour. Three eggs, one teaspoon of soda mixed with cold water, one teaspoon each of ginger and cinnamon and a little salt. Bake in layers. This certainly is a fine cake.

Filling.—Two cups of light brown sugar, one half cup of sweet cream, butter size of an egg. Boil until thick, eight or ten minutes; take from stove, add one half cup each of chopped raisins and shredded coconut, one quarter cup of chopped nuts and one teaspoon of vanilla. Spread on cake while warm.

MARY E. REISINGER, Landsburg, E. R. 1, Box 48, Penn.

HOME-MADE CANDY.—The foundation of all candies of the bon bon order is fondant, either cooked or uncooked, and as the latter, called French fondant, is much simpler, I give it. Take the white of an egg and an equal quantity of cold water. Do not beat the egg. Work in gradually the best obtainable powdered sugar, deviled and colored as desired. Too much care cannot be given to the coloring, as the amateur nearly always tints too deeply. Just a suggestion is daintier. For pink use cranberry juice. If you wish violet all the purple shades are obtained with grape juice. Green is made from bruised parsley.

Mrs. JENNIE BROWN, Horton, R. R. 1, Box 6, Kans.

MUFFINS.—Take two cups of flour and mix well with two teaspoons of baking powder and a half teaspoon of salt. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs to a cup of sweet milk, a cup of sugar and a tablespoon of melted butter. Mix all with the flour, then fold in the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Put into hot gem pans and bake twenty minutes.

(Won't the sisters please write to me.)

MISS NETTIE POWELL, Pearlinton, Miss.

LEMON PUDDING.—One lemon sliced thin and one cup of sugar; pour over one cup of boiling water and set on stove to keep hot. Second part: Butter size of an egg, one cup of sugar, one egg, one and a half cups of flour, sifted with one teaspoon of baking powder. Mix and pour over first part and bake a half hour in hot oven. Beat white of one egg to a stiff froth and add white sugar and spread over when done.

Mrs. JOHN BERRY, Astell, Kans.

YEAST CAKES.—Put a small handful of hops into a bag and let come to a boil with one cup of water; have a small potato grated and add after you take bag out. Make this and set to cool the day before you churn. When you have churned take two quarts of fresh buttermilk and put in a granite kettle and let come to a boil; be sure to stir all the time. Thicken with corn meal, then when you take from the stove, put your potato mush in and two tablespoons each of salt and sugar and a teaspoon of ginger; let cool and add two yeast cakes which have been soaking; stir well, let rise two hours, then stir down; let rise one hour and make up stiff into cakes; don't dry in oven, but in air and sun.

Requested Recipes

Candied orange and lemon peel. Roast goose. Scandinavian recipes: Lefse, go rau, spritz bakelser, sand bakelser (the kind made in patty tins) and cinnamon rolls. Cleveland cake. New ways of cooking vegetables.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I read Mrs. Alta Brown's letter asking for information about making two pounds of butter from one, and will say that I have tried this method of butter making and assure you it is not a success.

The formula is one pound of butter to one pint of milk. A churn is made for this purpose, which is similar to an ice cream freezer. It simply churns the milk and butter to a light, fluffy consistency which never hardens, and after twenty-four hours will settle to one pound again.

I have been a reader of COMFORT for ten years and would like to become one of you.

Mrs. LILLIAN AGSTEN, Linton, R. R. 6, Ind.

Mrs. Agsten. Since the request appeared for what I shall call milk-butter, I have been given this formula by a friend who cautioned me to "keep the butter on ice and make only what you require for immediate use," also added, "I have made this and pronounce it nice."

Cut up one pound of butter into small pieces, and place with one pint of sweet milk in a bowl or a pail which will hold a quart. Place the pail in an outer pail, slides high enough to hold water to an equal level with the contents of the inner pail, fill space between with lukewarm water; let it remain until butter has softened; with a perforated mixing spoon, or egg beater, stir butter and milk rapidly, until milk disappears; salt to taste.

The Pure Food law would prevent anyone from selling this article for "butter."—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I enjoy reading your paper very much. I think it was very aptly named COMFORT, being full of useful knowledge and good cheer. Allow me to say I am a stranger to COMFORT sisters, but would like to step in for just a few moments.

I am not a writer, not a linguist, as you will soon perceive. But I note with interest the letters written by Mrs. Faris and Mrs. Craig on the great, but much neglected subject of training their children. If more of the good mothers would give their views and instructions, it would be very helpful, I think.

If all mothers were true to their homes and faithful in training their children, we would not see so many boys and girls going astray. I have very much sympathy for the "bad boy or girl," as they are called. It has been my observation, as a rule that it's their training that's bad.

Many mothers do not seem to realize that they have any responsibility except to dress and go, this is their highest ambition. And often these women are living in rented property, and their husbands deeply in debt, because of their extravagance and neglect, although their husbands command a good salary.

The best wealth a nation can have is in its people. We want good boys and girls, good men and women. This is our nation's greatest need. In the great catalogue of sin and crime, I think of none greater than the neglect of parents in training their children.

Like some great mountain peak it rises far above all others in the vastness of its crime and shame. All praise then to the good mothers. Heaven and posterity will bless your labors.

I think the Social Center Movement might be a help also, by bringing the mothers together. Mothers, you may think the club, the aid, the circle, etc., important, but vastly above all these is the training of your children and your home duties. With good wishes, I am, very truly yours,

MALINDA J. LILLY, Beckley, W. Va.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please make room for an Arkansas sister? I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for about five years and don't see how I could be without it. I enjoy reading the sisters' letters, especially those who write on the training of children, for I am left alone in the world with five children. My oldest is a girl fourteen, next a boy of twelve and the three younger are nine, six and four years of age so you see I have to do a good deal of thinking and working.

I have made two crops since my husband died, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



Suppose You Had a Foreign Chef

A chef, for instance, like one of ours—from the Hotel Ritz in Paris.

You could not then serve home-baked beans anywhere near like Van Camp's.

The reason is this:

Such beans must be baked in steam-heated ovens, without the steam touching the beans.

Otherwise the heat would crisp them. Or the steam-soaked beans would become mushy and broken.

Van Camp's beans reach you nut-like, mealy and whole. None crisped, none broken.

Yet they are made digestible by baking for hours at 245 degrees.

VanCamp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

Nor could you get such beans as ours, for we buy the choicest crops.

And we pick out by hand just the whitest at a plumpest—beans of equal size.

Nor could you get a tomato sauce such as we bake with Van Camp's.

Such sauce must be made from whole, ripe tomatoes, grown from special seed, picked just at the proper time.

Let Us Bake Them

So it's wise, Mrs. Housewife, to let us do the baking.

We bring the beans to you ready to serve, with all the fresh oven flavor.

If you see that your grocer gives you Van Camp's, you will always serve the finest beans in the world.

You will have a dish, at little cost, which we spent 51 years in creating.

Three sizes:
10, 15, and 20 cents per can

Baked By
Van Camp Packing Co.

Established 1861

Indianapolis, Ind.

211

THE LAST CHANCE
Win two good cash prizes this month. Others have done it. Why don't you? This month, April, is the last month of our Grand Subscription Prize Contest; it is the last chance to win big cash prizes. Two lists of big prizes, and all the subscriptions you send in count on both lists, so the smart ones may win two prizes this month. Don't let them all get by; enter now and make a try. Read the Grand Prize Offer announcement on another page and begin getting up a club at once.

Creatures of Destiny; or, Where Love Leads

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Laurence Harding, a handsome fisher lad of sixteen, living in the village of Ravensford, is questioned by an old wise-faced man, a spy, as to Raven Castle, and its owner Lady Marie Cellistine Denleigh, and the nearest road to reach it. Laurence, knowing the short cuts gains the castle terrace long before the man, who gives the name of Snapper, reaches it. In the dining-room of the castle, Mr. Wharton, the family lawyer, is closeted with Mr. Sberborne, the legal adviser of the Belmayne and Mr. Wharton relates the romance of the two families. The late earl, Lady Marie's father, was the sweetheart of the late Marchioness of Belmayne. There is a separation and the earl marries Lady Normandyke and his first love becomes the wife of the Marquis of Belmayne and the mother of Mr. Sberborne's client, Lord Belmayne. Still loving each other they make an engagement between their children. Lady Marie, now a beautiful girl of twelve, and Lord Philip Belmayne, who suffers from a lameness scarcely perceptible. Going on the terrace Mr. Sberborne looks over the battlement and sees a young girl, her hair fastened by a diamond clasp. Leaning over the parapet she could nearly reach Laurence Harding, who lies in the grass. He knows the spy, calling himself Snapper, is there. He detects him snoop upon something. Laurence throws himself over the wall and clasp him on the throat demands what he has stolen. There is a flash of steel and Laurence feels a sting on his arm. Throwing the man to the ground Laurence recovers the diamond clasp. He releases his hold and the Snapper disappears. Lady Marie discovers the loss of the clasp and Mr. Wharton shaking the lad demands it. Fellows, the butler, sees that Larry is cut and the knife is found. Giving the clasp to Lady Marie, Larry makes his escape and enters Lord Belmayne Park where he meets the young marquis, Lord Belmayne. Going home he tells the story to Reuben Payne, who recalls the name, Miriam, of a young spy girl, who lived at one of the Hall lodges and married John Gray, a sailor. Lady Marie goes fishing with Larry. Returning to the shore they see a strange boat, two at the oars, and the third Larry recognizes as the Snapper. Turning to answer the questions of the something is thrown over his eyes, and the boat is gone. Nine years later Lady Marie, returning from London meets Reuben Payne. Inquiring for Larry he gives the only letter ever received and she recalls her promise to marry him. Lady Merston welcomes her home and leaves it for Mr. Wharton to tell why she is glad she is heart free. For the sake of Ravenford and Belmayne Lady Marie decides to marry Philip. On this night there is a shipwreck on the coast of Vancouver. A young man with Larry's face and eyes, answering to the name of Darnley, is saved with Spon, a passenger, who claims a fortune awaits them on that shore. A three days' march and they find a rich ruby mine. Lady Marie is conscious that she does not love Philip as she should. Invitations are sent out for a state dinner, after which Lord Belmayne entertains the guests with music on the violin, surprising the older ones who cannot remember any of the Belmaynes displaying much musical talent. Leaving his violin he returns to the drawing-room and finds Lady Marie in tears. Seeking solace from his violin, as he walks along, his memory fails him and he begins to improvise, when he hears a voice, "Wrong, wrong!" He nearly stumbles over a man who admits he is homeless. Taking the violin from Philip he plays the sonata correctly and Philip stands spellbound. The man admits he is a musician by birth, his name is Gleason Black, that he is a Philip, that he is a man of moods playing when and where he likes and best with only trees and birds for company. It describes Philip's feelings.

Spon, recovering from a severe illness, tells Larry the romance of earlier years. His love for a beautiful spy girl, Miriam by name, who gives her heart to and marries a fair-haired sailorman. He is drowned in the English Channel, leaving a child resembling the mother. Spon and Larry are joined by Linda Hepburn and Larry's father, who is trading and tramping to save his daughter's life. To protect the location of the mine Spon offers Hepburn a sixth share in it. Linda manages the housekeeping, preparing the food that Larry likes best. She sprains her ankle and Larry is obliged to take her home. An attempt is made to rob Lady Marie of a diamond bracelet. Meeting the eyes of the man, defeating the thief, she sees he is not unlike Larry. Realizing the impossibility for her to marry Philip she leaves a letter for him and Lady Merston, and with her maid goes to Normandyke. Spon sees Linda's growing fondness for Larry, and his indifference to her. To save the girl's suffering Spon proposes that one of them go to London and dispose of the rubies. They decide upon Larry. Failing to sell them in London he goes to Rouen where he is sandbagged and robbed of his wealth. A stranger comes to his aid, who is shot in the leg. Larry takes the man to his hotel and calls a doctor. He recognizes his rescuer as Lord Belmayne. Philip knows Larry's voice, and to Larry Philip tells his sad story and implores him to find and bring Lady Marie to him. Larry goes to Normandyke. Strolling along he hears the sound of a horse's step and detects a limp. The rider requests Larry to see what is the matter. The recognition is mutual. Larry and Larry meet and they recall the past years. He admits he is looking for the Countess of Normandyke and Lady Marie wonders why, and tells him she is away for the present. Larry returns to the inn and the two following days they meet for rides and walks. Larry realizes that Lady Marie holds his heart, while Lady Marie in her happiness is stirred with remorse at thought of Philip. A telegram is passed to Lady Marie; she seizes the opportunity, the countess is returning home and will be call in the evening. He is ushered into the drawing-room and Lady Marie in full evening dress, enters. Larry is astonished and asks for the countess. "Larry," she says softly, "I am the Countess of Normandyke."

CHAPTER XXI.

LARRY'S ORDEAL.

"HE Countess of Normandyke!" Larry repeated the words mechanically, almost inaudibly, his eyes fixed on the beautiful vision; and Lady Marie stood still, regarding him with surprise and a faint, vague apprehension; for his face had gone pale beneath its tan, and his brows were knit as if with pain—or was it anger and indignation? "What is the matter?" she asked, with a touch of hauteur in her voice, for his expression was growing hard and cold, and, yes, there was anger in his dark eyes. "Why do you stare at me so? Why are you so silent? Can you not speak? You wanted to see Lady Normandyke; well, I am she." "You are the countess?" he said at last. "You—Lady Marie?" "Yes," she said, taking a step nearer to him; a step, but no farther. "It was my mother's title; I inherited it from her. It is mine, my very own. Did you not know it? You must have known it, Larry." "No," he said mechanically. "No, you must have heard it in the old days." "No," he said again. "If I did, I have forgotten; and it is not likely I should have forgotten." She shrugged her shoulders. "That is strange. I thought everyone in Ravensford knew it; I thought you would remember it the moment I told you, reminded you." "Why did you play this trick with me, Lady Marie?" he asked. She laughed, but the laugh was an uneasy one; for he was still regarding her under knit brows, with the strange expression on his face. "Well, it was a trick," she said, as if she were on the defensive. "But surely it was a very harmless one!" "Harmless!" dropped from his lips. "Yes; it seemed so strange, so ridiculous for you to be asking me about myself, my other self; and I thought it would be amusing to keep that other self silent for a day or two. It was so funny to hear you inquiring for the person who

was by your side all the time. Surely you are not angry, Larry!"

The hauteur in her tone softened as she put the question; but, as his face remained hard and cold and his manner unyielding, she flushed and raised her eyebrows proudly.

"You treat me as if I were a girl, a schoolgirl who has misbehaved herself and done something terribly serious. What is the matter? Why do you not sit down?"

But he stood, his hand resting on the back of a chair; and, with a shrug of the shoulders, she sank onto a divan.

"Well, you know now," she said. "Here is the countess for whom you have been inquiring—and she is at your service. Oh, Larry," she broke off, wrestling with a smile, "it was such fun to have you asking for me, to see your grave face when I said that the countess had not returned. I knew you couldn't have any very important business, that it wouldn't matter if I kept up the fun—the trick, if you like the word better—for a little while."

"No matter!" he echoed. Her lightness, her mirth seemed to him ghastly. He had come to tell her of his love, his lifelong love for her; and now—

"Why do you keep repeating my words like a parrot, like a person who is too shocked for speech on his own account?" she demanded. "Surely there cannot be anything abominably wicked in being the Countess of Normandyke—or is it because you can't forgive me for deceiving you for a day or two? I thought that we had been rather—rather happy, Larry; you and I."

"Happy!" She made a gesture of impatience, and he added: "Yes; I have been happy, God knows! Too happy. That makes it so much the harder."

"Makes what so much harder?" she said. "My identity—double identity? But why? What is it you wanted to see the countess—me—about?" "You?" he said, with a sad significance and stifling a groan. "That which he had come to say to Lady Marie could now never be spoken. But the Countess of Normandyke remained."

"I came on a mission at the request of another man," he said. "I came on his behalf."

"To Lady Normandyke—or Lady Marie?" she asked.

"To both," he said. "I came from Lord Belmayne."

The smile that still lingered in her eyes—for, be sure, she knew, being a woman, that there was love behind his sternness, his sadness, and his reproachful gaze—faded, and her face grew pale.

"Philip!" she breathed, with amazement and vague apprehension. "Philip! You came from him with a message from him?"



A closed carriage, she said obediently.



Each time she nestled still closer to him, just as she had done in the boat.



Yes; I must go and at once.

"Yes," he said gravely. "From the marquis." "But—but where did you see him? You have not been to Ravensford! Ah, yes! In London!" "No; not in London," he responded. "Here in France, in Rouen. It was he who tried to save me from being robbed. He came up too late to save the rubies; but, in the attempt, he got shot by the thief; he was badly wounded, and is lying ill, dangerously so, at a hotel in Rouen."

She gazed at him, with astonishment. "Philip! Saved you—wounded!" she murmured mechanically.

"Yes; that is it," said Larry, in a low voice. "It was in attempting to save me that he was injured. I've little doubt that I owe my life to him."

"And he is ill?" she said, still as if she could scarcely realize what had happened.

"Very ill. At any rate, unable to move, to travel. That is why he sent me."

"Ah! yes; he sent—you," she said, as if she were striving to understand the full significance of the words.

"Yes; he was coming to you—"

Her face, which had been pale, grew suddenly hot and scarlet.

"Then you know?" she breathed.

"Larry's head dropped. "How much do you know?" she asked, in a low voice, and yet almost defiantly.

"I know—he told me—he was half-delirious—that you had left him; that you had promised to be his wife, but had taken flight just before the wedding."

She turned her face away; then, as if ashamed of her weakness, she turned again to him and looked at him steadily.

"Yes; I did," she said. "Did he tell you why?" "No. Why?" he asked, taken unawares.

"Because found—I changed my mind," she broke off laughingly.

"You—changed your mind?" His face darkened. "You! Lady Marie!"

"Yes, I!" she responded coldly. "But, no matter. He asked you to take his place, to—to pursue me. To—what end?"

"To take you back to him," he said. She gazed at him, her brows drawn straight, her eyes flashing.

"And you—knowing me—"

"No," he said huskily. "You forget. I did not know you. I did not know it was Lady Marie to whom I was being sent; it was the Countess of Normandyke. But if it had been—"

He stopped, and she eyed him coldly, but her bosom was heaving.

"Well? Why do you hesitate? If you had known that Lady Marie and the Countess of Normandyke were one and the same person?"

"I should have come, all the same," he said quietly. "He stood between me and my foe. He was wounded, ill, dying on my account. And besides—"

"Besides?" she echoed.

"He treated me as a friend, trusted me." "And you sided with him, against me—you side with him still?" she said, with a catch of her breath.

"Yes," he said gloomily but firmly. "You promised to marry him. A promise is a promise. And—he loves you, Lady Marie."

The words left his lips as if they were wrung from him, as if the utterance cost him a pang of physical pain; and at his tone the blood rose to her face, then left it pale to whiteness.

"Yes—he loved me," she said, almost to herself. "He loved me. That is true."

There was silence for a moment or two; then she said, rather laughingly: "So that was your mission to the Countess of Normandyke? Do you consider that you have fulfilled it?"

"No; not yet," he replied, after a slight pause; "I have promised to take you back to him."

She stared at him as he paused.

"You have promised—to take me back!" she exclaimed with a hauteur, a proud amazement, that should have crushed him. But Larry was not easily crushed when he was on the warpath of duty, when he was bent upon doing what he considered the right thing. His lips drew straight, and he regarded her sternly.

"Yes," he said. "That was my promise, Lady Marie."

"But—but if I refuse!" she said half fiercely, half plaintively.

"Oh, you won't refuse," he responded quietly and with a sigh.

"I will not? Why do you say that?" she demanded.

"Because I know you—I beg your pardon; but, yes—I'll let it stand at that. I do know you, Lady Marie; I know how proud you are, too proud to do any man a wrong, to break your word."

Why, to promise to marry a man must be, with such as you, as good as an oath. You won't break it. You're too—too—"

he hunted for a word, but had to be satisfied with the simple but pregnant one, "good"—"too good to go back on a man and wreck his life just because the whim seized you that you'd rather not marry him."

"The whim!" she echoed resentfully, and yet with a troubled brow and fluttering lashes.

"It must have been only a whim, a fancy," he said rather wearily, as if the discussion were harassing him, were inflicting a pain almost intolerable. "You would not have given your word, pledged yourself to him unless you had—cared for him."

She turned her face away. It was evident that he did not know, had never heard of, or had forgotten the compact made by her father and Philip's mother.

wittingly, all innocently, telling her of his own love.

"You—you think he cares for me so—so much?" she asked, in so low a voice that he could scarcely hear her.

"I do," he replied, with an emphatic nod. "I'm sure of it. And, therefore, you will go back to him, Lady Marie, will you not? You cannot break your word."

"Yes," she said, her head bent low with humiliation, her eyelashes covering her eyes so that he could not see them. "I will go back. You are right. My—my pride—you have not appealed to it in vain."

"Not your pride only," he said, in a dull voice. "But your—well, I suppose it's your conscience. It's just simply because you have to do the straight thing."

"It is no matter," she said. "Go to him and tell him that."

He raised his eyes. They had a tired look in them, but they were steady and unflinching.

"No," he said. "You will come back with me. And it must be at once."

She started, and, throwing up her head, regarded him haughtily; it was the countess trying to look down the presumptuous fisher boy. But the fisher boy was a man now; and the agony that racked his heart gave him strength to play the tyrant and fight for his honor, for the integrity of her plighted word.

"Do you mean that you insist—insist!—upon my actually traveling to Rouen with you? And at once?"

He nodded.

"If you put it that way, yes," he said. "I promised to take you back. He said you would come; and he was right. He knew you well enough; you see, he loves you. A man always knows the woman he loves. And we must go at once. As I have told you, the marquis is ill; he may be—he is very ill. You understand? The sight of you, the knowledge that—that you have returned, that everything is all right again, will do more to pull him round than all the doctors."

"Do you propose that we should go tonight?" she demanded, with fine sarcasm. "It is late; but I imagine it won't be impossible to get a special train."

A Continental Bradshaw lay on the table among some other books. In his practical way Larry took it up, and carried it to the candelabra. As he bent to turn over the pages, the light fell full upon his face, and she saw how white, and haggard, and wan it was; noticed the lines which the interview had graven there, and the dullness, the weariness of the dark eyes. A thrill ran through her, half of pity for him, half of exultation. He had looked so well, so happy, a few hours ago!

Supposing, now, she were to go to him, lay her hand on his shoulder, whisper: "Larry, dear Larry! Don't be hard on me—don't be cruel to us both?"

She was half tempted, her breath came painfully, she took a step toward him, her hand outstretched.

But he looked up at that moment, and the misery, the sternness of a man who had fought self and conquered, quelled her and robbed her of her courage; and her arm dropped to her side.

"There is a train leaves the junction at Beaulieu at a little after midnight. We could catch it with a pair of good horses, and reach Rouen long before the morning train from here would reach there."

"You propose that we should start, travel by night?" she said, with a kind of dull amazement.

"Yes; you forget that he is ill."

"Yes; I forgot," she said almost meekly. "Well," she shrugged her shoulders—"I am at your service. Will you be so good as to ring that bell?"

He crossed the magnificent room and rang the bell, and a footman entered.

"A carriage with a pair of the best horses in an hour. Will that do?" She asked the question of Larry without turning her head toward him.

He looked at his watch.

"Yes. It had better be a closed carriage; the night will be chilly."

"A closed carriage," she said obediently.

When the man had bowed and left the room, Larry said, looking at his watch again:

"I will go down to the inn."

"I will send a carriage," she put in, but he waved the offer aside.

"I'd rather walk," he knew that he could not sit in a carriage; that he could continue the fight, keep up his courage, on foot. "It will not take me ten minutes to pack and pay my bill. I will be waiting for you, Lady Marie."

He picked up his soft hat and made for the door; but a word from her stayed him.

"You are not afraid that I shall—change my mind?" she said, with an irony which she knew to be cruel.

"No," he said, in his simple, direct way. "No; I am not afraid. There won't be time."

Unwittingly he had paid her back, and, wincing, she turned away.

He paused for a second—she was standing before a mirror, and it reflected his face, and she saw the agony he allowed his face to express for that one moment—then she heard the door close behind him.

CHAPTER XXII.

LADY MARIE OBEYS.

Larry left the house and walked quickly down the hill.

He was in a peculiar frame of mind. He had done his duty; but at what a cost! If duty cost nothing, were no trouble, how easy it would be to always do it! And what angels on earth we should all become!

He had done his duty; and the consciousness of that fact ought to have consoled him and filled him with the satisfaction which is, or should be, virtue's reward. But Larry was a man and not an angel and he could not help reflecting that, if he had thought less of honor and more of himself—well, instead of being the most miserable man on earth at this moment he might have been the most deliciously happy.

At any rate, he would have been spared the task of restoring the woman he loved, had loved all his life, to the arms of another man.

The night had become overcast; there were clouds which, though they had brought rain beyond the hills, had not yet poured it out on the valley. The wind was rising, and he could hear the stream brawling as if it were in sport. But through the roar of the wind and the noise of the river he could hear Lady Marie's voice still ringing in his ears; could see, in the darkness, the vision of the lovely face on which had been depicted the varied emotions which the interview had evoked; now half-bantering, then pathetic; now full of pride and hauteur, then almost meek and humble; but always, let what might be its expression, overpoweringly lovely in his eyes, torturing him with its inexpressible charm.

He was giving her up forever. All his life would be spent in infinite unending regret. All very well to think of forgetfulness; but he knew that there could be no forgetfulness for him. The boy-love for the girl who had lain asleep at his feet in his boat had grown into the passion of the man, the passion that scoffs at time's healing touch, that will endure while there is

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.

NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.

ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

"I'M going to cut it out. There aint no use, because there aint no God!" These remarks were made by a boy, who with a number of his fellow wage slaves had worked 115 hours in one week in a New York State cannery factory. The boys ended the week by working from 7 A. M. Saturday until 2 A. M. Sunday, a nineteen hours' swing of terrible toil; during which time they never left the factory. One of the boys refused to return to work Monday morning when his mother called him. He pushed her from him and used the words quoted above; words which amazed the Congressional Committee, which has been inquiring into the horrible conditions existing in the canneries of New York State and other sections of the country, where women and children are worked until they drop from exhaustion, and even little babes at four years of age are dragged from their beds at four o'clock in the morning and forced into the soul-and-body destroying canneries, where they are compelled to strip beans until the blood oozes from their poor, weary, aching, little fingers. I thought I knew something of the horrors of industrial slavery in this country, but not until the New York State Factory Investigation Committee started its work during the closing weeks of 1912 did I realize to the full the horrible conditions under which women and children are compelled to toil so that they may eke out an existence.

The revelations that have come to light as a result of an investigation of labor conditions in the Empire State, by the New York Legislative Committee, have horrified the entire nation, and even the dull, stupid, stand-pat reactionary sheets have been forced by the indignation of the public, to croak a few words of pharisaical sympathy and join loudly in the general protest.

Just think of children at times being forced out of their beds at 3 o'clock in the morning, beginning work in the canneries at 4.30 a. m., and working with scarcely any intermission for food, and none whatsoever for rest, until past 10 at night. On the way to the factories some of them fall unconscious from exhaustion. The hands of most of the children are swollen to double their size, and if they cry and say they are tired, the mothers usually beat them. The little ones by working sixteen and seventeen hours a day can make from three to four dollars a week, and the child's parent or parents, need the money desperately bad,—at least they all claim they do, and no doubt some of them do while others need not work their children at all.

Now I wonder if our readers are aware that hundreds of women are employed in foundries, doing the heavy, laborious work that men alone are supposed to do. One witness in testifying said: "While the woman ought to be at home making herself fit for the duties of motherhood, she is taken into the foundry and treated shamefully. I went into a foundry in Elmira and saw three women at work with hoods over their heads, shoveling and ramming the cores in the sand, and the cores were so hot that they were sapping the strength of the men. I could not tell them they were women except for their dress. Their faces were black as coal from the greasy soot." This witness testified that one woman, a mother, was engaged in this killing work, shoveling and carrying heavy cores for molds in which castings are made. Fancy women shoveling big heaps of metal in a sooty inferno, resembling more the regions below, Hades itself, than a place of toil for delicate women. Do you wonder that the health of these women is quickly broken down and they die like flies from lung trouble caused by inhaling poisonous gases? The women get for this work a dollar and a half a day. Men won't do it for less than three dollars and a half. Women and children are cheap, that is why they are used. Women must work for many of them have no one to support them. No woman, however, goes into this kind of work unless from grim necessity, before the commission, protested against any legislation being enacted that would prohibit the employment of women in foundries. They say the work is not hard. I wonder, however, what they would say if their wives and daughters were forced to do such work? There would be a howl then that would rend the very vaults of heaven.

The labor laws in New York State do not apply to the canneries. Only three States in all the Union protect children engaged in this work. The parents are partly to blame for the sorry part they play in this matter. But many of them are poor, ignorant, dull and stupid, while those who are not pinched by want are avaricious. Heartless or thoughtless law makers are to blame for not protecting the children and women by limiting the hours of labor. Canners will tell you that in order to make a success of their business and gather crops quickly and can them before they spoil, women and children must be worked day and night, for a few weeks and as the season is short the parents try to make the most of it, which undoubtedly is true. But valuable as is the fruit and vegetable crop we had better lose a part of it than sacrifice the crop of little children.

Oh, you preachers, who complain that your churches are empty, what have you done to stop the slaughter of innocent, and what will you ever do except drone ossified platitudes, while industrial murder is going on all about you? Do you dare preach on this subject and arouse the public to action such as will compel our legislators to enact laws prohibiting such conditions? You have the opportunity to apply the scourge as Christ scourged the money changers. Oh, the cold, barbaric public, you who go black in the face at election time over the tariff and other trivialities, do you not know that by your criminal indifference you are encouraging child murder and forcing millions to not only forget but to scorn their Maker? You call yourselves Christians but at heart you are even half civilized savages, for if you were even half Christian you would remember that it was the Christ

you worship who said: "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea." Surely the Almighty will punish with His Divine wrath, this, the richest so-called Christian nation on earth, now that it is forcing millions of its toilers, among them women and children, to cry desperately and despairingly: "It aint no use, because there aint no God."

I have used vigorous language in discussing the above subject for a man who would handle a matter of this kind with kid gloves would be a disgrace to humanity. My words, however, are but as milk and water compared to the fiery denunciation indulged in by some of the great New York dailies against those responsible for the revolting conditions existing in the cannery industry. God grant this agitation may bring into existence laws that will abolish child slavery forever.

At the end of June I am going to get out a new list of those desiring correspondence. If you want your name to go into this list you must send it with your age and full address on a postal card, or mail it on a separate slip of paper. Unless you are a League member and have your subscription paid up to date, your name will not be listed. No requests for correspondence will receive attention unless the request is written on a separate slip of paper.

Though I am always glad to receive photographs for publication in this department, I can only use those that are of sufficient size and clearness to reproduce well. No photographs will be returned. Write your name and address distinctly on the back of your photographs. You all expect me to do this, but I never do it. I never act as secretary to indolent thoughtless people. I am trying to make such people think or get off the earth. There is no place in the world for people who will not think, and who will not put their thoughts into action.

Just a brief reminder that Uncle Charlie's two wonderful books, one of poems and the other of songs, a source of endless joy and merriment which should be in every home, can still be had free; the poems for a club of four, the songs for only two subscriptions. See full description at the end of this department. Don't miss it.

Now for the letters: GRAY'S HILL, S. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Thank you, Uncle, for giving us a sketch of one day of your life. I am waiting in suspense to read the book you are going to write on your life. Do hope it will soon be ready for publication. I just wish it were possible for COMFORT to enter every home in America. I feel sure if it did, and all the rich folks were as deeply impressed with your noble work, as I am, there would be less money spent for dress and social pleasures, and more used for the purpose of adding comfort to the helpless shut-ins. Uncle, do you think this day will ever come? I trust and believe it will, for the old maxim says: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Let us live in hopes dear cousins, the day is not far distant. We are awfully obliged to you Uncle for "putting us wise" as to who Maria, and Billy the Goat were.

Now one more question before I go please. What is the matter with the young men of the present day? They seem to lack the courtesy and chivalry our forefathers a half and even a quarter of a century back used to possess. Can it all be caused by this awful speed madness, and they do not take time to be polite, or are the girls at fault? For some of our girls we are sorry to say are not exactly what they should be. It is hard for a girl with any ambition and refinement to find her ideal nowadays. Isn't it so Uncle Charlie?

I am five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, have dark brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. We live seven miles from our nearest town, Beaufort, and one of the loveliest little towns in the South. I am a South Carolinian and needless to say am glad of it. But cousins, I guess we are all proud of our native states.

Love to your "goodman angels" and also much love to you, I am your friend, NELLIE YOUNG.

Nellie, I am delighted to know you enjoyed a "Day With Uncle Charlie." That article brought me some very beautiful and touching letters, letters that I shall preserve as long as I live. You need not fear that the rich will deprive themselves of any pleasure or give the money now wasted on foolish functions and crazy kickups to relieve sickness and poverty. The rich people know that poverty, sickness, suffering and misery are inevitable as long as the wealth of this country is in the hands of a favored few. You do not find our great philanthropists making any violent attempts to tackle the problem of poverty. They know very well in their hearts that if it were not for underpaid labor and the poverty of the masses, they would not have any dollars to give away. Do you get the punch in that little sentence? If so hang on to it all of you. There is only one way to abolish poverty, and that is to abolish the system that creates poverty. Our government and our millionaires know that, but you bet they are not going to say anything about it. The powerful few who own our country, and their servants, political, judicial and industrial, who run it for them, are very well satisfied with this world as it is. The wolf of poverty never comes near their doors, hunger never deprives them of a meal. There is no six or seven o'clock whistle to blow them out of their beds, no manacles of industrial slavery to chain them to forge and furnace, pick and wheel. The world is a very nice world for them. Their pay envelope never misses a cog, there is no dinner pail half filled with soggy crusts for them. Theirs is a highway of velvet along which they whiz in their high-powered cars, and they dine on the fat of the land at tables that flash with silver and shimmer with glass. The highway of salvation for red-blooded American manhood is not to fawn at the feet of the wealthy, for the crumbs that fall from their tables, but to insist that the wealth they create be more evenly distributed. They must insist that opportunity be equalized and prosperity divided. They must make their demands, not as mendicants pleading for a crust, but as free-born citizens demanding their rights. It disheartens me when so many thousands of you voice these un-American ideas. Our social ills cannot be remedied by our becoming paupers and pleading for charity at the feet of the wealthy. Demand justice and you will have no need to plead for charity. The men of the present day are lacking in chivalry,

but for heaven's sake don't think that there was any real chivalry in the days when plumed knights tried to pry each other out of tomato can suits with elongated pickle forks. Every young lady of today dreams of those knights of old, those heroic warriors who went to face death with their lady's colors in their helmets, and every girl in her heart wishes she had one of those chivalrous gentlemen all to herself to wear her colors and fight her battles. But my dear girls let me puncture (with the accent on the punk) this hoary fraud of olden time chivalry. The gallant knight was just a common, every-day brute to every woman except the grand ladies of his own rank and class. He was just a common, ordinary every-day snob who kissed the feet of kings and princes, serenaded his lady love, the daughter of some ignoble noble, but amongst the daughters of the poor he was a ravisher and a libertine, a male wolf ever ready to raid the humble folds of plebeian chastity. No, my dear, there is more chivalry today than there ever was. During the last generation woman's life has broadened. She has been forced by economic stress to realize that this is a work-a-day world, in which women were meant to be useful as well as ornamental. She knows that as society is now organized no one can feel entirely safe and secure, and that she may at any time be thrown on her own resources, forced to sink or swim in the seething industrial sea. She feels it is a good thing to learn the lesson of independence, so that the humiliation of dependence may not be forced upon her in after years. Economic evolution has brought men and women together in the business world, where they come in contact with each other daily, and work side by side in store, office and factory. This possibly has made some men a little more flippant in their attitude toward women than in the days of yore, but good ladylike women always command and receive respect and courtesy from good chivalrous men. Propinquity is ever liable to wear off the gloss of courtesy, and though it may sweep aside some of the time-worn conventional barriers, depriving the sexes of old-time aloofness, making men and women industrial comrades, it should not and does not, in the majority of cases lessen the respect that the average manly man holds for the womanly woman. Of those who are neither manly nor womanly we need not speak. As the race progresses all men will be manly and all women womanly, and those who do not at present measure up to that high standard of racial perfection are slowly struggling towards it. It is customary to ascribe to a past era a higher standard of morals and virtue than we possess to-day. All the good things and all the good times are supposed to have been in the distant past. As a matter of fact the majority of the world's inhabitants never had any real good times. Only a favored few have ever really got much out of life and for the rest of humanity it has been nothing but hard knocks. The men of a past age had an alarming amount of external polish, and that is all they did have. The heroes of the past were nearly all three bottle men, and after dinner it was a natural thing to find gallant and cavalier dead drunk under the table. Don't invest the past with any romance, for it had mighty little. Even today only about twenty per cent of the people have bath tubs and fifty years ago bath tubs were a curiosity. We are only just beginning to learn to keep the outside of our bodies clean, later on we'll clean up our minds and polish our ideals, and become truly civilized. Material progress is swift because there is money in it, moral and spiritual progress is slow, for there is no money in making people comfortable, happy and good. This is the age of exploitation, the age of profits and not prophets, the age of reason, love, truth, justice and brotherhood has yet to come, then too will come the age of real chivalry.

CLIFFSIDE, N. C.
DEAR SIR: Will you please give me some points on my debate. The subject is woman suffrage and I am on the side that they should have it. Now please give me some points also send one of those good speeches that some of those big speakers made in favor of woman suffrage, will appreciate anything you send me. Hoping to hear from you at once.
Yours respectfully,
W. E. McSWAIN.

My friend, if I complied with your request it would take me all day to supply you with the material you want, and I'd be from five to ten dollars out of pocket, for my expenses are frightfully heavy, and I'd be more of a physical wreck than I am even at present. Didn't you read what I wrote in "A Day With Uncle Charlie" about the inconsiderate thoughtless people—and this includes you, mind you—who command me to write speeches on this and that subject on which they are going to debate, or command me to read, criticize and find a market for their drivel, rubbishy, impossible, preposterous, song poems, or find buyers for old coins, old books and other junk, not to mention the hundreds who have ideas they want patented, or patented ideas they want financed and put before the public, and heaven knows what else. You do not even enclose a two-cent stamp for postage, nor anything to pay for stationery. Let alone anything to cover time and mental strain. What the deuce do you think I live on anyway, or don't you want me to live? Now the places to apply to for information on Woman Suffrage—and please all of you make a note of this—are as follows: "Woman Suffrage Party, 30 E. 34th St. New York City; Equal Franchise Society, E. 37th St. New York City; Political Equality Union, 15 E. 41st St. New York City." If you write to these addresses, you will get all the literature you want. They have piles of money, scores of stenographers and tons of literature, and all the machinery necessary for a campaign of education in the cause of equal suffrage, while I have nothing. In next month's issue you will find a long article in my department on woman suffrage, that should be helpful to you.

Do you know why the Turk is such a barbarous, murderous fiend? Do you know why he has never progressed and never can progress, and why all the Christian world hates and loathes him? Well, it's because he makes slaves of his women. Every Turk is the son of a slave. Even the Sultan himself is the son of a slave. That is why the Turkish race has never improved and never can improve. The Turks to-

W. J. KAVANAUGH (NO. 36,919), 127 E. 10th St., COVINGTON, KY.

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day are what they were hundreds of years ago, even though they have rubbed shoulders with European civilization for centuries, they are barbarians and nothing more. The stream cannot rise higher than its source. The human stream in Turkey has come from a well of slavery. The Turkish woman is a mere doll. She has no brains, mentality or ideas and her hands do not even believe she has a soul. This poor wretched creature has had nothing to transmit to her sons. The source of Turkey's manhood being devoid of spirituality and mentality, and all that ennobles and uplifts man, the Turkish race has performed remained barbaric and cruel, murderous and revengeful, lustful and bloodthirsty. Turkey is now paying a terrible price, just as humanity has had to pay a terrible price in the past, for the vile way the Turks have treated their women. Let this be a lesson to American men who would keep their women folk in ignorance and make them mere cooks and slaves. By broadening woman's sphere, and enlarging her horizon, adding to her opportunities for physical, mental and spiritual development, and by placing in her hands a weapon—the ballot—which will enable her better to protect her home and children, we are sweetening, clarifying, purifying and enriching the wellsprings of the race; the blessed maternal source from which all that is best, cleanest, grandest and most inspiring in man, ever has come and ever must come.

DECATUR, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: This is my first attempt to write to your corner. I am in trouble and come to you for advice. Now dear Uncle, please don't scold me. I am in love with a young man. My parents object to my going with him because he drinks. I think I can never love anyone but him. He is real handsome. Which do you think he loves the best the whiskey or me? He has promised me if I would marry him he would quit drinking. At what age do you think a girl ought to marry?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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THE UNEXPECTED SHOWER.

For the Bride-To-Be

By One Who Knows

HAVE any readers of COMFORT a girl friend who is thinking seriously of becoming a charming bride this June? If so, have you thought how lovely it would be to either give her some kind of a "shower" or make her some little gift to go in her chest? Perhaps this has never entered your head, but think you, when this friend is far away from home, and loved ones, or perhaps very busy in her household affairs and her mind goes back to her girlhood days how happy she will be when she thinks of the many little gifts she received, nearly all perhaps handmade, little embroidered articles in designs she could not master.

Last June a young girl of my acquaintance was married and her friends gave her a traveling shower. She was given an embroidered monogram pocket which was made of white linen about four inches wide and two and a half inches deep. The front had a pretty design worked in white and the flap, like an envelope, was scalloped and had a tiny buttonhole in center. Same can be lined with chamamois if desired, but this one was not, also if you wish, a ribbon can be sewed on to go around the neck, which insures safety. This pocket was made to wear inside the waist to carry money she did not wish to have in her handbag. One girl gave her a chamamois skin to carry in her handbag to wipe the perspiration or dust from her face. The chamamois was cut circular with a piece of lavender silk sewed on the back, and fine lace frilled on around the edge, and in the center of the silk she embroidered the smallest initial. A large traveling case with pockets inside for toilet articles and washcloth, an ivory box with manicure articles inside, and other articles too numerous to mention.

Another girl was given a hosiery shower and received hosiery of all kinds, silk, silk and cotton hose.

A linen shower is the most expensive, but it seems the prettiest things come in linen for the bride. How happy she is to show her friends her linen. A number of friends might give together a tablecloth and dozen napkins, but the smaller articles seem to be the more pleasing, for the reason the bride-to-be can weave a little story around each piece when she thinks So-and-So gave me that, and So-and-So gave me this. For a linen shower tray cloths and towels are very handy because you can never have too many. An embroidered pillowcase makes an elaborate gift, and one that will always be before the bride-to-be on her dressing table. Small dollies are also convenient. One doesn't have to hesitate long when attending this kind of a shower to decide what to carry.

An apron shower is also most acceptable, and the bride-to-be will receive aprons of every description. Large ones to cover her all over while she does her housework and small ones for afternoon, and very dainty ones can be made of muslin, lace and ribbon.

What bride-to-be would not like a handkerchief shower? Handkerchiefs are very inexpensive so you can afford to give more than one.

Last but not least comes the tin shower. Did you ever go to one? How funny it is to see someone going with a large dish-pan or coffee-pot. The next one might have a long-handled spoon.

Two girls were to be married at about the same time, and both belonged to a large club so they were given a tin shower together. As both girls were very jolly, and always saying witty things one of the most enjoyable evenings was spent watching them undo each article. One girl



HAPPY DREAMS FOR THE FUTURE.

would have to stop once in a while and see if the other girl had anything like hers. The other members of the club were just as interested to see what was coming next.

When giving a tin shower you have not necessarily got to give tin. The above girls received many things that were not tin. Someone brought a pair of glass candlesticks, and one girl said she had always wanted a set like that.

I suppose different girls can think of different showers to give their friends, but the above will give you a good idea, and the kind of a shower that is the most pleasing is one that is always customary to carry some little thing for refreshments, such as sandwiches, fancy cookies, cake, etc.

I hope the above will help a great many of the readers of COMFORT to give their friends an enjoyable evening before they depart on their new journey.

And now to you, my little Brides-To-Be, many of you will read this article, may God guard

you in all your undertakings, may His light so shine upon you that your path may always be filled with roses, and in the years to come when your work gets harder and harder, and little footsteps are heard, you can look back and thank God your blessings were so many. You have my best wishes for a very long and happy married life.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

am preparing to make another. Some advise me to go to town and sew and wash for a living, but oh, my, I could not. I had rather rear my children on the farm as they will know how to work. I am sending them to school now, and trying to do as near right as I can.

Wishing Mrs. Wilkinson, Uncle Charlie and Mr. Gannett all happiness I am your loving COMFORT sister, Mrs. MARY LINDSEY, Lockesburg, R. R. 1, Ark.

Mrs. Lindsey. I respect your good judgment in preferring to remain on the farm with the children. You will soon have a son and daughter old enough to become your partners in the farm activities, and so each year make the way clearer financially. One dollar on the farm is worth five in the city, besides, after a life of independence you would find it hard to serve others; your children would be confined to small quarters and miss the freedom so essential to healthy development.

My best wishes go to you and the children for prosperity and happiness.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Let me join your charming circle and say we enjoy reading COMFORT very much.

I wish more school teachers would write. I am a teacher of some experience. The rural schools in this part of the country pay from forty dollars to eighty-five per month.

Let me say a few words to the young teacher that has just started out upon his or her career of teaching. Think twice before you act, and when you start out to teach your first school, go at it in a way that will make a good impression on your pupils. Do not, in the least, show that you are embarrassed about anything. Pupils will notice that in a teacher quicker than anything else.

I liked Miss Gertrude E. Williams' ideas about visiting the parents and talking over the school work with them. Give my small pupils reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, and we also have a miscellaneous class in which we talk over our reading lessons and tell what we learned from them; and we also learn to spell the words that are difficult for small pupils to remember.

I do not believe in hurrying through any of the grades. Give my small pupils reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, and we also have a miscellaneous class in which we talk over our reading lessons and tell what we learned from them; and we also learn to spell the words that are difficult for small pupils to remember.

A teacher's path is not always strewn with roses, and if every parent could realize what the teacher has to put up with, he or she would not be so quick to "fly up" if Johnny had to be thoroughly "spanked" at school. Do not think I mean that every parent is this way; not by any means. The teacher can always tell the child that is made to mind at home, and every teacher of any experience at all knows there are parents and children in every neighborhood, that are always finding fault with the teacher.

Well, I have written until I know my "lecture" is long enough.

Come on, fellow teachers, and give us your opinions on teaching. For one, I always enjoy anything a teacher has to say.

MISS HEKA LEWIS, Meridian, Texas.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I see so many letters from the sisters who are looking for a home, and asking for descriptions of different places that I will first step in this rainy evening and tell you something about my home. I have lived in many different states so am not prejudiced. While I have seen other places where I would rather live, I believe there is no place now, where one can get as cheap homes as right here in Scott Co., Ark., considering the kind of homes they are.

My home is in the mountains, so we have no malaria or hills. My farm has a creek running through the center, so have just as rich bottom land as there is in the swamps. We farm here from February until November, so two crops can be raised on the same ground. Our upland raises any kind of fruit; grass grows four feet high, and cattle run outside and hogs fatten on mast. There are many kinds of fruit growing wild, also hickory nuts, walnuts and hazelnuts. Timber is pine, oak and cedar.

There are many sawmills nearby, so lumber is very cheap. A nice home can be made here at very little cost, as everything is at hand to make a home. Any shrub you set out will grow.

But as I am giving you the exact truth, I must now tell you the country's faults as well as virtues. First, wages are very low here, compared to wages in the North. One cannot use the up-to-date machinery as used in the prairie country, because of stumps. But as they have no crop failures here, one does not need so much land. Fruit sells as high here as in Kansas where no fruit is raised.

One sister asked about Oregon and Washington. I have lived in that country many years; western Oregon and Washington is very pretty, but land is too high for a poor man. Land such as we have here is double the price and markets are not as good as we have here. And it rains six months in the year! East of the Cascades is another country and climate, but it gets very cold there and windy, and there is sand and sage brush. But wages are good and homes are in reach of poor people.

If one can come here with say five hundred dollars, they can buy a little home that with their own work can be made fit for a king. What we need are more industrious people. I think we can be of great help to each other in truthfully telling what the conditions are in our home states, as "land-sharks" do not hesitate to misrepresent things for the purpose of swindling people in quest of a better home. If you have to depend entirely upon your wages to support a family, or go in debt for a home here, I advise you to stay away from Arkansas. It is the poorest of all states for wages, but for cheap and beautiful homes, this is the place.

I am a widow and have worked out for many years, and at last earned money. I have lived in town half my life. If people who work in town would buy these cheap homes, it would be much better for them. The life is so much healthier and happier. No one will ever get rich by working for others.

Mrs. IDA YORKE, Beauchamp, Ark.

Mrs. York. Your letter is a good lesson in logical thinking and echo the call of every new country for "more industrious people." A "rolling stone" thinks inevitably what industry and persistence will turn into success. Too often does the greatest difficulty lay not in lack of advantages, but in being willing to climb by degrees, thereby fitting themselves for the larger undertakings.

Your letter carries the best kind of encouragement and helpfulness. I should know you would never be lonely and that you are one of the busy sisters who have builded well for themselves and rest while you labor.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Here comes a young deaf-and-dumb girl. I am sixteen years old, have a fair complexion, blue eyes and brown hair, weigh one hundred and twenty-six pounds. We have taken COMFORT for a long time and think it is the best paper we have. I have gotten clubs for the paper ever since I was about thirteen years old, and always receive something nice. I think now nearly everybody around the city takes COMFORT.

I am a member of the Christian church and was baptized when I was twelve years old. I have two brothers and one little sister. Both of my brothers are married, and my little sister has been going to school sometime, and is a smart little girl. She can talk on her fingers to me as fast as I can.

I have been going to the school at Knoxville, Tenn. for three years, but must now help mamma who is in bad health. I am very glad that I know how to write and read and do all the work. Mamma is getting better now and able to help me with the work. I can embroider, do drawing and enjoy it while it keeps the blues and lonely days away from me.

My brothers are married and away. They were so good to mamma and we loved them so dearly. My youngest brother used to stay at home and help me

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do the work, and he could help me cook when mamma wasn't able to work. Oh! he was the sweetest thing and always obeyed his parents and helped them all he could. We miss them very much and our home is so lonesome without them for they always "cut up," play, whistle and sing, and talk with us, but it is a pity that I can't hear their voices. Oh! they are so dear to me.

I agree with the sisters in advising the young girls to learn and do the work, COMFORT helps teach them to do work, so you all must keep on advising them what to do, and the young girls will keep their eyes on the paper, which helps me to learn how to do, and what to do right. I always cut out the recipes and remedies and paste them in a book, for they are a great help to anyone. I want to learn to work on the flowers when the spring comes, and I would be glad to know what is the best way to begin and when to begin to work on them. I want to know how to train the vines to grow by the porch ends. We tried to work on them, but we failed and it didn't do any good. I want to work on them this spring if nothing happens to me. The flowers are very beautiful, and so very dear to me.

No need any letters from any who will write me. May God bless you all; also Uncle Charlie, Mrs. Wilkinson and the poor shut-ins.

LOIS A. ANDERSON, Burns, Tenn.

The Shut-in

A glad some child, though far from strong,

How happy should I be;

Since I from out my window pane

So much of gladness see.

The bright sun from without shines in,

To cheer me with its light,

And silvery moon and twinkling stars

Make glad the coming night.

Each day I watch with glad delight

The cold snow disappear,

And budding trees burst forth in leaf,

Proclaiming spring is here.

When summer comes I love to watch

"Too short each fleeting hour;"

The carolling birds, and butterflies,

That flit from flower to flower.

Again, when summer bids adieu,

And winter comes again,

I love to watch the ice ferns form,

Upon my window pane.

Yes, yes indeed a glad some child,

And why should I not be?

Since I from out my window pane

So much of gladness see.

FLORENCE LOUISE BUSH, 539 Western Ave., Lynn, Mass.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Please may I come in this dark, dreary morning to have a chat with you all.

I live way out in Western Texas, seven miles from town on a ranch, and at times like this when it snows I have to stay in the house and my little daughter and I go lonesome. I am the mother of two children: a boy almost seventeen and Mary, my fourteen-year-old daughter. As they are away at school several months out of the year, I got very lonesome and last year went to Dallas and found a little two-year-old child. Although I wanted a boy, a girl was all I could get, so rather than have no little one at all, I have this one. She was sick and would not notice anything. Coming home on the train she never played nor talked. But now you would not know her for the same child, for she is all life; bright and smart. Fresh air and good, wholesome food, and pure, warm, sweet milk has done the work.

My sisters, I certainly believe in fresh air at all times; have two or more windows open at night and pile on the covers, but by all means have fresh air in the sleeping-rooms. This is a healthy country. Will someone tell me how to raise rhubarb; also spinach, and whether it should bloom and go to seed the first year, or will I keep it pinched off? Please send me some seeds and have a flower garden send me some seeds and bulbs.

Mrs. GEO. PHILLIPS, Toyah, Reeves Co., Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you please sit over and give a subscriber a sent in your cozy corner? We think COMFORT is the best paper we take and look for its coming with an anxious eye. It always turns up the letter to the first of all. I enjoy reading the letter to the training children and of amusements to keep them at home, as I have two children of my own, a girl of seven and a boy of three living, and a girl and boy dead.

I am going to tell the dear sister, Mrs. Annie Miller, who has the little boy paralyzed from spinal meningitis, what made my little niece of five who had typhoid fever, and the doctor said would never walk, and a boy or a young man that had the same as my little girl had. It was only pure olive oil. Just the child all over and rub in thoroughly with the hand and always rub with downward stroke. My little girl could not walk for a while, but push her feet along with my feet just a little at a time, and just a step or two at first, and increase the distance a little more every time. You can't rub on too much oil or rub the limbs too much.

The oil will cause the hair to grow on the body, but it will soon wear off after the stops using the oil. I don't think it best to put oil on the face as it would cause the hair to grow.

Mrs. ROSA GEYER, Togo, Okla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been reading COMFORT most twenty years, and would not think of doing without it at any price. I have found the sisters' letters so much better than I could write that I have just found courage enough to try myself.

The good that has been done through dear old COMFORT can never be known this side of eternity. If there were more people like Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. Gannett and dear patient Uncle Charlie, the world would indeed be much better.

Georgia is a grand old state. Money does not grow on bushes, but there has been a lot of it found in timber, though like everything else, it takes work to get it out. They sell most anything from a dead chestnut log, to a dogwood bush. This is a good fruit and vegetable country and most all farm products do well.

One of the plans, by which we have been very successful in raising money for church funds is a box supper. Of course a great many people do not approve of such methods, but where it is carried on many dollars are invested in a good cause that stood for what purpose the money is to be used, everyone can put into it as much or as little as they choose.

The ladies prepare a nice lunch for two persons; place in a box with their name inside the box; the boxes are sold at auction to the highest bidder. The men and boys buy them and eat supper with the one whose box they happen to get. Women and girls of all ages take part. One can use plain shoe

boxes, or decorate them in any way that fancy dictates.

My letter has grown so long that I will not attempt to describe myself, only that I have been a widow for some time, most of my life. I have one daughter, who is the mother of five little ones, so you see I have quite a family after all.

With best wishes for COMFORT,
Mrs. L. E. OSBORN, Ellijay, Ga.

COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER:

I wonder if you can move up a little closer in the great, big, warm COMFORT circle, and make room for the Missouri sisters? I can only bring a bouquet of cedar and pine and long ferns, as the little flowers are not with us yet. I might, however, tell you of a big, bright, cherry red bird I saw along the way.

Well while we must stay in doors during the cold days, we can form plans for beautiful walks and beds of flowers when the warm spring days are here. I know many mothers will say, "Oh, I don't have time for flowers. But for the sake of the children, get out with them, and make at least one large flower bed. Set out a few hardy plants; some kind neighbor will only be too glad to thin out her clumps of hardy plants. Let all the children help, even the toddling baby will want to help, and you don't know the joy that you, as well as the children, will find in a few flowers. And if you must contend with the chickens, and pigs, and calves, and sometimes the horses, do as my Edd laughingly told me: "Plant so many they can't all be destroyed, and you will have plenty left."

I will tell you about a nice cool closet my Edd made for us. We have a porch on the north of the house where the house forms an ell, and formed two of the walls of closet; one side was boarded up to the roof of porch, the door formed the front. The inside was papered with newspapers, a handful of sulphur being stirred in the paste, and not a fly or ant, not even a gnat, molested milk or anything, and everything kept in there was so nice and cool. The canned

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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Things the MODERN FARMER must know to MAKE THE FARM PAY

This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical, business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Rape for Swine

WELL, what about green feed for the hogs this year? We have said a good deal of late about clover pasture for swine and hope that many readers of COMFORT are going to see to it that their pigs have a clover pasture to run on this year and also insure health, muscle, strong constitutions and nature's antitoxin against cholera. But clover need not be wholly depended upon and there are times when it cannot be provided or when it is mixed with the Timothy that is to be cut for hay and so will not be available until long after haying time. This being the case, would it not be well to try a patch of rape this year? Assuredly it would and those who have tried this plant and fed hogs upon it have found that it is a wonderfully profitable investment. For instance, take the results at the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station where Prof. Craig some years ago conducted two trials with rape as a food for swine. In preparation for the final fattening process. The results are given in Prof. Henry's grand book on "Feeds and Feeding" which should be in the hands of every reader of this paper. In the first trial there were twenty grade Poland-China pigs; in the second, thirty-eight grade Chester Whites. In each case the pigs were divided into two even lots, the first having the run of a rape field, with grain additional, and the second, confined to a pen, receiving grain only. The first trial lasted 76 days and the second 42 days, during which time the amounts of feed consumed were carefully recorded. Summarizing the two trials and calling the grains equal, it was found that a little less than an acre of rape saved 2,392 pounds of grain in pig feeding. The additional feed used was two parts corn meal and one part of middlings. Prof. Henry remarks regarding this finding: "Since rape can be used as a catch crop, and costs but two or three dollars an acre for seed and planting and nothing for harvesting, the value of the crop in swine feeding is apparent." It will be seen from this that it would pay our readers to put in an acre or two of rape this season as a catch crop. The bulletin article referred to does not state what variety of rape was used, but we presume that it was Dwarf Essex, the plants of which, according to climate, reach maturity in from eight to ten weeks, but which may be pastured as soon as fully established in the ground. To obtain a heavy yield, the seed should be sown in drills 28 to 30 inches apart and two pounds of seed per acre should be used. When sown in drills the crop has to be weeded and cultivated which is work that many farmers are loath to undertake. For this reason many prefer to sow the seed broadcast at the rate of three to five pounds per acre. Hogs do not take to the plant at first, but if the other food be reduced so that the pigs become hungry, they will soon learn to eat and apparently relish the food. In the same connection it may be said that rape is excellent feed for sheep and cattle so that it will be found profitable for those animals also. From what has been said we think it will become apparent that where clover cannot be provided it will pay to seed to rape and there is no reason that both crops should not be provided for swine on every farm. We shall be very glad to hear from any of our readers who have had experience with rape as a green food for swine.

That Slop Barrel!

We question if there be a greater abomination about the hogyard than the average slop barrel. Who invented this nuisance? Who can give a common-sense reason for its survival? It smells to heaven! It renders the digestive organs of the hogs as sour and unwholesome as itself! We are at a loss to explain its presence, nor can we see where benefit is derived from its use. The old idea that a hog is unclean and always a hog still exists, but when we see and smell an old, sour slop barrel we are led to think that man by his methods of management makes the hog far hoggier and filthier than he would be, if left to nature. He puts a ring in his nose and thus makes it impossible for him to find some of nature's medicines and some nutrients that man knows little about. He makes the hog a guzzler of sour slop that is supposed to contain what is best for the hog. In artificial environments the hog becomes in time a slop barrel too and drinks down any old kind of fermenting swill. Sour or sweet; hot or cold; thin or thick; scented or malodorous, it becomes all alike to him and he squeals and scours, and man looks upon him as a dirty beast. Is it any wonder that he is filthy when food supplied to him is filthy, sour, fermenting, decomposing, diarrhoea-inducing? Such food is unnatural for the hog. He was intended to root in the earth and graze upon natural grasses of the field. To him fell the nutritious nuts and fruits of the trees; for him were the sweet herbs and succulent roots—but no dirty, smelly, sour slop! He has but a small stomach, this much abused hog. His is a stomach that looks for small quantities of nutritious food at short intervals; but man expects it to be as elastic as a balloon and asks the hog to drink oceans of washy soup supposed to contain some nourishment. It is just like a dog having to drink a washbowlful of water to obtain a few ounces of meat at the bottom. After a time the stomach inflated in this way for months becomes weakened and filled with germs and the intestines, forced to the same unnatural work, are similarly affected. Then disease breaks out and man says "this was unavoidable!" On the contrary, it was largely his own fault and might have been prevented by different feeding and management. Then there is the other fellow who is too lazy to make slop and carry it splashing about and over his pants' legs. "Corn," says he, "is nature's food for hogs," and corn his hogs get and nothing else and his dyspeptic animal makes no objection until disease objects for him. The hog has been got into the best of condition for disease to play havoc with and man is to blame. The germs of disease are everywhere, but they do not always find a suitable place in which to breed. There are certain conditions of the system and blood which render the animal susceptible to the entrance and proliferation of germs and depend upon it the hog of the stinking slop-barrel owner and of him who allows his swine to daily dig and dive into manure depths after corn as an exclusive diet is a "shining mark" for disease germs. Common sense would seem to teach plainly that hogs managed in a natural manner, fed upon a variety of foods in a natural condition, allowed free ex-

ercise, pure water, good ventilation, abundance of roots, clover and similar luxuries would be less liable to disease than are the products of artificial environment, unnatural housing in filthy, poorly ventilated buildings, consanguineous breeding and slop and all-corn methods of feeding. And so they are; who can deny it?

The Best Use of the Small Plot

Many people who work a small plot of ground do not make the best use of it because they do not give enough study to the selection of the crop. One or two specific examples will serve to illustrate this point. Suppose a carpenter with a large family living on the outskirts of a city owns two or three city lots that he wants to work in a way to get the most out of them. He selects sweet corn as his crop. Now this crop must be planted rather far apart and compared with garden crops does not require much cultivation. Hence a small crop will be grown and the returns will be small. Let us see how the returns from this plot may be increased.

By Interplanting

Radishes, onions and lettuce may be planted four weeks earlier than corn. These mature and are harvested early. Hence they may be planted between the rows of corn without injuring either crop. If the corn be planted in hills three feet or more apart, tomato plants may be set in the rows between the hills. As soon as the green corn is picked the stalks are harvested and the tomatoes get a chance to come on later. By the interplanting method three crops are possible in the place of the one and neither is injured thereby.

By a Succession of Crops

Take the case of early radishes and lettuce which may be planted as soon as the land can be worked and ready for harvest by the time to plant cabbages or cucumbers. These crops will follow the early ones and later in the fall turnips may be sown between the rows. Then by careful selection of the proper crops, like early peas, and by judicious interplanting three or four crops may be harvested from the same space in a single season.

By Intensive Cultivation

Both methods already described require more labor and hence more intensive cultivation than the single crop of corn, but there are other single crops which need more intensive cultivation than corn that may be made to yield much larger returns. Take onions for example. With onions there is little chance for interplanting or for successions since this crop requires practically all of the growing season. Onions should be planted early and close and kept growing rapidly by frequent cultivation. They yield heavily and have rather large value for small bulk. They are therefore, under favorable conditions, much more valuable to raise than corn. These crops have been used to illustrate the point that the selection of crops and their relation to each other in time of maturity and intensity of cultivation determine the income from any given piece of land. Whether they are the best for any particular owner of a small plot to grow will depend entirely upon soil, climatic and local market conditions. The principles they illustrate are well worth thought and careful study.

Securing a Stand of Alfalfa

One has to know how and do all of the work right to get a good stand of Alfalfa and every one should try to grow this grand crop, wherever its growth is possible. Charles L. Hill, the noted dairyman of Wisconsin has had fine success in Alfalfa growing as has Ex-Governor Hoard. These men are preaching the good gospel of Alfalfa growing and men are being converted to the doctrine and practice all over the state and elsewhere. Some of the advice given may be summed up as follows: A trial field was measured and plowed in fall and in due course planted to corn. Clean cultivation kept down the weeds and hoeing killed all of the weeds the cultivators missed. After getting the corn cut and into the silo the field was disked thoroughly and harrowed fine. This was repeated in spring and Alfalfa sowed alone. Pigeon grass and barnyard grass appeared thicker than the Alfalfa and two crops of hay were cut that yielded about half Alfalfa and half weed grasses. After the second cutting the Alfalfa came on beautifully and next year there was a fine stand. Mr. Hill considers this a better plan of getting a stand of Alfalfa than to summer fallow, or sow the seed with a nurse crop. Try this plan next spring, if you have a field treated in the way above described.

Preventing Parasites of Colts

It should be understood that the eggs of the noxious parasites are taken into the system when the colts pasture where adult horses have been long kept. They also take the eggs into the stomach in drinking water from ponds, creeks or even troughs where old horses have been accustomed to drink. Such places like the grass fields have had eggs deposited in or on them for so many years in succession that they practically swarm with the eggs of these pests and colts drinking or pasturing are bound to become infested. There is one worm more particularly dangerous to young horses and that is the "blood worm," as breeders call it, or technically, *Schistosoma equinum*. When colts become infested with these worms, they soon become emaciated, for the reason that these parasites are blood suckers, having the means of penetrating the tissues and of living in the mucous lining of the intestines from which they suck blood to the detriment of the animal. We have seen colts so badly affected with these parasites that they could barely walk and had fallen away to mere shadows. Worms are not always suspected in such cases, but the owner may diagnose their presence when he finds that the lining of the nose, mouth and corners of the eyes are white instead of healthy pink in color. At the same time, we find the skin full of scurf, the hair harsh and rough, a tendency to bite, paw, roll or rub, and, lastly, the presence of a collection of scurf around the anus. It is well-nigh impossible to cure colts when they have gone thus far. Prevention is of the greatest importance and it consists in changing the pastures as often as possible and making preparations for the new crop of foals by providing new grass rather than allowing them to go where there is a danger of becoming infested with worms. In addition

to fresh pasturage and plenty of nutritious food, salt should be freely used and rock salt is to be preferred for this purpose. It is a natural antagonist of worms and where colts or other young animals have all they want of it, they are less liable to invasion. In a great outbreak of this worm disease some years ago all sorts of strong medicine was tried without effect upon colts in the last stages of decline. Few were saved and the survivors responded apparently to turpentine and oil along with milk and plenty of fresh eggs and stimulants. It was finally discovered that where young colts were allowed to lick at will a mixture of equal parts of dried sulphate of iron, flowers of sulphur and two parts of salt that they managed to struggle through and this mixture has since given similar results and should in our opinion be placed where colts can take what they like of it in such pastures as are known to be infested with worm eggs. This is not so good as prevention by avoiding places where the trouble is known to exist, but it is necessary in many places where change of pasture cannot be well provided. In connection with this treatment it should also be considered absolutely necessary to feed growing colts generously from weaning time upon nitrogenous foods, such as crushed oats and bran. If this is done, it is possible to raise colts even in the presence of other intestinal parasites, such as ascaris megocephala and the gaw worm or pin of the rectum. In addition to giving the mixture advised some men who have had a great deal of experience with young horses inform us that they have found raw potatoes quite effective in ridding their stock of the large worm known as ascaris megocephala, but they are of no use in connection with the treatment of blood worms. Pin worms in the rectum are easily killed by injections of tobacco infusion and soapy warm water, applied by means of a large syringe or hose and funnel. For adult horses other than pregnant mares dried sulphate of iron in dram doses, twice daily in the feed, will be found effective for the destruction of large worms.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in the same question on the same matter. We have had many inquiries from those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

GRAFTING.—Please tell me where to get a good book on grafting of fruit trees.

MISS C. S., New Britain Conn.
A.—Write to the Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station of your state for a free bulletin on this subject. Specify which kinds of fruit trees you are interested in.

SUITABLE CROP FOR SHADED PLOT.—I have a garden plot of pretty rich soil well manured. It gets the morning sun but is shaded in the afternoon by a big barn. I have tried raising potatoes and tomatoes there without success as they grow too much to vines. Would watermelons or cauliflower succeed there? If you think cauliflower would thrive there, please advise me as to cultivation of same.

MRS. G. A. Gillespie, Ill.
A.—Melons need lots of sun and do best in light, rich, friable, warm soil and so your plot is not likely to be the plot you speak of. Cauliflower would not be likely to do as well as cabbage or rutabagas in the plot in question; but their culture is practically the same as cabbage. The seed is sown in beds and the young plants are transplanted as soon as large enough and when the soil is mellow and warm. Cauliflower has to be planted in fall during cool, moist weather and the large leaves have to be tied together above the flower heads to keep them solid and blanched. Fall cabbage will be likely to succeed better than summer cabbage on the plot mentioned. Hubbard squash might also succeed there.

SWEET POTATO ROT.—I have sandy land that grows fine sweet potatoes, only they rot so badly before they are dug that it is useless to raise them. They say they always rot where cotton dies and that it is caused by alkali in the soil. How can I treat the soil for alkali so the potatoes won't rot?

MRS. C. D. S., Ireland, Texas.
A.—It will be necessary to work this land before other crops until it loses its alkali. It also could be well to turn under some green crop and to plow farm-yard manure into the soil, if that can be done in your circumstances. Before planting sweet potatoes treat them with formaldehyde solution in the same way as we have often advised here for Irish potatoes. We suspect that the rotting of the potatoes is due to some fungus parasite, rather than alkali. If the leaves blight it would be necessary also to spray with Bordeaux mixture two or three times during the growing season.

STONE SILO AND CORN SILAGE.—I have read a great deal about corn silage, but have never been able to find complete instructions for building the silo or making the silage. I intend going into dairying and to raise considerable corn fodder the coming season. As I have plenty of rock in my pasture, would it be advisable to build a stone silo? How shall I build it? Must I cement it inside?

A. K. K. Paha, Wash.
A.—The building of a stone silo is not advisable. Although the material may be close at hand and cheap, the expense of elevating heavy stone for the thick wall and the employment of a stone mason, whose labor is high priced, makes the construction of a stone silo very expensive. By writing to your state agricultural college at Pullman you can procure full instructions for the construction and the making of silage. A stone silo has to be cemented inside. Corn for the silo is cut when about ripe, run through an ensilage cutter and conducted into the silo by means of a blower. It is there spread evenly over the surface of the floor, layer upon layer and well tramped down by several men. If very dry the silage has to be sprinkled with water as it is put in. Full particulars are given in the bulletins on the subject.

BARN VENTILATION, CATTLE FEED, SILAGE, ETC.—In reading farm papers I always run across the advice "have your cow and horse stables well ventilated," but none of them ever tell how to do this. Please tell me the best way.

Each farmer around here has a different grain ration that he feeds his cows. They all have mixtures of different commercial foods, and yet none can give a good reason why they use this or that feed. It seems to me it is all done by guess. What is meant by a balanced ration?

What are the compounds or elements and proper proportions to make a balanced ration? Are some foods better for quality and others for quantity of milk? Dairy feeds usually have the compounds of which they are composed printed on the sack. Can they be depended on? What would be an ideal ration for cows kept for butter-making?

I have a stone silo with an eight foot concrete foundation. A foot of the silage next to the concrete always spoils. What can we do to prevent it? We intend putting up another silo and are considering the use of concrete blocks. Can a concrete silo be made frost proof and mold proof?

B. H. Grant, Rapids, Mich.
A. 1. VENTILATION.—The King System of Ventilation is generally acknowledged to be the best. This admits fresh air near the ceiling and draws off foul air near the floor. This system was fully described in a former issue. See COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER for November, 1912. Sunlight and Fresh Air for Stables.—Send to the Wisconsin Experiment Station at Madison for Bulletin on the King System of Ventilation.

A. 2.—A BALANCED RATION is one in which the ratio of the carbohydrates and fat to the protein in the feed is about six to one. Cows fed on rations in which these substances are in this proportion have been found by long experiment to do best. This is the reason for calling it a balanced ration. About two pounds of digestible protein and 12 pounds of digestible carbohydrates and fat is a good ration for the average dairy cow. Starch and sugar are the principal carbohydrates and by fat is meant not only the oils such as that contained in oil meal, the carbohydrates and fats serve as fuel in the animal system, keeping up the body heat and energy, and are fat producers. They contain no nitrogen and are not flesh producers. Protein is a nitrogenous food present in clover, Alfalfa and some other crops; protein is a flesh producer, making muscle and containing bone. A. 3.—No. Foods that are best for quality of milk are also best for quantity if fed in the right propor-

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tions and in proper amount. Poor food is bad economy, and tainted food should never be fed.

A. 4.—LABELS ON DAIRY FOODS cannot always be depended on for an accurate statement of the substances and proportions of which the contents of the packages are composed, although the law in most states provides a penalty for misbranding of feeds and fertilizers. The labels usually show a fairly accurate analysis of the contents of the sacks.

A. 5.—There is no difference between an ideal ration for producing milk, butter or cheese. A good ration for a dairy cow is as follows:

Corn silage.....40 lbs.
Clover hay.....19 "
Wheat bran.....5 "
Oil meal.....1 "
A simpler one is:
Corn silage.....40 lbs.
Alfalfa hay.....15 "

Always compound your ration of home grown feeds as far as possible, buying only those necessary to make it "balance."

A. 6.—From your description of your silo we understand that the stave silo rests on this concrete foundation and that the inside diameter of the stave silo is greater than that of the foundation. If this be the case the cause of your silage spoiling is due to the settling of the silage. The shoulder on top of the concrete prevents even settling and leaves an air space. This causes the silage to decay. If this is true, the remedy is to make the stave silo smaller and make the walls exactly perpendicular on the inside. There should be no jog in the walls. The inside of the stave and concrete walls should fall in the same vertical line.

A. 7.—All outside silos will freeze in the latitude of Grand Rapids unless artificial heating be resorted to. A hollow concrete block will be as nearly frost proof as any, the air space tending to prevent freezing. Mold in silage is due to a lack of moisture. Put in plenty of water when filling to prevent mold. Concrete has nothing to do with mold. Silage will keep equally well in all good silos.

ROPT MILK.—I have a cow about 12 years old. She is fed fodder morning and evening, and nighttime millet hay and malt, but I don't think the drinking water is very good. Still the other cows are not affected by it. This cow sometimes gives milk that is like ribbons after it is strained.

A. C. New Buffalo, Mich.
A.—Cows should not be allowed to drink impure water. Doubtless your cow is afflicted with garget which may be due to bacterial action or to an injury to the udder. For particulars with reference to the treatment of garget write COMFORT'S Veterinary Department, giving all details of the case. (See COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER for October and December, 1912 on silos or rapt milk.)

CROP ROTATION.—I have a millet field that was millet last season; before that it was clover for two

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

Dear Uncle I thought your prayer was just fine. I will close for fear of the waste basket. Please answer all my questions and don't scold me too much. I can see Billy the Goat laughing. Anxiously awaiting your reply. BETTIE MILLER.

Never marry a man who drinks liquor, especially one who is in the habit of drinking to excess. Any woman who insists on marrying a drunkard deserves all that is coming to her in the way of trouble. A man who says he will quit drinking if a girl will marry him, is not only a poor weak idiot, but a liar to boot. If a man won't stop drinking before he marries a girl, he never will stop after. As for him being handsome, let me tell you this much: Rum will soon destroy his good looks, and if you are only marrying him for his looks, or rather if you are only marrying a good-looking, two-legged distiller, you won't have your good-looking two-legged toy very long, for nothing destroys good looks as quickly as alcohol. Another thing, remember the breath of a liquor fiend is as offensive as the odor of a pole cat, and it gets worse every day. Romance withers in the odor of a foul breath. Drunkards invariably ill-treat their wives, and usually beat them, not only when they are under the influence of liquor, but when they are sober and ugly because they can't get liquor. Remember alcohol and poverty go hand in hand. If you marry a drunkard, you marry poverty, trouble, and usually disease. The children of a drunken father or mother (and alas there are drunken mothers, but thank God there are comparatively few of them) usually inherit the craving for whiskey and strong drink. I know one family where the father is a drunkard, and of the five boys, three of them have gone to the dogs, and two have been swept into the grave by alcohol. I actually know in this case the craving for liquor runs through three generations, and the results of this craving have been appalling. In nearly every family and all around you, you can see the fell work of this all-destroying demon—broken hearts and broken lives, blighted hopes and devastated homes, disease transmitted to the third, fourth and fifth generation, and misery, anguish and death spread broadcast. Several states are appropriating large sums of money to build retreats where drunkards can be cared for and possibly made useful members of society. They say the drink habit is a disease. Of course it is inherited there is some excuse for calling it a disease, but in many cases the habit is acquired and men make beasts and animals of themselves because they like the taste of whiskey and the exhilaration that alcohol gives them. They also say that drink is the cause of most of the poverty in this country. That statement is only about 10 per cent. true. About ninety per cent. of all drunkenness in this country is caused by poverty, caused by our unspeakably vile and atrocious social system. All sociologists will tell you that this statement is absolutely true, though not true in all cases. Of course as long as society is constituted as it is, men will seek forgetfulness from their hard and wretched lives in the rumhole and the gin mill. True the rich man drinks. The taste with him is possibly inherited, or because idleness gives him little else to do but gratify various appetites, and to seek pleasure usually in all sorts of notorious resorts where strong drink flows freely. We are today socially blind. When our eyes are opened and men get education and justice, there will be no need for prohibition parties. The race will become automatically temperate. Then too, we shall trace the family history of everyone who is a candidate for matrimony, and we shall see that those who inherit an alcoholic tendency are not allowed to degrade the race by bringing into the world children who inherit a craving for drink and whose blood quite likely will also show a taint of that deadly and infectious disease which results from licentiousness, and the latter usually accompanies alcoholism. The disease referred to is as you know or ought to know, the black plague—far more prevalent and far more deadly than the white plague. Not, however, being a respectable disease, no one has been allowed publicly to mention it, but the press is discussing it widely today, and as soon as we get a national bureau of health, which is coming quickly, a tremendous fight will be made to stamp out those twin destroyers of life and happiness, alcoholism and the black plague. Foolish girls who want to marry drunkards to reform them, won't be allowed to sacrifice themselves in a vain attempt to rescue worthless, rum-soused boozologists. One good woman is of more real value to society than all the booze fighters on earth.

ANTIOCH, NEBR.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I am a Nebraska girl. I live on a ranch. I am ten years young, four feet and ten inches tall. Have dark brown hair, green eyes, light complexion and weigh one hundred pounds. I have two sisters and three brothers. We have all kinds of wild horses, you ought to come down and ride some of them. You are a good rider. You come down and visit us with your Billy Goat. My brothers have six gray hounds, and I bet the hounds could out run your goat. Did you ever have a race with your Billy Goat?

I read in Comfort how to make candy. So I made some and I put it on the snow outside so it would cool off, and later when I went to look for it, it was gone. I thought maybe that you took it. But soon I found out that one of the hounds had been fussing with it and eating it. The candy stuck to the hound's teeth so that he couldn't open his mouth so I had to open it for him. Well I hope you will come down and have some experiences like I had with the candy.

I will promise to try and answer all who write. Your cousin and niece, BETTY HERMAN.

I don't think I'll ride any of your wild horses just now, Betty, unless you make the horse swallow a plush rocker and let me sit inside on the rocker. You say your brothers have six gray hounds. Strange that young boys should want a bunch of old hounds. Are any of them bald headed as well as gray? Did they all turn gray at once? Oh, no, your hounds could not beat my Billy Goat in a race. I understand your gray hounds are so old and feeble that two of them have to be pushed round in wheel chairs and the other four have to go on crutches. I don't have to have a race with my Billy Goat. No race is necessary. My Goat thinks too much of me to run away from me. That must have been lots of fun when the dog got his mouth full of candy and could not open it. I'll bet he felt foolish, Betty, didn't he? Maybe the candy didn't stick to his teeth. Billy thinks your hound is so old and so feeble that he could not eat the candy until you opened his mouth for him and pushed it down. But your experience with your dog, Betty, is nothing to my experience with mine. I made a lot of molasses candy once and put a big platter of it just outside the door to cool. Later on when I went to get the candy I found our collie dog sitting in the middle of the platter. It was cold enough to freeze your head off, and the dog seemed to find the temperature of the molasses thoroughly congenial. When, however, I asked him to kindly get up, he made several frantic efforts to rise, and finally succeeded in walking off with molasses and platter sticking tight to him. I had to spend the balance of the day with a hammer and chisel prying that platter loose, and even then the molasses stuck so tight that it was two weeks before the dog could wag his tail without assistance. So you see, Betty, your trouble with dogs and candy don't begin to hold a candle to mine. The best thing to do when you want to cool candy is to put it in the ice box or take it on the roof and blow on it.

GARNER, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am sending you my first poem. I want you to have it printed in the Thanksgiving issue of COMFORT for the amusement of the cousins, and tell me if you

think I will make a poet. This is for your criticism. Get on it good and give the cousins a good laugh. I have had many good laughs at the expense of the League poets or "pots." I think one page of League "pottery" is worth the price of Comfort for one year, that is with your criticisms added to give it spice. With love to all I remain your nephew and cousin, BILL WAITE.

Thanksgiving Dinner Poem

Thanksgiving dinner, I did take,
And now, I have the stomach ache,
I ate my turkey with pickles and pie,
Now I rub my stomach with a sigh.

And I wonder when it'll stop its pain,
And let me have sweet rest again,
Thanksgiving morning I went,
On turkey murder, I was bent.

Bill, I am sorry to say your letter and poem did not arrive in time to go in the Thanksgiving, or even the December issue. You see I have to keep my work done quite a bit ahead. The best part of last November and December I was lying dead to the world for many weeks, and was hovering on the twilight zone between this world and the next. My Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners consisted of a few sips of seltzer water. The one comforting thought during that period of trial was that I had some work done ahead, or there would have been the first break in my chin music in this section of our magazine for ten years. Bill, I have greatly enjoyed your poem, and if I only had the space I would print the whole twenty-seven verses, for "it's sure good" as the cousins say. You don't need to ask me if you will make a poet. You are already one. Poets are born, not made, and those who had the job of making you a poet did the task up to the queen's taste. What I like about your pottery Bill (excuse me I mean poetry) is that you have a sense of humor, and you have started out to give us something to laugh over instead of to weep over, and for that we are all exceedingly grateful. No false lovers or broken-hearted maidens for you; no cheap, trashy, sentimental faddoodle rubbish of the "She's Sleeping Now in Dear Old Tennessee" kind. The song pots always make a break for Tennessee. Tennessee has been worked to death by the song fanatics because it's a name that rhymes easily. You'll never catch one of them writing: "She's Sleeping Now in Dear Old Michigan." That would put the pots and the poets on the blink if they had to find many rhymes for Michigan. Of course if somebody offered me a prize I'd make a bluff at doing it. Billy the Goat has bet me a bolted tin can I can't do it, so here goes:

She's sleeping now in dear old Michigan,
And she'll never catch a fish agen,
And she'll never wash a dish agen,
We'll never hear her hobble swish agen,
Bet your life I often wish agen,
My love had never gone to sleep in Michigan.

You see you never know what you can do until you try. Well Michigan's a mighty cold place to sleep in, and for climate if not for comfort I think it's wise for our pottery artists when they kill off the heroes of their songs to plant them in Tennessee. Now as regards your poetic effusion, William, as you know I think highly of it. In your first line you say: "Thanksgiving dinner I did take." I would have written that line differently if I had been you. You take medicine, but you eat a dinner. I deeply regret that you dinner disorganized your commissariat, otherwise known as your bean box, but then I don't wonder at the terrible results when you tell us that you ate your turkey with pickles and pie. For heaven's sake, Bill, why didn't you eat it with a knife and fork? Have you such bad table manners in Texas that you dispense with knives and forks and eat your turkey with a pickle and push it down with a pie? If that's the case you ought to have written it:

I ate my turkey with pickles and pie,
For of knife and fork alas I was shy.

Of course knives and forks are dangerous things for people to use who are not accustomed to them, for without experience in handling them, your fork is liable to land in your ear and your knife in your eye. But the most astonishing statement in your poem comes in your fourth line where you say: "I rubbed my stomach with a sigh." Now there's some class to a statement of that kind. I've heard of the stomach being rubbed, massaged and manipulated by hand to relieve an acute attack of indigestion, but I never before heard of a stomach being rubbed with a sigh. Bill you ought to get a patent on a rub like that. Maybe you've hit on a sure cure for dyspepsia and there may be millions in it. The next time I need any treatment of that kind (and that will probably be in about three seconds) or I'll have a world of trouble in that region, I will try your remedy, and if it gives relief you will get a testimonial that will knock your head off and make you a millionaire for the rest of your life. Apparently the sigh treatment did not prove very efficacious in your case. Probably you didn't use the right kind of sigh. Possibly if you had tried a pickle it might have given better results. They say like cures like, and maybe pickles external and internal might have produced harmonic digestion. Instead of stomachic discord and agonizing pain: In the last two lines you say:

Thanksgiving morning out I went,
On turkey murder I was bent.

I'm sorry William, that you got so badly bent in the murder process. Personally I don't think it was the turkey murder that bent you, but I have a strong conviction that you must have swallowed a pickle before you went out to assassinate that Turk. Anyway, William, we hope if you were bent on Thanksgiving day, that you have straightened up by now, and that your digestive apparatus is in excellent working order and needs no longer the application of either pickles or sighs.

MAGNET, BOX 63, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: May I stay a while with you? I am a country girl fourteen years old. I go to school I am in the eighth grade. I study arithmetic, ark, history, United States' history, spelling, geography, grammar, civil government and agriculture. I like grammar best of all. My teacher's name is Mrs. Lucy Hodges. I like her very well. I have three sisters and one brother. I am the oldest. My youngest sisters are twins, they are eight years old. They are in the second grade, their names are Lula and Lola. I can do almost anything in the house. I can milk, cook, wash and iron; I also help papa in the field. I plant corn and hoe and pick cotton. We live fourteen miles east of Hot Springs. I lived at Hot Springs about six years and I like to live there.

This is a fine farming country. We raise corn, cotton, sweet and Irish potatoes, oats, wheat and all kinds of vegetables. Uncle Charlie if you will come to see me I will let you have all the peanuts you want.

Please someone send me the song, "Cheyenne." Your loving cousin and niece, EDNA LEAER.

Edna, certainly you can come in and visit with us. What made you think that you couldn't? I am very much interested in your studies. If you are studying arithmetic you have my sympathy. When I went to school I always detested mathematics and I was always in trouble with the multiplication table. One day I sat on it and broke off two of the legs and the teacher spanked me. I don't mind a kitchen or a parlor table but the horror of that youthful multiplication table clings to me yet. There is one of your studies I am intensely interested in, and that is Ark history. As I am somewhat of an archaeologist (now go for the dictionary and hunt that word up, and please note how the first syllable is pronounced) could you send me a copy of your Ark history? I want to see if I

am mentioned in it. I hope your Ark history has got all the incidents right. I hope it tells how the elephant remarked to the flea when they were struggling through the doorway: "Aw, quit yer shovin'". I hope it tells how they both got stuck in the doorway, and how the traffic was entirely jammed, until the flea consented to withdraw, and then the elephant had room enough to get through. I hope it also tells how the flea trod on the elephant's toe and hurt him so that he screamed with pain and dropped his trunk on the floor, smashing it and scattering its contents in all directions. I hope it tells how the giraffe promptly appropriated and donned the elephant's best Sunday suit and his celluloid collar, and how beautifully the suit fitted; but that not even with the monkey's assistance could the collar be made to fit. Then I trust it goes on to tell how every time the giraffe put his thirty feet of neck to the floor, the collar would shoot down like a ton of coals and tickle his ears, then when he put his head up in the air, the collar would shoot down nearly breaking his Adam's apple. I hope it records how the monkey finally borrowed a hammer and a box of tacks and nailed the collar half way between the giraffe's ears and his breast bone, to the delight of all. Of course it mentions that Shem, Ham and Japhet were aboard, and I trust it also records the fact that one of the two hogs sent for Ham, and tried to claim him as an old relation. Oh, pshaw! Here's old Billy the Goat telling me you mean Arkansas history, and I shan't be a bit interested in Arkansas history until it gives women the ballot. I read that the Governor of Arkansas recently said that it was safer to murder a man in his State than it was to steal a horse. The murderer goes free, the horse thief goes to jail. This shows the rottenness of the judicial system of Arkansas, and the disgraceful indifference of the people of that State, to human life. What with judicial pin-heads in Idaho daring to send an editor to prison, because the said editor had published a letter protesting against the way some twenty-five thousand men in Idaho, who wanted to vote the Progressive ticket, were disfranchised, through the machinations of party politicians, who kept Roosevelt's name off the electoral ballot at the recent election, and judges who allow murderers to walk the earth unpunished, I wonder if there is any poor, besotted, reactionary stand-patter, any benighted, antediluvian, ossified male troglodyte, who is not at last convinced that we need the recall of judges in this country more than we need almost anything? Here is the Senate halting the nation's business, spending valuable time trying a three cent judge who has disgraced his cloth and his profession by dickering with a railroad for a handful of coal refuse. The absurd cumbersome process of disposing of corrupt judges who are ready to swing the scales of justice in the direction of the man with the big pull and the most money, was done away with in England over a hundred years ago. Everything that is behind the times, archaic, fossilized, antiquated, everything that has been cast into the discard by more progressive nations, we frantically cling to, so that money and privilege can rule, the poor be hounded and crushed, and those who dare to tell the truth be muzzled and sent to jail. Men of Idaho you have won the Recall I believe quite recently. As soon as this measure is enacted into law, get busy and use it on the men who have dared to imprison a man for protesting against a rank injustice, and depriving him of his rights and express his honest opinions in print. Arkansas and Idaho clean house and clean it without delay. You say you study grammar, Edna. They used to torture us with a study at school called grammar, but thank heaven we never got inflicted with grammar. I think if they had, my youthful heart would have been broken. I don't think there is much use my dear, in your studying civil government in your State. I think your governor will tell you, that the first thing the rising generation of Arkansas needs to study, is the sacredness of human life, and the necessity of stringing up or electrocuting the fiendish murderers who take it.

KOOTENAI, BOX 98, IDAHO.

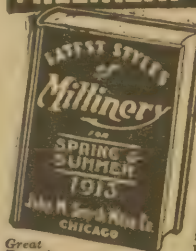
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

As I see very few letters from this part of Idaho I thought I would write. Where I live most of the land is owned by a lumber Co. There is some very fine timber here, though it is being logged off fast. My father is a butcher and furnishes beef for the logging camps. I have one brother thirteen. He is away at school at present. Kootenai where we get our mail is a small freight division on the Northern Pacific railroad. It also contains one sawmill, three saloons and three grocery stores. I think my home is the most beautiful place on earth. I live nine miles from Kootenai on a small cattle ranch. We don't get our mail very often as the roads to Kootenai are very bad. Well, Uncle, I can do most anything from breaking a cayuse to cooking frogs' legs. Did you ever eat any of them?

I have a copy of your poems and song book. It seems a pity that every family cannot have one. Before closing I will describe myself. I am sixteen years young, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, am five feet five inches tall, have very red hair, gray eyes, fair complexion and many freckles of which I am justly proud. I must close now but you mustn't be too hard on me as I don't claim to be a scholar. I would be glad to hear from any or all the cousins, Your niece and cousin, EVELYN STEVENSON.

Evelyn, your letter takes me back on the wings of memory some twenty years or so. This was just about the time people were beginning to talk about the Kootenai country, and Uncle Sam sent one of his special officers on a reconnaissance to spy out the land and report to the government what it was like. I was on hand when that special office got back to civilization, and he had certainly been in the wilds. Somewhere I have one of the photographs that he took of the mountain, stream and valley while on this expedition. So Kootenai has a very familiar sound to me. So the lumbermen are busy in your region. What with the axe of the lumber-hog robbing us of our natural and national resources, the United States will soon be as bare of trees, as a duck's egg is of whiskers. The way the lumber hogs are despoiling our national domain of its magnificent forests is a crying shame. Our descendants will curse us for handing down to them a treeless land, and that's the kind of lemon we are going to hand them all right. You say your father furnishes beef for the logging camps. I did not know logging camps ate beef. A logging camp must have a big appetite. You did not say, however, whether or not your father supplied dressed or undressed beef. I suppose it's dressed beef, as it's too cold in Idaho to send beef out without any clothes on. You must be a valuable assistant to your papa dear, dressing the beef. I should like to see you putting a hind quarter of cow beef in a hobble skirt. I suppose if it were a steer you would have to supply it with pants. I'm not surprised that your roads are bad, as the United States is notorious for having the rottenest roads of any civilized nation on earth. Of course we don't expect much of a country that has only been recently opened up, but right back here in the east, on important public highways there have been used by men for over a century, conditions are atrocious and deplorable. I have no doubt enough money has been appropriated for these roads to make them as perfect as the highways of Europe, but I also have no doubt that for every thousand dollars appropriated for road improvement, three quarters of it has gone into the hands of grafters. The automobile is forcing our lunk-headed, shortsighted, sheep-brained, county and state authorities to improve the roads. We owe a debt of gratitude to the automobile for that. If it were not for the automobile we would not have a fit even for an airship to travel over. Most of our roads are a combination of water holes, sand pits, hog wallows and rock piles. They are national needs, and testify eloquently to the wicked incompetence and criminal neglect of grafting officials. Oh, yes, I've eaten lots of frogs'

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legs. I tasted them first in Detroit. As I viewed the menu, I said to the waiter: "Ah, I see you have frogs' legs," and that waiter was the maddest man you ever saw, and he went and complained to the manager, and the manager told me I'd have to leave the hotel for insulting the help. I'm glad you are proud of your freckles. Billy the Goat is proud of his. He has several on his back teeth that have been handed down to him for generations. He is so proud of them he keeps them in a glass case at night. You need not apologize for your scholarship, Evelyn. It's a very nice kind of a ship, and could float across a mud puddle without sinking. You are all right, dear, I wish all did as well as you.

ALEXANDER CITY, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am seventeen years of age, five feet nine inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. I have black hair, light blue eyes and fair complexion, haven't any brothers, but have four sisters.

I am going to a summer school now and we are practicing for a joint debate. We have organized a society at the schoolhouse and I just love to debate. I think it is the thing for young boys, don't you Uncle Charlie? I just wish all of you cousins could come and join our society. The men help us and attend very regularly. Now Uncle Charlie, don't you think I'm right in encouraging cousins in society work?

Uncle Charlie will you please not let "Billy" the Goat get this letter. Just tell him it is from an Indian and maybe he will run out and hide in the tall grass again. Ha! Ha! I don't want him to get my first letter. I would never have courage enough to write again if he did.

I want you all to write to me. I will exchange photos with any or all of you. I have two pen friends and they are fine looking. You should see their photos!

So I'll come again another day if Billy the Goat doesn't chew this one.

Truly your nephew,

JOHNNIE DAUGHERTY.

John, I'm immensely tickled that you have a debating society, and I would just give worlds to be able to attend one of your debates. I'm sorry you did not give us a list of the subjects you have debated or are going to debate. I hope you have some wide-awake, progressive, sensible, well-informed persons to preside at your debates and to make a few of your debaters just as liable to do you and your fellow debaters, and those who listen to you more harm than good. It often happens in a debating society when some live subject is brought up for discussion, such as woman suffrage for instance, the person who attempts to advocate this great re-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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How Bees Make Honey

And Money, too, for Their Keepers

By Isaac Tillinghast

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"How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day from every opening flower?"

THIS is a very old question, no doubt familiar to all, but how many do you suppose can answer it? Truly the aforesaid little busy bee hath many and varied accomplishments, the revelations of some of them being not only very interesting, but marvelous in the extreme. As to the particular stunt covered by our familiar quotation, namely, "Gather honey all the day," we are obliged to confess that literally she doesn't.

Honey is a manufactured article; that it is manufactured by the bees, but contrary to a quite popular belief, it has never yet been manufactured by man.

In the springtime, Nature fills the sugar maples with a sap which when properly evaporated into a maple syrup, or to a further degree it becomes maple sugar, probably as difficult to produce synthetically as is honey. Likewise, Nature causes many plants and trees to form within the hive. There, by a process of driving which is the purest of all natural sweets, the purpose of which is to attract the attention and visits of the little busy bee who gathers it all the day from such opening flowers as possess it, which is far from everyone. This she carries to her home and stores in open cells within the hive. There, by a process of driving heated air over these cells, which is done by a constant rapid motion of the wings of the inmates, the process of evaporation is carried on, until it is converted into honey. Then it is removed and stored for future use in other cells of honeycomb, and hermetically sealed with wax, a process which is imitated by the housewife in canning her fruits and confections.

The wax of which the honeycomb is made is a natural product evolved in the body of the bee, somewhat after the manner that tallow is formed by the beef animals, or lard by the porkers, and it is known that the consumption of several pounds of honey is required to produce one pound of wax, hence honeycombs are highly valued so long as they can be kept in condition for further use.

As stated above, there is a popular belief that much of the comb honey seen in our markets, so neatly and evenly displayed in little square sections, is a factory product, artificially produced by man, but such is not the case. The handiwork of the little busy bee has never yet been imitated by a finished artificial product. The nearest successful attempt in that direction being the production of what is termed comb-formation, which is a sheet of beeswax forced between two rollers on which are hexagonal indentations or impressions which stamp the wax into a form exactly representing the base or bottom of natural comb cells. These when secured in the center of a frame and placed in the hive, are built out by the bees into perfect brood comb in less time and of more uniform shape than if empty frames are given them.

Whether the Creator made the flower with its attractive nectar for the bee, or the bee for the flower, is hard to decide, and the answer will have to be both, or each for the other. It is purely a mutual arrangement. The little busy bee is simply a cog in the wonderful mechanism of Nature, a very necessary part in the completion of a great plan.

Throughout the vegetable as well as the animal world, for the purpose of reproducing the species, God created male and female.

Fruits and seeds are formed at the base of each pistil in a flower providing that pistil is fructified or fertilized with pollen from the stamens of that or another flower from the same plant or family.

In some flowers this pollen is borne in such abundance that enough is readily carried by the wind to do the work, and curiously enough such plants secrete little or no nectar, but in others the intervention of the little busy bee is required to carry or transmit this pollen from the staminate to the pistillate flower, and in all such, nectar is secreted within the flower. In abundance, in order to attract the little busy bee, and cause her to do the necessary work.

Not only the nectar is food for the bee, but her young when in the larval state are fed upon this pollen itself, and she may be seen eagerly scraping it from the stamens of the flower with her hands and rolling it into little golden pellets, which are carried home in pockets on her thighs designed for the purpose.

Incidentally, while busy at this work, with purely selfish aim, so far as she knows, she distributes scattering particles of this golden dust from flower to flower, thus cross-fertilizing and rendering them fruitful.

The blossoms of some very useful plants, red clover for instance, are formed of tube-shaped petals, so deep that the little busy bee cannot reach the nectar, and the bigger buzzing bumblebee with her longer tongue is required to do this work; and it is said that in Australia and on some smaller islands, it was found to be impossible to produce clover seeds until bumblebees were imported for the purpose of fertilizing the clover blossoms.

So the production of honey as an article of human food is only a secondary consideration in the domestic economy of the beehive, but as most beekeepers make this the prime object, we will now consider her only with this aim in view.

The various characteristics and instincts originally created in the honeybee in its primitive or wild state, have been changed but very little through ages of domestication. Although now for many generations born and reared within the walls of a home artificially constructed, when impelled to swarm and start a new colony, she still looks to Nature for a new home, and searches the forests for a hollow tree, the same as did her forefathers a century ago. And it is now known that this new home is generally selected by scouts, and cleaned out and prepared for occupancy by a delegation of workers, some days in advance of the issue of the swarm, which at first clusters on some bush or tree near the old home, and a line is established between it and the new, so that when all the details of emigration are finished, the whole colony takes wing and makes the proverbial "bee-line" straight to the new home, which may be several miles from the old; but if provided with a satisfactory new hive immediately after clustering, and before the pilots have returned, they are usually easily induced to accept it, and give up the more distant site of their own selection.

When an animal or an insect possesses a power far greater in its workings and results than the reasoning powers of man can fathom, we, not being able to understand it, simply call it natural instinct. It is a power far more wonderful than reason, and entirely beyond the powers of man's reason to match.

When the little busy bee in her search for food, has completed her load of pollen or nectar, although she may be miles from home, and may have turned her course a hundred times, temporarily making no note of direction, she lifts herself in the air, takes one circle in flight, and then starts in a straight "bee-line" for her home, which may be located on a prairie, with no distinguishing object in sight, or may be in the center of a vast forest, which all looks alike to the human eye, or again in the center of the city of London or New York. No street numbers or names are necessary. Home she goes as unerr-

ingly and unconcerned, and apparently with as little thought or care as to why she takes this particular course, as the needle exhibits in pointing to the north, and if she be domesticated, when arriving home, she unerringly selects her own hive, although it may be one of a hundred arranged in a line, and each an exact counterpart of the others.

Young queens, however, when coming out of the hive for the first time on their mating flight, are often lost by mistaking the proper hive, where too much sameness and regularity are allowed, and this should be guarded against by a more diversified arrangement of hives than is sometimes seen in large apiaries.

The Inmates of the Hive

A normal colony in the active working season contains three classes of bees; one female, the Queen, who is the mother of all; perhaps several males called drones; and many thousands of workers who are imperfect, or undeveloped females. A sheet of brood comb, as constructed by the bees is usually composed of cells of two different sizes or dimensions, and eggs laid by the queen in the smaller, produce workers, while those deposited in the larger cells produce drones, and curiously enough, eggs laid by a virgin or unmated queen, will hatch, but always produce only drones or males, although they may be deposited in worker cells, and a fertilized egg deposited with a worker cell with the original intention of producing an ordinary bee, may be changed in its development into a perfect female or queen, even after such time has elapsed that the young larva has hatched and may be two or three days old.

To accomplish this the bees tear away the walls of the surrounding cells, and enlarge it to several times its original diameter, thus forming a little cup not unlike an acornup in appearance, and then proceed to feed the favored youngster abundantly upon a "royal jelly."

A knowledge of this peculiar transformation may have impelled Shakespeare to ask, "Upon what food was Caesar fed that he has grown so great?"

In queenless colonies, ordinary worker bees are sometimes developed to such an extent that they proceed to lay eggs, but as they have never mated, these eggs are unfertilized, and will produce only drones. The hatching of a queen does not affect her drone progeny.

The queen or mother bee never leaves the hive but upon two occasions; first, at the age of usually from six to ten days she takes her marriage flight, sometimes soaring away for a long distance where she meets her Adonis in the air. She then returns to her home and proceeds to spend all the days of her life, the duration of which is usually from three to four years, in laying eggs, eggs, eggs, constantly required to keep up the strength of the colony, for the little workers who so assiduously go out in search of food are comparatively so many perils that their lives are comparatively short. In fact, in the busy season a complete change being made in the inmates of the hive every six or eight weeks, so new subjects must be constantly produced to take the place of those who wear themselves out in loyal service, or meet with disaster from which they never return.

The second occasion upon which the queen takes flight in the open air is on the issuance

single chance, but will start from three to twenty or more royal cells, and then when one good, perfect specimen appears, the surplus of unhatched cells are ruthlessly torn down and their inmates destroyed, and should two or more happen to appear simultaneously, a royal combat ensues as soon as they meet, the duel is fought to a finish and the victor presides.

Although each queen is endowed with a sting, this is the only occasion upon which she ever uses it. You may pick her up and handle her with impunity. The drones have no sting and never try to defend themselves in any way.

The time required for the transformation from the new laid egg through its larval state to the perfect winged insect is sixteen days for the queen, about twenty-one for the worker, and twenty-four days for the drone. On the tenth or eleventh day from the time of depriving a colony of its queen, the sealed queen cells are liable to hatch and may be cut out and caged, or given to other queenless colonies, and thus saved from destruction.

Some apiarists do this annually in order to keep young and vigorous queens, bred from selected stock, at the head of their colonies, for the



YOU LEARN TO HANDLE THE BEES WITHOUT GETTING STUNG.

bees are sometimes slow in superseding, and allow a queen to remain until her age renders her comparatively worthless.

When the young workers hatch in the hive, they are at first assigned to household duties within, some as nurses to feed and care for the growing larvae until they become of sufficient age and size to seal up and begin the transformation through the chrysalis stage; some are put on guard as sentrymen to meet and repel all intruders; and some have to undertake the more arduous labor in keeping up the constant fanning with their wings which is required to form the steady current of air necessary to the evaporating process which transforms the nectar into seasoned honey, of a consistency that will enable it to keep for winter use—literally the bee-hive is a well-organized condenser—the product being canned honey.

Why You Should Keep Bees

First, someone must keep them in every agricultural community in order to insure the propagation of fruit and vegetable blossoms, otherwise we suffer a great loss by diminished crops. Secondly, if properly managed, they are very profitable as well as interesting.

As a side-line for a business man who requires some out-door hobby, they beat chickens on every count; they do not require so constant or regular attention, and are far less expensive, as they



ARRANGEMENT OF THE HIVES.

of what is termed a first swarm. Along in the month of May when the hive has become very populous, and the combs are crowded with honey and maturing brood, the old queen becomes restless on account of the restraint and lack of room, and perhaps upon advice from the chief counselors, they decide to send forth a swarm, and new queen-cells are started in order to provide a young ruler to take the place of the old mother who emigrates with the new swarm.

Upon the morning of the selected day, most of the older workers, instead of sailing forth as usual in search of food, proceed to provision themselves for the anticipated journey by filling their knapsacks and canteens with honey. When the appointed hour arrives, a commotion starts throughout the hive, and the bees stampede madly for the entrance, seemingly endeavoring to see who can first reach the open air. The old queen accompanies the throng but does not lead or act as guide, knowing nothing about the great wide world except perhaps the vague, pleasant memory of her bridal tour of a year or more ago. When all are out, they cluster upon some nearby tree and await the return of scouts from the new home site.

The drones, "the lazy fathers of the industrious hive," would probably live a long life of useless existence if allowed, but as soon as the swarming impulse is over, and no more young princesses are to be reared and married off, economy demands that they be dispensed with, and they are then ruthlessly attacked by a division of guards of the military department and driven out at the point of the bayonet, and if they cannot find a more hospitable colony which will allow them to enter, are forced to starve, for they have not the ability to get their own living. This is where, literally, "everybody works but father."

Within the hive may always be found a very efficient form of government, and discipline, it being usually considered as a monarchy, although there is no evidence that the queen is in any sense really a ruler. It is true that the bees have great respect for and deference to her, and if she be assassinated, or removed by the hand of man, the intelligence of her loss is spread throughout the hive as quickly as was the news of the downfall of Lincoln or McKinley flashed across our continent, and the little busy bee instantly sets herself to work to rear up a new so-called sovereign to take her place, for she is of supreme importance and no colony can exist very long without her.

Certain eggs left by the old mother, or perhaps larvae and recently hatched, are selected and made to undergo the transformation into queens, instead of ordinary workers as per original schedule, and as this seeming miracle cannot be worked after the larvae are more than three days of age, in order to guard against a failure, they dare not content themselves with a

work for nothing and board themselves. Few indeed, are the localities in which many more might not be profitably kept, although the honey harvest of this country in the aggregate runs up into millions, the amount wasted for the want of bees to gather it would represent a sum ten, yes, probably one hundred times as great. "Can this assertion be demonstrated?" you ask. Yes, I submit proof for the incredulous.

In Schoenectady county, New York, in a field or locality not unlike thousands of others, so far as natural honey producing plants are concerned, Mr. E. W. Alexander has for years maintained an apiary of some 750 colonies, all kept in one yard, I think within the confines of a single acre of ground, and he has by intelligent management and up-to-date methods secured from them an average of one hundred pounds, or over, per colony, in a single season. This means 75,000 pounds, or over 37 tons of honey gathered within the limits of an area covered by the flight of a single bee, which is supposed by competent judges to be a circle not more than six miles in diameter.

Now, if all this is even possible, who can estimate the aggregate loss sustained in tens of thousands of similar areas in which there are not bees enough to secure 37 pounds?

Now, can you present two as good reasons why you should not keep them? First, I imagine you say, you are afraid of their stings; and perhaps secondly your grounds may be surrounded with tall trees in which your bees would cluster whenever new swarms issue. Well, these objections are very easily overcome. A little smoke will instantly repel the most angry bee, frighten her and cause her to fill her sac with honey. If honey is not attainable, sweetened water sprinkled upon them will be as readily taken, and it is only the empty belled, hungry bees which are cross or show fight. Fill them up, and like a man after dinner, they are always better natured.

This comprises the secret of taming and handling bees with impunity, and then after being stung a few times, your system becomes inoculated and immune to the poisoning, so that you scarcely feel or notice it if you do receive an occasional prick. However, if you are quite sensitive in the matter, your face and hands may easily be protected from the possibility of an angry scout making you her target.

As to your second objection, by modern methods natural swarming has now been practically done away with, and increase if desired, is artificially made, at your convenience, with less work and worry than where Nature is allowed to take her course, and by keeping your queens' wings clipped, thus preventing them from flying, issuing swarms may be made to hibernate instead of requiring you to climb tall trees and bring down clustering swarms.

While the swarming bees are still in the air,

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remove the hive from which they issued and put an empty one in its place. Secure the old queen, which may be found on the ground in front of the entrance, endeavoring to fly, and temporarily cage her. As soon as she is missed, the bees will return to their old location and thus be forced to enter the new hive; now liberate the queen and let her enter with them. When all are in, place this hive wherever you desire it to remain, and replace the old one on the original stand. Thus they have hived themselves and you are safe from the possibility of their absconding to the woods.

Artificial swarming, which might more properly be called increase without swarming, is an operation easily performed in several different ways, which are described in detail in most of the standard works on Bee Culture.

How and When to Begin
Rule first.—Begin small and let your increase keep pace with your practical knowledge gained by experience. Preferably purchase one good colony in a standard make of movable-comb hive from a neighboring bee-keeper if possible. If removed a mile or more, it may be done at any season of the year, and the bees will mark their new location and return to it. If removed very short distances, in the working season, all the older field bees will return to the old location.

If possible, visit some old bee-keeper, and go through a hive with him. This will give you confidence and when you find that you can handle bees with impunity, as though they were mere flies, you will become enthusiastic, and see wonderful possibilities which you perhaps have never dreamed of in your sleeping or waking hours, and you know our day dreams are often the most serious, and productive of greatest results.

The first time you open your hive, carefully look over the combs, one by one, and hunt for the queen; you may readily recognize her from her long slim body, and usually lighter color. If her wings have never been clipped, catch her, and carefully holding her between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, cut at least two thirds of one wing. We cut the right wing during one year, left wing the next, and both the next, and so keep track of their age, considering her practically worthless the fourth year. Remove her then, and give them a young queen, or a sealed cell from selected stock, which they will always accept if hatched in their hive.

Various foreign races of bees have been thoroughly tested in this country: Italians, Carniolans, Cyprians, Caucasians, Banats, Holylands, etc., but the consensus of opinion among experienced bee-keepers seems to greatly favor the best strains of Italian race. Success to the Dagoes! They will labor more contentedly than our Americans in the hive as well as in the railroad pit!

Italian queens are more productive, will maintain stronger colonies, their progeny are better workers, of greater endurance, and are much nicer to handle than are our native or black German bees.

When a frame is lifted from the hive, the latter seem impelled to stampede and rush to the (CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

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Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Care for the Early Chick

THE early chicks hatched in an incubator must be provided with a comfortable foster mother, or their lives will be miserable and short, so a brooder must be in readiness before the hatch is due. If you are planning to have chicks out in February, and have no house or room which can be heated, you will have to buy an outdoor brooder heated by a lamp. But if you are not going to have chicks until after March 15th, or have a house where a stove can be put up, a fireless box brooder, which you can easily make yourself, is better than a lamp machine. A good outdoor brooder costs from nine to thirteen dollars, according to the make. When I first raised broilers, I had no regular brooder house. I used outdoor brooders, which cost nine dollars each. They had two compartments; one fitted with a round hover, and heated by a lamp; the other just a plain box, well lighted, where they could play and gain the exercise which is necessary. From fifty to seventy-five chicks did well in them until they were four weeks old, even when the weather was too severe for them to go out of the brooder. But if you don't want to invest so much money, I think the best plan is to build a fireless brooder, for they won't cost more than a dollar apiece, even if all the material has to be bought.

The first requisite is a box two feet square and seven inches deep, with a lid at least five inches deep. Or if you can, get two strong boxes the same size, which are six or seven inches deep, take off the lids, and use one of the bottoms as a lid. Put two hinges at the back, and a hook and eye at the front. Cut a hole three inches square in the center of the front for the chickens to run in and out of. At both ends of the lid or top box make half inch holes three inches apart and an inch from the top. This completes the outside of the brooder. Put cleats in each corner of the top and bottom boxes, two inches from the top. Then make the frame to fit inside the box and rest upon the cleats; cover it with burlap, and then cut a long strip of felt, flannel or old blanket, or any soft woolen material. It does not matter much what it is so long as it is warm and woolly. It should be about four inches wide. Make cuts about one inch apart the entire length, leaving about half an inch as a heading. Then stitch the fringed material to the burlap, commencing in the center of the frame, and going round and round; the rows to be about an inch apart. At first, put the frame on to the cleats in the lower part of the brooder, with the fringed material hanging down, to make a comfortable covering for the chicks. After the babies are about two weeks old, the frame must be put on to the cleats in the top part of the box, which will lift the ends of the material about three inches from the floor of the brooder.

At first, when the screen is in the lower half of the brooder, fold a piece of cotton batting and fit it carefully over it, filling in the entire space to the edge of the box. In the top half, put a layer of excelsior about an inch and a half deep, then fill in with cotton batting to the edge. The burlap on the frame being porous, and the cotton batting ditto, allows a perfect system

of ventilation from the front opening to the holes in the top part of the brooder. Of course, when the frame is moved to the top part of the brooder some of the cotton batting has to be removed, but by that time the chicks have grown considerably, and furnish a great deal more animal heat than they did at first.

The Care of the Chicks in the Brooder

Keep fresh water in vessels in which the chicks can only get their bills in the outer compartment. Never neglect seeing that they are all safely cuddled up to the heat at dusk.

During the bright, sunny hours in the middle of the day, let the chicks have plenty of fresh air in the playroom; at feeding-time, when they are all busy, give the hover compartment a thorough airing.

When Biddy is doing the brooding, remember she is pretty sure to need dusting with some good insect powder. The next box she sat in should have been cleaned, and a handful of camphor balls scattered under the hay of the nest. Moreover, each hen should be dusted before setting, twice during the twenty-one days, three days after the hatch is out, and each week so long as she broods the chicks.

Fresh air, warmth, and good food prevent many troubles almost impossible to cure if once contracted; so look to the little things.

Thirty hours must be allowed for the proper digestion and assimilation of the yolk, which is absorbed into the abdomen immediately before the chick breaks through the shell. When Biddy has done the hatching, do not move her to the brood coop for twenty-four hours, unless she is fit and keeps getting off the nest, in which case it is best to keep the chickens in a covered box by the kitchen stove until some motherly hen can be persuaded to adopt them. Always try to set two or three hens at the same time. Good hens that are well fed and have not been bothered by vermin seldom give any trouble about the last twenty-four hours.

How to Diversify the Daily Ration

Now about the all-important question of feeding: For the first two or three days get ten pounds of rape and millet seed, pinhead oatmeal and cracked corn, charcoal, and fine, sharp grit. Mix all together. If you cannot get pinhead oatmeal, buy hulled oats and break them up fine. The grain must also be cracked up quite fine; in fact, it is safer to put the mixture through a sieve which will allow nothing larger than millet to go through. Then there is no danger of chicks being choked. Feed the mixture by scattering among the sweepings, to encourage the chicks to scratch and take exercise.

Morning and evening make a mash by chopping a hard boiled egg, shell and all, with green onion tops or sprouts. Mix with stale bread crumbs, and feed on a flat pie plate or strip of wood. After the chicks are two weeks old the oats and corn need not be quite so fine—more the size of hemp seed, which can be added to the mixture; so can cracked wheat or barley, and the mash can be made of ground corn and oats, with onions and scalded liver, chopped, three times a week (about a small cupful to a quart of mash.)

What I mean by scalded liver is liver dropped into a kettle of boiling water and let boil up once. Leave to cool in the water. Quite raw, it is too strong for little chicks. For a change I mix the grain with scalding milk two or three times a week. Never make more at a time than will be fed within the next few hours, as it sours.

Put cheese is a favorite dish with all poultry, and very wholesome. If there is any tendency to bowel trouble, give them rice water in place of the drinking water.

Keep brooders and brood coops clean and dry. The grass around the coops should be kept cut close, so that the chicks can run about easily. See that every coop is closed at night, and do

not let the chicks out while the grass is dewy. Don't give the hen too many chicks to brood in winter, for if she cannot keep them close to her they will die of chill.

Correspondence

J. W.—I would like to know how long you can keep eggs before setting them under the hen. Wishing for an early reply, etc.

A.—It is advisable to use eggs for hatching before they are six days old, but I have set eggs when they were three weeks old and had very good results. Eggs that are to be used for hatching should be kept in a cool place, where the temperature will average about fifty-five degrees, with the small end downward, and must be turned every day.

J. B.—Will you kindly tell me what makes hens eat feathers? They pick each other.

A.—Want of animal food is usually the cause of hens picking each other, but sometimes the house gets infested with what is termed the depleting mite—a small insect something like a hen louse, which breaks off the feathers. Hang a hamlet up in the chicken-house once a week for the chickens to pick at, or add animal meal or beef scraps to the morning mash.

H. A. T.—What is the matter with my pullets? They get awfully thin, and drop around for about a week and then die. When they eat they seem to choke up so they have to vomit, and their wings droop down so they touch the ground, and the last day or two they won't eat at all; just sit around and fall over and do not get back on their feet at all. I feed them wheat and meat scraps, and sour milk when it has been heated on the stove.

A.—I wish you had given me a fuller description of the symptoms. Severe roup could cause the

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trouble. Open the bird's beak and examine the mouth and throat. If there are any yellow spots, dissolve a half teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in a quart of water, and thoroughly swab out the bird's mouth, throat and nostrils. Or if you have any peroxide in the house, use that as you would for sore throat.

T. E.—I forwarded your letter as you desired, but the lady wished to remain near New York, so I fear it would be of no use.

O. M. H.—Being a subscriber to COMFORT, would like to know what to do in regard to raising chicks in an incubator. I mean, when the chicks are hatched in March, must I keep them in the house, or is it too cold to put them out of doors? Having just started keeping chickens in July, I am a little green about it yet, although I get a great deal of information in your paper. Almost everything I wanted to know I found in the home COMFORT, so have had pretty good luck so far. Have twenty-three hens and one rooster. The hens are all Leghorns, and the rooster is Rhode Island Red, but would like to raise Plymouth Rocks, so if you would let me know in your paper how I should go about it, would thank you very much.

A.—Please read the beginning of this article.

J. C. H.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my chicken, for it makes a loud noise when it breathes. I have a few Black Minorcas. I feed corn, oats and wheat in the evening, and bran chop and oats in the morning. Will you please put it in the next month's issue. I am a subscriber to COMFORT.

A.—The bird has bronchitis. Give one-drop doses of tincture of acrolein twice a hour. Soak a little bread in milk; squeeze almost dry, then flatten out a small piece. Put the drop of acrolein in the center, and roll up like a pill; then give it to the bird, which should be kept alone in a dry sheltered coop. One day's dosing will usually effect a cure, but it will be well to keep the bird in a separate coop for several days.

E. V. M.—I want to ask you the following questions about Indian Runner ducks, and wish you may be able to help me by answering them through your department in COMFORT. I purchased seventeen Indian Runner ducks last season from several different breeders, and they seemed to be healthy when received. However, in a little while some of them lost the use of their legs. Both seemed to be affected as if by being paralyzed. It took food for probably three days after being affected, then refused to eat at all, but took water all the while. After seven or eight days it died. This thing continued until I have lost nine, and expect all of them to die. I have lost one of soft cornmeal mash. They have a large run on green cut pasture, with crushed oyster shells and sharp sand. Kindly give what information you can and oblige.

A.—I fear the house in which the ducks have been kept was damp. Ducks must have a dry sleeping place or they will get rheumatism and frequently become paralyzed. Keep the floor of the house heavily bedded with straw or some kind of coarse litter, feed less corn and more vegetables. Steam clover hay if you have no other fresh greens. Rub the birds' legs with vaseline and spirits of turpentine, well mixed.

H. E.—I am a new subscriber to your magazine, and I am coming to you for advice. Will you please tell me through COMFORT what is the matter with my hen? She eats slowly, and her head is red like she might lay. Her droppings are all right, but the vent extends about an inch, and there is something like flour and water paste that comes out and keeps her feathers all wet, and forms a crust. I washed it off, and in twenty-four hours there was another. I have been keeping her greased with lard and slum, and I feed her with corn and chicken powder mixed with cornmeal. She doesn't seem to be sick, but I have another one that sat on the roost for three or four days, and when she came off she walked as if her feet were tied together, and she won't eat, and I doctored her the same way, but it doesn't seem to do any good.

A.—I think there must be some trouble with the egg passage. If it is a pullet she may have egg bound; or if an old hen, the egg may have been smashed through some accident when fully developed. In either case, the best thing to do is to hold the bird over a dish of hot water so that the steam is brought into contact with the vent. Then, after applying sweet oil, push up the vent, and syringe with one teaspoonful of sweet oil, and give very lightly on mash for a few days, and don't feed any egg powders or condition foods.

B. E.—We have had three old hens get in this way: They were from three to four years old. They seem well and eat hearty, are very fat and are good layers. They get so large they can hardly walk around, and when they are killed they have enlarged livers. The first one had a gizzard the size of a turkey's. The second hen that got this way we threw away and never examined. The third hen we cut open, and her liver was about the size of three common livers, and was almost white; had little white specks on it, and the liver was real hard. She also had two growths, apart from the liver, that looked more like rabbits' kidneys, only about twice the size of a turkey's. The chickens corn meal mash and whole corn. They have good, warm, roomy sleeping quarters. Have free range on pasture and woodland. Please tell me of a cure if there is any. I am a subscriber to COMFORT.

A.—The birds have liver trouble. The feed has been too heavy. Instead of cornmeal, make the morning mash of equal parts of ground oats, wheat bran, corn meal, and steamed clover hay. (Clover or Alfalfa hay can be bought already chopped specially for poultry mashes.) As a precaution, you had better add one teaspoonful of citrate of magnesia to every quart of drinking water, twice a week for the whole flock, as that will help to thin them down and prevent their becoming sick. Keep up the treatment for a month.

(No name; postmarked Yonkers.)—Could you please give me a little information of how to cure a frozen comb of my rooster. He is a Brown Leghorn and very pretty. I have been offered a good price for him, and I don't want this to spoil his looks. Could you tell me what causes it. They have a fairly warm coop. I also have a black hen. Her comb is white, though she seems to be all right; otherwise she looks good, but does not lay. Last summer she laid well. In June she laid every day.

A.—Frozen-bitten combs are one of the difficulties with the high comb birds. If the house is very warm at night, and the bird goes out into a frosty wind in the morning, its comb is pretty sure to be nipped. If the condition is noticed at once, put the bird into a cool room, where it will be protected from the direct sunlight, or rub snow on the comb and wattles.

Later, when it has thawed to some extent, rub with the following mixture twice a day: One tablespoonful of vaseline, half a teaspoonful of glycerine, and ten drops of turpentine. If the hen laid all through the summer, she probably moulted very late in the season, so has not had time to get back into laying condition.

L. H. R.—My hens have some kind of hard dots all over their heads that look like matter dots, but are so hard; and it does not take but a day or so, and then they can't see because their eyes are closed, and in one or two days it will take the eyes entirely, and the hens have to die or we have to kill them. We feed in the morning bran and chop; at night whole corn. They have fresh water and all the range they want. We have never had it in our chickens yet, and never heard of anything like it before. They are all young hens; from spring have all laid fine until now. Any advice you can give me I will be thankful for.

C. C. W.—It is a hard and almost hopeless fight to free the flock from vermin when conditions have got as bad as you describe, and as it is getting near the hatching season you should get at the work without loss of time. Get some good Dalmatian or Persian powder from a drug-store, and thoroughly powder the birds every other night for two weeks. Hold the birds by the feet, head down, and drop lots of the powder into their feathers, especially in the stuff around the thighs and underbody; then, while still holding the bird by the feet, rub the powder well into the feathers with your hand. Clean out all the nests, walls and ceiling of the house; then spray with kerosene oil. Paint the perches every morning with kerosene oil, and take care to thoroughly saturate the parts where the perches join the house. After a week of such treatment, give the whole house and nest boxes a coat of hot whitewash, to which has been added carbolic acid—one ounce of the acid to a pailful of the lime wash. Powder every hen that gets broody, set her in a clean nest, and repeat the powdering once a week whilst she is setting and brooding the chicks.

A. S. D.—I have Plymouth Rocks. The feathers are coming off their heads near the combs. The hens are about nine months old and eat good. Please tell me what I should do for them. I will be thankful for any advice you will give me.

A.—Rub the heads and necks with carbolic ointment.

F. H.—I come again to COMFORT for information. Could you tell me if there are White Langshans to be got, and if so, where could I send for eggs to set? We have Black by the feet, rub the powder well into the feathers with your hand. Clean out all the nests, walls and ceiling of the house; then spray with kerosene oil. Paint the perches every morning with kerosene oil, and take care to thoroughly saturate the parts where the perches join the house. After a week of such treatment, give the whole house and nest boxes a coat of hot whitewash, to which has been added carbolic acid—one ounce of the acid to a pailful of the lime wash. Powder every hen that gets broody, set her in a clean nest, and repeat the powdering once a week whilst she is setting and brooding the chicks.

A.—Yes, there are White Langshans, but I can't tell you where you can get eggs or stock. I will keep your letter on file, and if any of our readers can furnish the information I will forward the address to you.

J. M.—Have been reading in the poultry pages of COMFORT about turkeys having worms. I have turkeys acting in a similar way, and as I could not get asafetida in our town, would like to know where I can get it, and what is the price?

A.—Asafetida can be bought from any drug-store; ten cents' worth will last two or three months.

R. J. P.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with some of our hens? They are fed well, and are as fat as can be, but the other day we killed one, and after picking it I found two tumor-like growths in the neck. One was about the size of a large pigeon egg, and was just under the wishbone, inside like, and the other was a little smaller and just outside the wishbone along the neck. They seemed to be fastened together though. They were, in color a sort of dark reddish purple, and on being cut open were solid; that is, there was no matter or pus in them. The hen seemed at times to have trouble in breathing and be short of breath. She seemed to be in excellent health and had a layer of fat inside of her. A.—You are probably quite right to call the lumps tumors. They may have been caused by a blow, or some such accident, when the bird was young. The only plan is to kill the bird and burn the carcass, for

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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Creatures of Destiny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

breath in the body, sight in the eyes, and a memory that can travel back to the past.

They were anxious about him at the inn; and the hostess received him with as much relief and joy as if he were a prodigal son returning from untold dangers. And when she heard that he proposed leaving in less than half an hour, that he was going to travel by road to Beaumais, she was agitated and full of regrets and vague fears.

"It is a bad road, monsieur; but, yes!" she said impressively—and how impressive the Norman peasant can be! "It is a long and dangerous journey. And at night! Surely monsieur will wait till the morning, when the weather will be propitious! Behold, monsieur, how the wind has risen, how this rain will descend!"

But when Larry had convinced her that his departure and the night journey were inevitable, she promptly concerned herself with his comfort; got him wine, hot chocolate, and cake, and herself brought him a small glass of cordial. "Monsieur looks pale—and no wonder," she said commiseratingly, "with such a night of travel in prospect!"

He had scarcely packed and eaten his supper before he heard the carriage coming swiftly down the road.

When he had left Marie, she had sunk onto the divan and hidden her face in her hands. She could hear his retreating footsteps; and they sounded ominous in her ears. Larry had gone. He had been angry with her, stern and commanding; he who yesterday, the day before, this very morning had been all gentleness and kindness. And she was going to do what he had ordered her; she was going to let him take her back to Philip!

It was cruel, cruel! And yet it was just. It was so like Larry to sacrifice himself. But was he, after all, sacrificing? She could scarcely believe that any man would surrender the woman he loved to another man. Perhaps she was mistaken, and he did not love her. And yet, how happy, or how happy they two had been for the last few, too few, days!

She recalled almost every word he had spoken, and more important still than speech, every look. And Larry's eyes had been eloquent. Surely she was not mistaken, and they had said, as plainly as eyes could speak: "I love you! Dear, I love you!" And, too, he had spoken, actually spoken; for what did his cry of "Marie!" mean which had sprung from his lips as he had taken her in his arms?

Suddenly she remembered that he had given her an hour. Only an hour! And she was sitting here questioning her heart, recalling his words and his looks as if she had sixty days instead of sixty minutes in which to obey him. Obedience! Yes, that was the word. She obeyed him as if she were his wife!

The crimson flooded her face at the word, and she sprang up and called for her maid. Meadows was staggered at the information that she was to travel by night, and at the shortness of the notice.

"Oh, my lady, I shall never get packed in time!" she exclaimed, agitated.

"Nonsense!" said Marie, quite sharply for her. "You will not need to take much; just a box, a portmanteau, I will help you."

Marie's idea of help was to pull out all the drawers, and she proceeded to do this, much to Meadows' confusion and distress.

"Oh, my lady, if you'd be so good as to dress yourself—but you can't, I'm afraid!—and leave the packing to me!" she suggested.

"Oh, yes, I can," retorted Marie. "I am going in that brown tweed traveling costume; where is it? Never mind, I'll find it. Oh, please go and do the packing! We must start in an hour or less! We must not be late. He will be waiting for us, and he will be angry."

"He? Who, my lady?" asked the amazed Meadows.

Marie bit her lips. "Never mind! Don't waste time asking questions. Please go!"

She got the costume, but she paused half a dozen times as she took off the exquisite evening dress, and gazed absently, helplessly into vacancy. She had put on her most beautiful, at any rate, the most effective, of her war paint, her diamonds, her jewels—to win Larry's admiration, to awe him—just as a housemaid might put on her best frock and hat and deck herself with ribbons for the conquest of the coachman or the tradesman! And Larry! If he had admired her, had not been awed, had not been moved an inch from his purpose; for here she was obeying his orders—which were that she should let him take her back to the man from whom she had flown!

It was almost incredible; and yet it was true. And she must not be late, or he would be angry, forsooth!

Her face flushed, her eyes shone through the tears that welled up into them.

"I might be the housemaid herself; the meek and patient Griselda! No—I do a self-respecting servant girl an injustice. She wouldn't let a man order her about as he has ordered me! And yet he is right, right, right! Yes; that's the worst of it. He is right, and it is because he is that I just bow my head and do as he commands me."

She dressed herself, and as she fixed her serviceable felt hat, she went to the door and called Meadows.

"Are you ready? Have the box, or whatever it is, taken down to the hall."

"Yes, my lady!" replied Meadows, in an evident flutter. "I have nearly finished."

"Be quick!" said Marie. "I hear the carriage!"

She went down to the hall, and a couple of footmen brought down the baggage. Marie stood, her watch in her hand, gazing up the stairs; and presently Meadows came down with her mistress' jewel case in one hand and her dressing bag in the other.

"I think I have brought everything you will want, my lady," she said, in a nervous, agitated voice. "Oh! Will your ladyship want some food?"

"Food! Don't be ridiculous!" retorted Marie, with a laugh that was almost as nervous and agitated as Meadows' voice.

"I didn't know, my lady," said Meadows meekly, but still anxiously.

She had paused at the top of the last step to ask the question, and, thinking she had reached the hall, she stepped forward, slipped, and almost fell. She caught at the banisters, and uttered a cry of alarm that was almost immediately followed by one of pain.

"Oh, pray be quiet, Meadows!" said Marie, almost piteously. "What is the matter?"

Meadows sat down on the step and looked up at her mistress with solemn ruefulness.

"I've done something to my ankle, my lady; strained it, or something," she said, as if in despair.

With a cry of dismay, Marie hurried to her and helped her to rise; but Meadows moaned, and shook her head.

"It's no use, my lady. I can't stand. It's a strain, I do believe!"

"Oh, what shall I do?" Marie breathed, almost miserably. "I cannot go! And yet—and yet I must! Oh, I must!"

She paced up and down, every now and then bending over and touching Meadows pityingly; and yet with an eye to the carriage, the lamps of which shone in the darkness.

"If you must go, you must go, my lady," said Meadows, with the common sense of a well-trained servant. "It's very bad now, and I know I couldn't walk, and shouldn't be of any use to you. If I'm able, I'll follow you tomorrow, or, if not, the next day."

Marie drew a long breath, and glanced from Meadows to the carriage undecidedly; then at last she yielded to the mental vision of Larry standing, watch in hand, at the window, and thinking that she had broken faith with him.

"Yes; I must go. And at once. But to leave

you in such pain and not to know—But you will follow me to Rouen, Meadows, to the Grand!

"Oh, I'm so sorry! And I—I wanted you so much! But—"

She shrugged her shoulders, stooped, and kissed the girl on her forehead, and almost ran through the hall.

"Drive quickly; to the inn in the valley," she said, as she entered the carriage.

She leaned forward as the lights of the inn became visible, but at sight of the tall figure standing like a sentinel at the door, she dropped back, and assumed a half-weary, half-indifferent air.

Larry came forward to the carriage window and raised his cap; and, still leaning back, she said:

"I am afraid I am late; but my maid had an accident just as we were starting. She has sprained her ankle."

"I'm sorry," said Larry. "Yes, we are a little late. But we can put on a little pace."

He glanced at the horses with an experienced and critical eye, nodded, as if with approval, and mounted to the box beside the coachman.

Just as they were starting the hostess ran round with a small white parcel, which she thrust into Larry's hand.

"Pardon, monsieur! It is a small refreshment; monsieur may need it! *Bon voyage, monsieur,* and a speedy return!"

Larry leaned down and shook hands with her for the second time, and the high-fettled horses dashed forward and sped out into the darkness.

They had not gone a mile before the rain began to fall heavily. The coachman, an old man and a weatherwise one, had already donned his mackintosh. Larry had a light overcoat; but was unconscious of the rain until the coachman respectfully called his attention to it, remarking that monsieur would get wet and be discommoded; and Larry put on the coat, though he knew that the thing would not keep out the rain for long.

The night grew very black, and the wind howled so loudly that the beat of the horses' hoofs could not be heard.

Marie, leaning back among her comfortable cushions, listened to the storm, and thought of Larry exposed to it. She bore the fact for some time; then suddenly she pulled the check string.

"Madam the countess wants something," said the coachman.

Larry got down and went to the window, and Marie lowered it.

"It is raining, is it not?" she asked, coldly.

"Little," said Larry.

"You had better come inside," she said.

"Oh, no, thank you; it's nothing," he responded, as he shut up the window quickly to keep out the pelting rain; and he got up on the box seat again.

Lady Marie bit her lips as she fell back. She could not insist upon his accepting her invitation. If he disliked her company so much—well, he must get wet. But presently there came a flash of lightning, followed by a clap of thunder.

As a rule, Marie was not timid in a storm; but tonight her nerves were overstrained; and, when the sky again opened and the darkness was rent by a fearful light, which was succeeded by a roar of thunder as if the clouds had exploded and fallen to the earth, she uttered a faint cry, and cowered a little. And at the same moment she thought of Larry outside. The horses had taken fright at the last terrific clap, and the carriage was swaying to and fro to an alarming extent, so much so that she feared it would overturn.

But after a while it proceeded more steadily; and she pulled the check string again.

Again Larry got down and came to the window; and she saw that he was very wet, and that the water was streaming from his face and hair.

"Are you frightened?" he asked, as he opened the door a little way.

"No—yes," she said sharply. "I insist upon your sitting inside. You are wet through."

"And I should make you, the carriage, wet," he said. "I'll stay outside, Lady Marie."

"Then I will go no farther," she remarked, in a tone of decision. "Tell Adolphe to turn and drive back to Normandy, please. Do you think I can remain here, safe and in comfort, while you are out there in this awful storm! And—and you may be struck by lightning. Tell Adolphe to turn, please!"

"The odds against my being struck are about two million to one," he said grimly. "But if you insist—"

"I do," she said firmly.

With a gesture of reluctant resignation he took off his overcoat, flung it under the box seat, shook his cap, wiped as much of the rain as he could from his face and neck, and, stepping into the carriage, took the seat opposite her, of course.

Marie closed her eyes, and he leaned back with his arms folded and his head bent. The storm raged on, and after another awful crash, as if the whole world had crumbled into ruins about their ears, she said, after Adolphe had succeeded in checking the horses:

"I suppose they will bolt altogether presently, and the carriage will be overturned?"

"I think not," said Larry. "The man is a capable driver, and is not a bit nervous. He had the horses well in hand all the way. I'm sorry it is such a bad night."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Have you any idea where we are?" she asked.

"No, I haven't," he replied. "But the man knows the road; he got the directions from the inn. We shall catch the train all right, I think."

She made no comment, but closed her eyes again. Larry saw by the light of the costly traveling lamp that she was pale and weary-looking; and his heart smote him. But he had to be merciless, to thrust pity from him, if he were to save her honor, to insist upon her keeping her word. The storm abated after a while, and the coachman quickened the horses' pace. They proceeded another mile or two; then Larry saw light streaming through the dark. Marie, who had opened her eyes at the moment, also saw it.

"What is that?" she asked. "It cannot be the station?"

"No; it's too soon for that," said Larry.

They pulled up at a small, a very small, wayside inn, and Larry heard Adolphe and the landlord conferring. He got out, and when he returned to the carriage Marie saw by his face that something was the matter. She waited in cold silence.

"We've missed the way; took the wrong road last time we turned," said Larry, as cheerfully as he could.

Lady Marie raised her brows with an assumption of ironical resignation; but he saw her shiver, as if she were cold.

"Shall I get you a glass of wine—a cup of coffee? No! not coffee. I'm afraid there wouldn't be time."

"No; nothing, thanks," she said, with icy politeness. "Please get in."

Larry glanced at the box; but it was still raining, and, to save an argument, he got into the carriage again.

"We are going to take a cut for the proper road," he said.

She shrugged her shoulders and closed her eyes again, and Larry resumed his old attitude. Half an hour passed; then she looked across at him with the expression so like that which she had been wont to wear when they were boy and girl in the boat that his heart leaped painfully with the memory.

"I wish I had let you get me something to eat at that inn; I am hungry."

"I'm sorry. No! I had forgotten," he said, with an air of relief and satisfaction; and he brought out from his coat pocket the little white packet which the hostess had given him.

"And quite dry!" he exclaimed, as he opened it and held out to her the neatly cut and daintily flavored sandwiches.

She took one, and signed to him to do likewise.

"Thanks; I'm not hungry," he said, beginning to wrap up the sandwiches.

She stopped eating, and looked at him with a flash of her eyes—just as the old Marie used to do.

"If you don't eat some I will not," she said. "Let down the window, please!"

He did so; and she was about to throw out the sandwich, but Larry caught her arm.

"Don't waste good food!" he said, just as the old boy—Larry—would have spoken. "If it will satisfy you, I will take one; but indeed I am not hungry."

"I had no dinner; I could not eat—I mean I had a headache," she said, as she resumed the sandwich again. "They are good, are they not? It would have served us right if we had found ourselves without anything. But starvation is perhaps too great a punishment for lunacy. I imagine that you are now sorry that you did not wait for morning?"

Larry shook his head.

"No," he replied. "Every hour is of consequence."

She said nothing by way of comment, and leaned back again, closing her eyes as before. Presently Larry knew that she was asleep. She lay with her head thrown back, her lips curved with the little look of weariness which, in a woman, always appeals to a man, and so strongly, irresistibly, to the man who loves the woman.

Her soft, dark hair—she had removed her hat—framed the pale face and, by contrast, heightened its pallor; there were dark shadows under her eyes which the long lashes could not completely hide. Larry could gaze his fill, and he did so with a sad and aching heart. For all the rest of his life he had to carry the memory of that appealing loveliness with him!

The road into which they had turned was a rough and little-used one, and every now and then they came upon deep ruts and inequalities of the surface which caused the carriage to sway and pitch; and, in one of these violent pitches, Lady Marie was almost thrown from her seat; but she was sleeping so heavily that she did not wake.

There was a cushion beside her, and Larry leaned forward and got it, and was endeavoring to arrange it as something of a support for her when she was thrown forward, and she sank into the arms of the cushion.

At the same moment a lunch cart cast Lady Marie against him. Still asleep, she caught at his arm to steady herself, and, probably thinking that it was Meadows beside her, let her head fall on his breast.

Larry sat still as a stone; his eyes dropped to her face, the white, lovely face lying on his heart; then he put his arm round her, drew her up to him so that she could lie comfortably, then stared straight before him, with his lips set tightly, his brows drawn together.

It was not the first time she had slept against him; she was in his charge, as she had been then; but a more sacred trust now.

He was so peaceful, so peaceful, peacefully, contentedly she rested! His heart beat thickly, heavily; but there were peace, and rest, and a terribly sad joy in his soul. For these few sleeping moments she was on his breast, his arm was round her; for a few minutes, for the last time on this earth.

Presently her lips, with their pathetic little curve moved, and bending his head, he heard her breathe his name, reproachfully, as it seemed to him:

"Larry!"

He thought she was awake; but he looked at her and listened to her breathing, and knew that she was asleep. Oh, if he might but kiss those lips and whisper:

"Marie! Yes; it's I, the Larry who loves you!"

But there was a sick and wounded man awaiting them; the man to whom she had plighted her troth, the man to whom he had given his word.

Once or twice she stirred, and he made ready to return to his seat before she woke; but each time she nestled still closer to him, just as she had done in the boat, and the look of pain and trouble still more plainly relaxed on her face, her lips curved with a faint smile of content.

The minutes passed, and, ah, Heaven, how quickly. Suddenly there came a change in the sound of the horses' hoofs; they were bounding through water which gradually splashed up to the bottom of the window. Larry looked out; they were apparently fording a river. All at once, without a note of warning, the carriage stopped; and Marie awoke, so suddenly that he had barely time to withdraw his arm and spring up; indeed, he did not know whether he had been in time.

She put her hand to her eyes and yawned, with almost the candid yawn of a child.

"Why, Larry, you have been asleep, with surprise—and was it pleasure? Then her tone changed, and with a sigh she said: 'Ah, yes! I remember! We have stopped. Are we there? Why, that is water! What is it; where are we?'"

"I'm afraid we are not at the station," he said. "I'll get out and see."

"But it's deep," she remonstrated. "Ask Adolphe!"

Larry glanced at the water; and it seemed to him that it was running very swiftly, and that it was a river much swollen by the heavy rain. He got out and waded to the coachman. The man did not wait for questions.

"I fear, my lord,"—but this time he was persuaded that the gentleman who was accompanying the countess must be an English milord; probably her brother—"that we cannot proceed. The water gets deeper. It has risen suddenly and flooded the road. There is a light on our left, my lord; it may—Heaven grant it—be an inn. For a truth, indeed I hope so; for it is hopeless to reach Beaumais in time."

Larry looked at the light thoughtfully.

"I'll go and see," he said. "Remain where you are."

Adolphe's guess happened to prove a correct one. The light was the solitary lamp of a small inn. It was still open, and Larry entered the bar or common room, and found a man dozing behind the counter and over a bottle of wine.

He was neither an amiable nor particularly respectable-looking fellow; and when Larry at last succeeded in rousing him, he rose unsteadily and greeted the disturber with a sullen oath; but when his eyes were fully open and he saw Larry more plainly, his manner suddenly grew servile.

"A lady? Accommodation? 'Tis but a poor place; but, such as it is, it is at monsieur's and madam's disposal."

"Are you alone? Is there a woman here?" Larry asked.

The man shrugged his shoulders and stretched out his arms apologetically.

"Alas, no! My wife has gone on a visit to her mother; but our room is at the disposal of madam! Observe!"

He led the way through the next room, which seemed to be the kitchen, and, opening a door at the end of it, showed Larry a small and particularly uninviting bedroom. There appeared to be no other room in the house. Larry nodded, and, telling the man to make up the fire, returned to the carriage.

The water had risen still higher, short though his chance had been, and it was nearly on a level with the floor of the carriage. He opened at him inquiringly.

"You must come at once," he said. "I have found a shelter for you; only a rough one, I fear—"

She shrugged her shoulders, and looked down at the swiftly running water.

"Do you think I had better dive and swim?" she asked, with a rueful smile.

He tried to return the smile. "Of course I must carry you," he said, in a matter-of-fact way.

"I see no 'of course,'" she returned, drawing back and regarding him from under her half-closed lids and with a faint blush.

"I cannot let you get wet," he said. "The water is very deep, and is rising rapidly. Please come at once."

"Oh, well!" she responded, with a sigh, as of resignation; and came to the edge of the door. He took her in his arms and waded to the

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roadside. As he did so he remembered Linda, in a vague, swift way; it seemed to him that he was fated to play the part of a kind of rescuer of dames! An absurd and theatrical part enough in these modern and ungallant days.

Necessarily Marie's face was very close to his, and her hair touched his cheek; she felt him draw a long breath.

"I'm heavy," she said in a low voice. "It would serve me right if you dropped me into the water."

"I shan't drop you; don't you be afraid, Lady Marie," he said, rather huskily.

She nestled a little closer—knowing all the time that she was wicked and heartless—ah, Philip, what a shadow to cast over her!—but unable to resist the subtle joy of torturing the man who was being so good to her; and she knew by his quick, sharp breath that he was suffering.

Larry carried her to the door of the inn and led her in. The landlord with a too-obsequious bow bade her welcome; then went out to assist Adolphe.

"What an evil-looking man!" said Marie, as the door closed on him.

Larry smiled.

"Yes; not a pleasing countenance, is it? But here's a roof to shelter you; and, what's more, there's a fire in the next room. I'm thankful you are under cover." He poked up the fire and drew a big chair to it. "Come and get warm. Your bedroom is there." He pointed to the door.

You must get to bed and rest. But you must have something to eat and drink before you do so. I'll just go and see after the horses."

When he had gone, she looked round, and shuddered. The man's sinister countenance, something about the place, aroused a presentiment of evil.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Physical Culture Path to Beauty

THIS is the month when the girl or woman who is afflicted with a thin neck, attenuated arms and a flat chest should seek the aid of physical culture. If she wishes to do credit to her summer finery. The collarless, tight-fitting, filmy frocks with their infinitesimal bits of sleeves are anything but pretty when worn by a woman minus the necessary development.

Even if one eschews short sleeves and low collars, it is still important to have a prettily rounded neck and plump arms, as high, tight collars and long, snug sleeves are bound, in the very nature of things, to accentuate one's scrawiness.

The moral of this is that you should be physical culturists for the next two months, as by the end of that time I think I can safely say that you will be able to wear your summer gowns with much aplomb.

Now we must to work, as there is no time to spare if you are to be endowed with dimpled arms and a plump neck by the first of May.



EXERCISING THE MUSCLES,

RESTORES LOST CONTOURS.

Suppose we begin with a neck exercise as I am sure some among you own to necks that are thin to a marked degree. Are you ready? Yes? Then drop your chin on your chest and place your hand on the back of the head. Now tense muscles and elevate chin, meanwhile pressing head down with the hand. Continue raising the chin, regardless of the pressure from behind, until back of head rests on nape of neck.

The chin must now be lowered but this time also the hand—which is to be placed underneath chin—resists the downward motion with might and main. Eventually, however, the chin wins to its original resting place—the chest.

The third movement consists in turning head as far to the right as it will go, meanwhile pressing against right cheek with the right hand in a fruitless endeavor to stop the movement of the head toward the right. When the head starts to turn to the left, then press against left cheek with left hand in an effort to force the head to stop its revolution.

This is a resistance exercise, pure and simple, and if practiced for five minutes, morning, noon and night, will, in two months' time, give one a round throat which will be beyond criticism.

And now let us give our attention to an exercise that will develop the shoulders and deepen and widen the chest. Such a movement is given below. Make a friend of it, I beg if you wish to fill out your summer frocks, as it is really a worker of miracles.

The time to practice this exercise is when you are least tired as it is quite strenuous and draws heavily on one's reserve strength. But you are always tired? I hardly think this can be possible as it is not in the wonderful mechanism of our bodies to be always worn out. However, we will not argue on this point but will compromise. Suppose you devote ten minutes of the time when you are least tired to this beautifying exercise? It matters not when this "least tired" time comes, whether in the morning, at noon, or in the evening, only do not let it slip by without physical culturizing for the ten minutes specified.

This is the exercise. Assume an upright position with the feet together and the chest thrown up and out. Now tilt your pretty chin up and draw in your abdomen. This is the position into which a physical culture girl should drop when preparing for exercise.

The arms should now be extended horizontally in front of one with the palms touching, then muscles should be tensed and a deep breath drawn into the lungs. Holding breath, raise shoulders as high as possible and move arms rearward to right and left until backs come in contact behind the back. Breath should now be exhaled and a new supply of air drawn into the lungs. Shoulders are now depressed while arms describe a circle, palms meeting in front of the body. Breath is then exhaled slowly while shoulders are allowed to assume a natural position. This is the sum total of this development exercise.

Bear in mind that it is necessary to keep muscles tensed while arms are in motion and that every movement is to be resisted slightly. Unless you do this you will receive little or no benefit from your practice time. A word to the wise is sufficient.

A chat about an arm rounding exercise is now in order. While very simple it is so effective that if all women knew of it I am very much of the opinion that thin arms would be noticeable by their absence. This is a high recommendation for any exercise but you will endorse my words after you have given this movement a fair trial. I am not afraid of your verdict.

If my beauty patients are now ready, we will begin this remedial work.

Fall into an upright position and extend the arms out at sides on a level with the shoulders. Now make muscles hard as iron, so to speak, and strike down until arms touch sides, but resist movement. Without a pause of a second, strike up as far as the arms will go, resisting this upward motion also. Continue thus for several minutes, then extend arms out at sides on a level with shoulders, and flexing elbows, bring fists to shoulders with a decided thud. Back and forth must the fists go until the muscles grow tired of resisting the sprightly motions. This is a sign that you have had fully enough exercise, as it is just as foolish to exercise too much as it is to exercise too little.

A last word. Do not disdain exercise as when the body is forced to move, stretch, pull and push, it makes the blood circulate, causes the liver to do its work—thus improving the complexion—and by exercising the muscles, restores lost contours.

Answers to Correspondents

Kitty, L. Lilly, Mrs. D. W. O. Elise R., Margaret and Tommie.—There is no denying that a voluminous bosom is just as much a beauty defect as the bust that is undeveloped. Since this is the case, the woman who liketh not a full bust should keep it bandaged snugly, by day as well as by night, in thin rubber. As a result of this bandaging the flesh will break down the fatty tissues. Another way to reduce a too large bosom, is to practice the exercise given below. It is claimed that it will reduce the bosom one half in three weeks. Just think of that! Fasten a fully equipped pulley to the wall at a height of about seven or eight feet from the floor. Then, standing with your back to the pulley and about four or five feet away from the wall, grasp the rope ends and allow the pulley weights to pull your hands up and back as far as they will go. Now strike out and down with considerable force, as if you were going to hit someone.

A Georgian Belle, Miss F. O. Elise, Country Girl and others.—Electrolysis is conceded to be a positive cure for extra hairs but these treatments are so expensive that the ordinary woman cannot afford them. The usual charge is five dollars for an hour, a dollar and a quarter for fifteen minutes and two dollars and fifty cents for half an hour. Commonly used, peroxide of hydrogen will, if its use be persisted in, utterly destroy the hair. It induces an actual decay of the hair, rendering it brittle and shriveling it up. If one will daily dampen the hair close to the skin for a long period of time—say eleven or twelve months—the hair roots will be utterly destroyed. This is good news, is it not?

Baby Doll.—See my reply to a Georgian Belle just above. One of the first things to be considered in trying to put on flesh is the general state of the health. One should be sure that there is no organic trouble and to find out the condition of one's digestive and assimilative organs it is necessary to consult a reliable physician. The next step is to adopt hygienic habits of living. Take plenty of rest; sleep no less than nine hours a night, and when possible, if it will not interfere with your night sleep, take a nap after luncheon; even if you cannot sleep, lie down and rest for fifteen minutes. Always have your rooms well ventilated, do not be afraid of the night air; pure outside night air is more wholesome than learn side air that has been breathed and rebreathed. Feared to sleep with your windows wide open, using woolen blankets to keep warm. There is nothing which will tone up the digestive and nervous system like living in the open air or bringing as much of the open air into our living rooms as possible. Eat simple, nourishing foods. Well-cooked cereals with a piece of butter or cream is fattening. Do not eat fried foods but broiled fresh vegetables, including peas and beans and corn. Fresh fruits, either stewed or raw, keep the bowels and the assimilative organs in good condition. If you can, learn to take a teaspoonful of

good-quality olive oil with a pinch of salt at each meal; nothing is better for the complexion or the bowels. Drink plenty of water between meals, and a glass in the morning before breakfast and the last thing at night. Let the morning water be hot; it will tone up the whole system.

Mrs. F. M. S., Mrs. Kittle S., Mrs. W. E., M. P., Canada, Mrs. D. A. B., Mrs. W. A. G., Mrs. J. W. D. and others.—Take half a pound of epsom salts and dissolve in a pint of rain-water, then shave fine one and one half bars of the best white kitchen soap and dissolve in half a quart of boiling rain-water. When partially cool, beat in the epsom salt solution. This preparation must be massaged heavily into fleshy parts at night and allowed to dry on the skin. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue treatment until flesh disappears. The average loss in weight is two pounds per week. Twice a week, before taking above treatment, it would be a good idea to immerse body for a few minutes in a tubful of very hot water into which has been thrown half a boxful of ordinary baking soda. When you feel as if you were about to melt away, jump out of tub and after drying yourself hastily, wrap up in a woolen blanket. When you cease perspiring, which may not be for half an hour, dry body and rub in the epsom paste.

Ann's Franklin, Jolly Eighteen and others.—When one has an undue fondness for sweets, one generally falls heir to a blotchy skin. If one wishes the unsightly spots to disappear, it will be necessary to black list hot breads, fried food, gravies, cakes, pies, candy and greasy things. Quicker results will be obtained if one is careful to exercise for an hour or two every day in the open air and sleep with the bedroom windows opened wide at night. I advise making a habit of the daily bath, as it is imperative to keep the body and facial skin immaculately clean. In addition to the above, it would be a good idea to coat the blotches several times daily with the following lotion:

Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; glycerine, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose-water, four ounces.

Irish and Marie.—The following will give the asked-for results:

Bleach for Flaming Nose

Zinc oxide, one dram; glycerine, one dram; powdered calamine, two drams; cherry laurel water, eight ounces. Before applying this lotion to the nose at night and morning, be sure to give the bottle a vigorous shaking. Results will come slowly, but surely.

F. Miss N. L., Flossie, Miss D. K. and Mrs. George.—A delightful tooth bleach and one which possesses antiseptic qualities, is made by adding a half teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda and three drops of oil of cinnamon to a half cupful of warm water. Rinse the mouth out twice daily with this fragrant lotion and you will have white teeth, a fragrant breath, and a clean mouth.

Homely Myrtle, Genevieve and E. C.—Make and try the following:

Southern Face Bleach

Pure honey, two ounces; bicarbonate of soda, one half ounce; almond oil, one ounce; borax acid, one quarter ounce; distilled water, one ounce; almond meal sufficient to make a thin paste.

Cover the face with paste, then don a face mask, which can be made out of thin cheese-cloth, holes being cut for eyes, nose and mouth. After paste has been on the face for several hours, wash it off with olive oil, then bathe the face in quanties of hot, soft water and apply a bland soap. End by massaging the following cream into the skin:

Cottensseed Cream

Spermaceti, three and one half ounces; white wax, three and one half ounces; cottonseed oil, fifteen ounces; oil of lavender flowers, twelve drops; rose-water, seven and three quarters ounces.

Heat first three ingredients over a low flame until they mingle smoothly, then remove from stove and add, drop by drop, the rose-water and, last of all, the oil of lavender flowers. Beat with a fork or egg beater until cream congeals. This treatment, if taken every third day for two weeks, generally gives one a milky skin. Massage your brows nightly with olive oil if you wish them to be thick and luxuriant. Be careful to massage against the fall of the hair.

Sister Sue and Louise.—A good wrinkle cream is given in my reply to Homely Myrtle. Any cream that contains animal oil is liable to cause a growth of hair.

Mary P.—I am printing for your especial benefit the following: When one is afflicted with a small bust and likes it hot, then the best thing to do is to treat it to a fifteen minutes' massage each day with cod liver oil. Before commencing the massage, bathe breasts in hot water until skin is poppy-red. This will only take a minute or two if the water is really hot. After you cease your manipulations, pour a flood of icy water over chest and bosom. The cold shock causes a good circulation of the blood through the bust, firms relaxed tissues and encourages flesh formation. Remember you must massage with the utmost delicacy, else you will break down the fatty tissues, which is just what you want to avoid. How long will it be before you will get results? Probably

EXERCISE FOR THE FLAT-CHESTED GIRL.

five or six months as the bosom develops but slowly. As the flat-chested woman is generally underweight, it is essential that she should eat plenty of fat-producing foods. Not only must she eat plentifully of broiled or roasted beef, lamb chops, bacon and chicken—to say nothing of Irish and sweet potatoes, beans, peas, crisp salads and nourishing milk and egg puddings—but she should make it a point to take cocoa or chocolate at every meal and before going to bed, sip a glass of milk and eat an unsweetened cracker. Furthermore, I ask her to drink milk between meals and take two tablespoonfuls of peanut oil after each meal. Such a diet will make the bust develop, willy-nilly.

Mrs. O. A. K.—I am not familiar with the treatment you mention.

Jessie, R. M., Lulubelle, Anna M. and Susan.—A most effective astringent is given below. It not only tightens the skin and contracts open pores—if any there be—but firms flabby muscles.

Extra Strong Astringent

Juice of cucumbers, four drams; tincture of benzoin, one ounce; cologne, four drams; elder-flower water, sixteen ounces.

Combine the juice of the cucumber with the cologne, add the elder-flower water, and lastly the benzoin, drop by drop. Dampen a folded cloth with this liquid and lay on face or neck, pressing it firmly down on the flesh. Every few minutes dampen cloth anew and apply again to skin. When you have persisted with applications for half an hour, call a halt. Two such treatments every day will bring about a wonderful change in skin and muscle conditions inside of two or three months. Too long to wait? I am sorry but the skin and muscles firm but slowly. This is also true of open pores.

Viola, Maude, Mrs. D. B. T., Esther and others.—Formula for an effective neck whitener is given below:

Effective Neck Whitener

Strained honey, one ounce; lemon juice, four teaspoonfuls; whites of two eggs; tincture of benzoin; enough rolled oats to make a thin paste.

This paste should be smeared over the neck at night until the skin is entirely hidden from view, after which the throat must be bandaged, else there is a strong probability that the paste will rub off on the bedclothes. When morning comes, wash off the paste with hot water and a bland soap, then massage throat for a few minutes with the following whitening cream:

Cream a La Mode

Almond oil, four ounces; spermaceti, one ounce; white wax, one ounce; cucumber juice, two ounces. Place first three ingredients in a double-boiler and warm over a low flame until they mingle smoothly, then remove from heat, add the cucumber juice. When you have finished massaging, wipe off the cream and deluge throat with ice-cold water. Take this treatment every other night until throat is as white as heart could wish.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

form measure, knows practically nothing about it, while the party who opposes it has got together a lot of specious arguments, and having perhaps the gift of the gab (though he has not a leg to stand on, nor a real argument that could not be punctured in an instant by anyone who understood this great question) wins out and gets his audience to accept his views and endorse them with hearty applause. Remember, it's always easier to knock than boost, and boneheads are always ready to applaud the knocker who hits at progressive ideas. Remember the boneheads are still in the majority. It's a peculiarity of human nature and a very unfortunate thing, that some of the brightest men we have, and some of our brightest boys, just for the sake of showing their skill as debaters and their ability as orators, take the side of an argument which is practically indefensible, and fairly sweep the floor with their opponents. There are clever, fluent talkers, who for a few dollars could make an ordinary audience believe that woman suffrage was the worst thing on earth for the country and the home, and then an hour later make the same audience believe that equal suffrage was the best thing on earth for both sexes. What we need is not so much to debate subjects, as to discuss and analyze them, coolly, calmly and sensibly. Nearly all the great reform measures that the nation is fairly gasping to have enacted into law, do not admit of argument, though they do need discussing, so that people can thoroughly understand what these reforms actually are, and the crying need of them. The clever and unprincipled debater could make eighty per cent. of the people in any average audience believe that real parcel post (not the fake, preposterous apology for the real thing that has been foisted upon us by a reactionary Congress that hated to pass a single measure that would help the masses) would be liable to ruin every merchant in the land, while knowing all the time that it would greatly help them. He could also make them believe the initiative, referendum and recall, would destroy our government and bring about anarchy, whereas it will strengthen government and save us from anarchy. He could make you believe that white slavery and industrial slavery were absolutely necessary and indispensable adjuncts of a well-ordered social system. When we get the social center movement well started, the big interests will send hundreds of these conscienceless spell binders, special pleaders for privilege, all over the country, to poison the popular mind against the things which will free them from the shackles of corrupt politics and the machinations of corporate rascality. Privilege is foxey. It has the money, and won't let go its hold on the public without a struggle. Let the people of every community know that certain great reforms are necessary for the public welfare, and let the people get together and learn from one another about these measures. What we need are schools for adults, schools where men and women can learn about their country and its needs; schools where knowledge can be dispensed instead of hot air oratory turned loose by glib egotistic human phonographs, whose one purpose is to befog the popular mind, and fill their hearers with a profound sense of their own personal importance and ability. Now I hope you thoroughly grasp, John, what I have been trying to impart in this little talk. If your debates do not lead to anything but a display of egotism and an explosion of hot air, cut them out and instead meet together to study and talk over the initiative, referendum and recall, and other similar measures that will put the government back in the hands of the people, and thrust moneyed might, protected by a corrupt judiciary, from its throne of privilege. The one ambition of every young man and every young woman should be to work for the nation's uplift and betterment and to render loyal and faithful service to one's country, one must study all public questions closely and thoroughly. You must meet for the exchange of mutually helpful ideas, not to listen to debates, oratory and hot air, but to gain information, and to learn the rock bottom truth about your country and the men who govern it, for it is the truth that will set you free and remember we are a long way from being a free people today. Education and enlightenment will set us free, so seek the light and the truth at once. Don't invite people to correspond with you, John, until you can write a legible hand. To make your letter legible for the printer I had to rewrite it. Remember too that it isn't proper, nay that it's atrocious to spell right, wright. Please don't do it again.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am eighteen years of age, have dark auburn hair, dark brown eyes, fair complexion, rosy cheeks and long eyelashes. I am five feet five inches in height and weigh one hundred and twenty pounds. Well Uncle Charlie, what do you think of me? I'll pass between a crowd don't you think so? I have two laughing dimples too. Last year my mother and I were traveling around in Europe. We spent our summer in Germany where we visited the following cities: Dresden, Kissingen and Berlin which is the capital of Germany. The

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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Home Dressmaking Hints

By Geneva Gladding

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On the front of every pattern envelope dating from No. 5808 a cutting and construction chart is printed, that illustrates and names the various pieces and shows how each piece should be correctly placed on the material before cutting to avoid unnecessary waste. This improvement makes dressmaking an easy matter for the inexperienced, for when a garment is correctly cut, half the battle is won.

Any Comfort pattern user who does not find published just the pattern they desire, can by writing to this department have such pattern included in next available space. Make pattern description clear.

A new edition (Spring and Summer 1913 numbers of Every Woman her Own Dressmaker, illustrating 200 up-to-date and easily made garments for Ladies, Misses and Children, is now ready. To those ordering a pattern, we will send this 25c book, postpaid for 5c extra; without pattern 10c. Address all orders for patterns and books to Pattern Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pattern Descriptions

Nos. 6093-6024—Misses' and Small Women's Suit. The blouse coat is far the smartest suit coat this season and can be made from the cotton, silk, linen or wool materials. The three quarters' sleeve is again in vogue for suits, though the full length ones are equally stylish, allowing one to choose according to use and material. The blouse suit is seen in a variety of styles. As illustrated it was made of brown ratine; with collar, revers and cuffs of white ratine; quite often is the belt of color and material used in trimming. This model is effectively carried out in two materials; the coat in a fine Shepherd plaid, and the skirt, cuffs, collar, revers and belt of a plain harmonizing color. Hard buttons or those covered with plain material should be used. This coat is very easily made and fitted.

The coat pattern, No. 6093, is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; medium size requires three yards of 36-inch material with five eighths yard of contrasting material. Price, 10 cents.

The Skirt Pattern No. 6024, is cut in two pieces, carrying out the same effect as coat skirt.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; medium size requires two yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6034—Misses' and Small Women's Dress. New and very youthful is this pretty dress; charming in its simplicity. The opening is at the left side of front. The V-shaped panel front has buttons on one side and simulated buttonholes of braid on the other. The skirt is gathered onto waist and finished with a soft girdle which closes in a bow of two loops. The short sleeves have a pointed cuff to match collar.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; medium size requires four yards of 36-inch material with three quarters yard of satin for girdle. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5911—Ladies' Dress. A dainty dress in white and black striped voile is given in this design. The dress is made with deep armholes and has the trimming cleverly applied. The skirt is a two-piece model with two ruffles at the bottom. The waist closes at the center back and the skirt at the left side.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires five and three quarters yards of 36-inch material and two three quarters yards of 24-inch satin for ruffles and trimming. Width of skirt two and one half yards. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5899—Ladies' Work Apron. This apron has the body and sleeves cut in one; a model that can be made in an afternoon. The pattern is cut for high or low neck; long or short sleeves.

Cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure; medium size requires five yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5905—Ladies' Dress. This dressy model is developed in soft, light brown. The waist has a corset effect, extending to a point both front and back. Outlining the points and extending over the shoulders is a band of heavy lace insertion matching dress, and set over Neil rose satin, one of the new shades of rose, named in honor of President Wilson's daughter Eleanor. This same effect is used around the sleeves which are finished with a brown chiffon plaiting. White striped net makes the yoke which has a piping of Neil rose at top; the girdle is also of Neil rose. The skirt is a very pretty model scantily gathered into belt. It may be made with or without ruffles, depending on how elaborate a dress is desired. When a plain skirt bottom is made of light weight material, it is well to use an eight-inch outing flannel facing, letting the lower edge come inside of hem to bottom of skirt. This gives a substance that greatly improves the appearance of skirt. Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material, one half yard of 18-inch tucking and one and one eighth yard of 24-inch satin and two yards of insertion. If ruffles are used, one and three quarters of 36-inch material are needed. Price, 10 cents.

Nos. 5743-5844—Ladies' Dress. Bordered material is gracefully used in making this dress. The tunic terminates under a box plait at back of skirt, making a very pretty skirt. The waist has body and sleeves in one with the border cut from edge of material and attractively applied to waist.

The waist pattern No. 5743 is cut in sizes small, medium and large; medium size requires two and one eighth yards of 24-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

The skirt pattern No. 5844 is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure; medium size requires three and five eighths yards of 36-inch bordered goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4674—Ladies' Wrapper. Many prefer the wrapper to the house dress, and for such, the above design will be appreciated. This model fits neatly in the back, and also at the sides. The fronts, however, are loose, slightly full at the neck and held in at the waist by a belt or ribbon.

Cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure; medium size requires 10 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 580—Men's Negligee Shirt. With a good-fitting pattern, nothing could be more simple to make than the negligee shirt. The model here illustrated may have the collar detachable, or made onto shirt; the cuffs may also be detachable or made on. Madras, cotton and wool shirtings, pongee, silk, gingham and percale are the materials usually selected for making shirts.

Cut in 10 sizes, 32 to 50 inches breast measure; for 36 breast, it requires three yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5548—Ladies' Six-gored Skirt. The separate and suit skirts keep pretty straight in line and plaits are introduced, and while very shallow they show the tendency toward skirts that are a little wider. The front and back of this skirt are in panel style, but the sides have the gores laid in small plaits, stitched very flat. Width of lower edge is three yards.

Cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure; medium size requires two and three quarters yards of 50-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6108—Ladies' Five-gored Skirt. This skirt has two plaits at side front and one each side of box plait at back. The opening is at side front. The lower edge measures two and one quarter yards.

Cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure;

medium size requires four yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

For the Little Folks

No. 6092—The Norfolk frock is very up-to-date for the school girl, convenient to get into, and easily made. It closes at the front. The collar, which is a pretty feature, may be round or square. A strap belt holds the blouse in position. The skirt has three gores and closes at front. Serge, linen, galatea, or poplin make desirable materials.

Cut in sizes six to 12 years; medium size requires four and one eighth yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6014—Girls' Dress. This smart little dress is one of the new models to be made of a com-

bination of materials if desired. Plain medium blue gingham was used for dress; the panel front is made of even striped pink and white with stripes running horizontally. The collar and tabs on each side of front are of plain pink.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; medium size if made of one material requires three yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6110—Children's Apron. This dainty little apron is made to be slipped on over the head and may be fashioned of gingham, percale or chambray. It is a new design in children's aprons and is very simple to make.

Cut in sizes four to 12 years; medium size requires one and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6115—Children's Dress. In this design we have a clever little dress that is easily made and



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Smart Mixture Skirt—splendid material for style and extra wear. New overlay effect. Tailored buttons of self goods with satin centers. Panel back with foot plaits to insure walking freedom. Color, tan mixture. Waist 22 to 30 inch, and lengths 37 to 44 inch. A beautiful skirt.

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very pretty. It closes at the front and the neck is finished with a well-fitting turn-down collar. To be worn with a belt or sash.

Cut in sizes two, four and six years; medium size requires two yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5889—This pattern provides for a one-piece shirt, band and drawers for an infant. The shirt can be made with or without sleeves and the entire outfit is very easily fashioned.

Cut in one size and requires for shirt five eighths yard of 25-inch material and two and one half yards of binding ribbon which is bound over the edges; for band three eighths yard of 36-inch goods and four and one quarter yards of ribbon to bind; for drawers, five eighths yard of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5590—Underwaist and Bloomers. This pattern gives us two garments; the waist is made in the usual manner with underarm and shoulder seams with buttons around the waist. The bloomers are in one piece and can be made of white goods or of something to match the dress.

Cut in sizes four to 12 years; medium size requires seven eighths yard of 27-inch material for the waist and two and three eighths yards of 27-inch material for bloomers. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5755—Children's Rompers or Creepers. This pattern provides rompers for the small child either creeping or just learning to walk. The model is an easy one to carry out, the rompers buttoning at the leg seams. Seersucker is a satisfactory material as it requires neither starching nor ironing.

Cut in sizes one half, one and two years; medium size requires two yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5220—Child's Underwaist and Drawers. This waist has a seam at the shoulder and another under the arm and there is an extra piece of goods at this part of the waist to aid in its strength. The drawers are in two pieces, joined by a seam down the center of the garment. They join at the sides and fasten to the waist by means of buttonholes.

Cut in sizes two to 12 years; medium size requires for the waist seven eighths yard of 27-inch material, and for the drawers one and one quarter yard of 27-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

Questions Answered

SUMMER HINTS.—Miss B. A. R. The long sleeve belongs to the tailored coats, dresses and waists; the short and three quarter sleeves to the thin summer materials and blouse coats. The leading colors are all the shades of brown, the Neil rose which shades on the cerise and all the shades of blue with the gray-blue and very dark shades predominating. Girls of sixteen are wearing their hair low in a soft coil with a middle parting from the face; also in two smooth, loose braids crossed at the back and carried around head; with the latter style a flat velvet ribbon bow may be worn on top of head, or a wide ribbon bow tied with loops at back where braids cross. Be careful not to wear too much ribbon. In good style also is the soft, wavy pompadour worn without a rat. White pique requires very little if any trimming. Insertion of heavy lace and pearl buttons can be used effectively. If you care to introduce color, use platings of pink linen to match a deep collar of all-over embroidered in pink. Embroidered waists, dresses and hats are fashionable. Bright colors are very stylish in all the cotton and linen fabrics; also white, and you should choose the most becoming. White slippers, also slippers of medium size are shown at the openings, and should be selected to harmonize with dresses and coats with which they are to be worn. Trim simply, using a bow of ribbon, a pompon of small flowers, or a single feather.

HAT.—Subscriber, I doubt if you could dye your hat yourself, but you can send it to a dyehouse where it can be done at a small cost. If you care to cleanse

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

The Burglar of Eastertide

Holiday Story Cycles—No. Four

By Joseph F. Novak

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"Twas Easter Sunday. The full blossomed trees
Filled the air with fragrance and with joy."
Longfellow: *The Spanish Student*.

THE winding white road, which led from the small village, lay sleeping under the rich light of the spring moon, its white surface, here and there, lace-worked by the shadows of the newly budding trees and shrubbery along it. Adown this road suddenly, came a sound, a murmuring at first, then more distinct, of the muffler cut-out of an auto, and then from 'round a curve, a machine came tearing along with high speed, but with scarcely a perceptible sound now, for the driver had muffled the cut-out again.

Then suddenly the car stopped with a smooth sweep, and the driver, clad in duster and cap, descended from it.

"Hot as seven blazes," he murmured as he held his hand before the radiator, "and the water has given out." He opened the valve, but no water came, consistent with his statement.

"What shall I do?" he continued, talking to himself in the tone that one employs, when alone, and to talk to one's self seems companionable.

The water was needed, so without much ado, he again cranked the machine and drove very slowly, watching with keen eye for some sign of life in the darkened cottages which here and there dotted the landscape.

He had gone but a little distance, when he noticed a light in one of them, and a figure moving about, so with a thankful sigh, he drove up as closely as he could, and descending, he knocked.

The door was opened by a frightened-faced woman.

"O, sir, are you the doctor?" she queried anxiously.

"I'm not the doctor," he answered, courteously, "but if I can fetch him, I'll be glad to oblige you. But I stopped to ask if you could let me have some water. The radiator of my automobile has dried out, and I couldn't safely go much further, lest I ruin the engine. If you'll help me in that respect, I'll be glad to go for the doctor."

"Surely I'll give you the water. I thought you were the doctor because you came in your machine. I understand that old Doctor Ball has a young assistant and I thought maybe you was him. You see my little girl is awful sick, and I'm so afraid she'll die."

"O, don't fear, madam," he answered gently, "I'm sure she will not die. You are naturally anxious and mothers always fear the worst. I understand something of medicine, and little sister here is really looking as if she wanted to live, rather than die. Isn't that so, little one?"

The little girl turned her face toward the handsome stranger and smiled a wan little smile.

"I'm feeling better," she said, but O, I do so wish I had a beautiful Easter lily. I was dreaming of them just now, and I dreamed I saw them blooming in the fields as they did on Easter Sunday, on the day of Christ's resurrection.

They are going to have some beautiful ones at Sunday school tomorrow, and I wanted so much to see the pretty flowers. But I guess I can't."

"Well, never mind, little one. You shall have your Easter lily. A great tall one, with five beautiful blossoms upon it. And I'll bring it as soon as I can, tonight yet, though it may take several hours before I bring it around."

With the words, Lansdon Westbury took the pitcher of water which the woman had filled for him, and with a cheery smile, he said, as he left the room:

"Be patient, little friend, and I'll surely bring the lily, even if I have to go all the way to the city for it."

After the pitcher had been filled several times and emptied into the radiator, that receptacle was at length filled, and with a little speech of thanks, Westbury prepared to go.

"O, kind sir," the woman said gratefully, "I don't like to have you put yourself to all the bother of getting a lily for my little girl, but it will make her so happy, that I just can't say that you shouldn't do it. And I'm sure it will make her feel better quicker than anything else."

"Now don't you say a word," he responded, "I shall try and get the lily here as soon as possible, but I may have to go to the city for it and in such case it will take longer to get back, or to send someone back with it. But you can assure the little girl that I will surely send it."

Then he took her name and address and thrusting them into his pocket, he cranked the machine, sprang into it and it silently slid along over the smooth road.

His mind was full of the scene he had just witnessed, to do the little favor seemed a duty.

The air was balmy, there was a beautiful quiet, a seeming mystery in the loveliness of the night preceding the joyous Eastertide.

As he rode along, his hand lying loosely on the wheel, the machine responding to his slightest touch, Westbury observed the country through which he was passing. There was something inexpressibly attractive in thus riding alone, and the young man was enjoying it to the full.

Suddenly he noted an old-fashioned house set back among a tangle of newly budding twigs and shrubs. But what caught his eye was the sight of a mass of glorious Easter lilies, nodding in the dim light of the lamp in the old-fashioned sitting-room. Easter lilies! The thing he wanted! Why search further? Surely these people would be willing to sell him one, especially when he told them for whom it was intended.

He sprang from the machine; then he stopped. The folks were, of course, all abed. Should he disturb them? Probably he could take one; leave the money and a note; and depart without making any disturbance. He could probably raise the window, lift out the flower and throw in the money and note.

With that, he sat himself into his machine again, and drawing forth pencil and note book, he wrote in a fine business hand, the following note:

"Dear Friend:
I have taken the liberty of purchasing, without your consent, one of your glorious lilies for a poor little girl, Tina Murphy by name. The child is ill, and craves a beautiful flower. I trust the enclosed ten dollar bill will fully compensate you, if not, you may send me your bill for any shortage.
Sincerely,
"LANSDON WESTBURY, 9978 Highmore Ave., C—, I—"

With note in hand, he left the machine in the shadows of the road, and approached the house. Then for the first time, it occurred to him that he contemplated a burglarious act. While the act itself was most laudatory, nevertheless, to an onlooker it was burglary, nothing less.

Then he smiled. It was amusing to say the least. He'd chance it. It would be an experience!

With the thought, he reached the house, and stepped to the porch. But he found, with all his stretching, he could not reach the window. Nor was there any means by which he could swing to it.

Seeing that plan hopeless, he gazed through

the window which faced the porch. He looked into an old-fashioned room, dimly lighted by a quaint old lamp, turned low. The furniture was plain, even severe, the floors were covered with braided mats with centers of faded carpet. In one corner stood an open melodion with a hymn book upon it, in another a comfortable couch. On the walls were a few well-chosen pictures which brightened the severity of the family portraits. The one really beautiful spot, that breathed a bit of luxury, was the window, where in great profusion, the lilies, emblems of purity, bloomed.

Westbury cautiously tried to raise the window, but it was locked. Slipping his hand into his coat-pocket, he found a cold-chisel, which he had been using for some slight repair on his machine, and which he had neglected to put into the tool-box. With this he managed, after a little exertion, to raise the window, for the lock was an old one, and readily gave way.

The window raised, he climbed in, and in a moment was standing in the center of the room. With his cap low over his eyes, and his motor cloak swathed about him, he stood, re-reading the note he had written. This he was about to toss upon the table as he made a step toward the lilies.

Crack!

With a start he threw his head up, like a stricken buck. A stinging pain racked his body. His hands clutched at his temple, his knees bent under him, and he pitched headlong to the floor, unconscious.

"The morning breezes whispered low,
A wondrous tale and sweet,
Each rustling leaf in tender love
The story did repeat.
Within a rocky sepulchre,
The crucified one slept,
Before a sealed door, a guard
Of soldiers' vigils kept."

O, Story sweet and wonderful
Upon that morn of old,
By whispering breeze and rustling leaf
In tender whispers told."

Westbury stirred slightly, and looked about bewilderedly. Where was he? What had happened last night? He moved. A sharp sting ran through him, he suppressed a groan and he looked about again.

He was lying on the couch in the old-fashioned sitting-room of the house into which he had broken the night before. Yes, that was where he was, for there in the corner of the room, the graceful lilies nodded.

But what had happened? He tried to think. He recalled something of what had occurred. But the pain? Then he noted the bandages. Apparently he had been shot. Yes, beyond a doubt. What was that he had on? An old-fashioned woolen night robe, and his clothes,

where were they? Ah, there on the chair, neatly folded.

He sighed. He was in the workaday world, and not in heaven as he first supposed, for the music was coming from an old-fashioned melodion, softly and sweetly. And the voice! If it was not an angel's, why—

He stared, entranced, enraptured, and listened.

"The morning breezes wandered wide,
And everywhere they told
The wondrous tale they whispered first
To swaying leaves of old.
'At early dawn an angel came
And rolled the stone away,
Revealing where the crucified
In death's calm slumber lay."

"O, Story sweet and wonderful
Upon that morn of old
By whispering breeze and rustling leaf
In tender whispers told."

At the melodion sat a girl; a dear, demure, dainty little Quakeress, at least so her garb indicated. She was beautiful as the morning simplicity and innocence ran riot in her very mein. To Westbury she seemed at once an angel, and then again a thrush for her garb was that of a somber bird, her face that of a creature beyond this sordid sphere. She wore a little cap of lace upon her head, and the old old-fashioned kerchief around her shoulders.

As she stopped singing she turned her eyes toward the young man. They were very gray, and very deep, and very earnest, and he felt his heart thumping for some indefinable reason. But he quickly closed his eyes and feigned sleep.

It was a beautifully novel situation he found himself in, he was willing to enjoy its little mysteries, for they would no doubt be easily, and all too soon, explained.

For a long time he felt, rather than saw, the girl's steady eyes upon him, he dared a little peep from under lowered lids, then as she was apparently satisfied that he still slept, she knelt, and with her face upraised, and with a look therein that seemed to tell of a soul down beyond the confines of man, she clasped her hands in prayer.

Westbury winced, he closed his eyes tightly now, as if the heavenly light were too sacred for his worldly gaze. To him it seemed sacrilegious to gaze upon so fair a maid in her devotionals.

For some moments she knelt, then she went to the melodion again.

"Having a little Easter service all to herself," he thought as he listened to the closing verse of the beautiful hymn, so sweet in its simplicity:

"The morning breezes whispered low,
The wondrous tale and sweet,
And o'er the earth the chiming bells
The story did repeat.
'O, Christ, the dead, revived again,
And from the tomb today,
Come forth in glorious majesty,
To live and reign for aye."

"The morning breezes whispered low,
The wondrous tale and sweet,
And o'er the earth the chiming bells
The story did repeat.
'O, Christ, the dead, revived again,
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'O, Christ, the dead, revived again,
And from the tomb today,
Come forth in glorious majesty,
To live and reign for aye."

With the concluding verse of the song, her eyes sought heaven. For a moment, she sat, like patience, then coming back to earth, she went to the young man's couch-side, and contemplated him.

He opened his eyes.

"I bid thee good morning, friend," she said quietly.

"Good morning," he answered with a smile, slow at first but which gradually illumined his face, until it seemed to radiate a wondrous joy.

"Doth thy shoulder feel more at ease?" she continued, as her eyes rested on the bandage.

"It feels quite nicely, thank you," he answered.

"What has happened, may I ask?"

"O, thou wilt forgive me, will thou not? Seest thou, 'twas this way. My father didst shoot at and wound thee. Let me explain. 'Twas thuswise: Yesternorn, father didst go to town where he didst draw from the bank, a goodly amount of money with which to pay off a mortgage which encumbereth our humble home. Then he drove to North Tanglewood where he was to meet his man, who, however, didst disappoint him. Father returned home and as the day was quite too advanced to place the money back in the bank, he kept it here at home, and when he heard thou come in at the window, he feared thou wert a burglar to steal that which he had gained by the sweat of his brow. Thou must understand thy appearance was against thee, thy cap was low drawn over thy brow, and thy coat swathed thy person in a manner suspicious."

"I was quite a fool, and I deserved all I got," he interrupted hotly. "No matter what my intention was in forcing an entrance into your house, it was a burglarious pursuit and I could scarcely expect less than I received."

"Nay, thou must not speak so. Thy intent was very noble and it hurt us exceedingly when we read thy little note which fluttered to the floor as thou wert struck by the bullet. We had so many of the lilies and had given them to th friends and neighbors, but we knew not of the little sufferer for whom thou intended the lily thou intended to purchase in such strange manner. But we have sent the little girl her flower and it has done her a world of good already."

"Ah, then the little girl has her flower? Thank you so much. I've been worrying about that, for I promised it and it was such a little pleasure to do for a little girl, and her mother might think I had been idly promising."

"Thou art a stickler for thy promises which is beautiful," the girl responded.

"That isn't more than right, is it?" he asked.

"Yea, but then all people do not follow the good precept."

"May I presume to ask your name, Miss Quakeress?"

She looked at him, somewhat uncertain because of the appellation.

"I am named Prudence Hope. Thinkest thou it is a pretty name?"

"Indeed, yes. I think no other could fit as well, unless perhaps, it were Evangeline. My name, if you care to know it, is Lansdon Westbury."

"'Tis a pretty name, assuredly. Never before have I heard the combination."

"Then you are quite out of the world, I expect," he smiled, for I have achieved some fame as a story-writer."

"Doest thou write worldly books?" she asked, in awe.

"Yes. Do you think it is sinful?"

"I scarce know. My father and mother do not approve it. They are good Quakers. I am not so strongly inclined to the faith as they, though I love it."

"Do you not ever wish to go out into the world? Or do you think of anything beyond your sphere of life here?"

"Assuredly. I have been thinking lately of taking unto myself an husband who is of my faith."

"Do you love him?" he asked, thinking to himself what an unusual experience it was to thus talk with one so utterly unworldly.

"I thinkest I do," she responded naively, "and yet, somehow I feel as if I could not embrace him as I have seen others of the faith embrace those whom they love. But perchance that is maidenly modesty."

"I thinkest thou speakest very quaintly, Prudence," he said.

"Why—" she looked at him, bewildered a bit.

"Thou art not a Quaker, art thou?"

"No, but I love Quakers," he answered.

"Thou shouldst not be so frank, thou man of the world," she answered. "However, I shall ask thee to excuse me now, as I hear father and mother returning and it is time we prepare for our noontime devotions and repeat."

He sighed deeply.

"Why didst thou sigh, Friend Lansdon?" she asked, as standing at his couch-side, she looked down into the upturned face, the eyes of which glowed with an indefinable light.

"I wish to thank you for your kindness, Prue," he said lowly. Then suddenly, unable to control the rush of feeling that came upon him, he caught her hands and held them to his breast.

She looked at him wonderingly. "Thou shouldst not hold my hands thus, shouldst thou?" though she made no attempt to withdraw them.

"Thou makest me feel like sighing too, aye, and even like kissing thy lips, which feeling Friend Phillis has never inspired within my bosom."

"Then kiss me," he cried, throwing out his arms, and lying in surrender to her.

"Nay, not now," she answered. "I know not why it is, yet I feel that I must not."

Again he caught her hands in his.

"Friend Lansdon," she continued, "thou must loose my hands, thy clasp is tender, yet it is strong."

He released her hands.

"Prue," he cried, "say nothing of what has happened, to your father and mother, will you, until I speak to them? I shall be obliged to stay here a week, perhaps, and then I shall tell

them all. Promise me this, will you?"

"I see no harm in respecting thy wishes, though I have never held anything secret from mother. But, I promise thee."

For ten days, Lansdon Westbury lay as an invalid in the Hope home. Ten days, yet the time seemed but ten hours. For constantly in the presence of these clear-souled honest folk, who knew naught of the artifices of life, who lived as their hearts dictated, he was charmed.

And with Prue constantly with him, he acknowledged that he loved her. Yes, he had loved her from the moment he had witnessed her at her devotionals on Easter morning.

He was practically well now, but his injured shoulder had been replaced with an injured heart. A dealer in love and romance, he found that he was experiencing a love that he had never been able to portray in the most passionate of his stories, for it was a love where the Platonic ever held the passionate in sway.

He finally concluded that he would tell her of his love, and then, if she did not love him, he would leave, even though he had to cherish a hopeless love.

It was evening. He had been resting after supper, and "Friend Hope and his wife were seated in an adjoining room, engaged in their post-prandial pursuits. Prue was seated near.

Suddenly they heard her name called by Lansdon, and she rose and went to the sitting-room where he was lounging on his couch.

"Methinks daughter Prue didst blush at the call of her name by our guest, wife," Friend Hope observed, putting aside the publication he had been reading.

"I too, thinkest there hast been a change in her. Thinkest thou that she might love the young man as we loved each other when young? Thou knowest the young man is well favored."

While this conversation was going on between the old parents, Prue had gone to the young man and sat down near him.

"Prue," he commenced, "will you not sing for me tonight? A sweet little hymn of homeland, for I am going away tomorrow."

"Art thou, really? We shall miss thee so much. Thou art always so bright and cheerful. Assuredly I shall sing for thee, if it wilt please thee," she answered, and going to the melodion she played a quaint, yet sweet hymn. He listened, enraptured, his eyes sparkling, in the dim light of the lamp.

She left her stool at the melodion, and came to him.

"What wouldst thou have?" she asked.

"Prue, on the morning when I asked you to kiss me, and you refused, I asked you not to say anything to your father or mother of my request. Now, I shall tell them, for Prue, I love you, I have loved you from the moment I saw you, when love so overpowered me, that I could not repress the boom of a kiss. I did not want you to tell them of my request, for they could scarcely believe then, I truly loved you. But now I shall tell them, but first, tell me Prue, do you love me?"

"Yea."

That was all she said. But it was the confession of a pure soul, unbiassed by the world of convention and mockery, and she told of her love as simply as a child.

"Come then, come to my heart," he cried, his eyes kindling, and his arms extended in entreaty.

"Nay, my Lansdon, I love thee, and should love to submit myself to thy bosom, but first I must ask if my honorable father will approve of thee."

"Then call him in, and I shall tell him," he cried, and forthwith she did.

The Quaker and his wife entered. It took but a glance to tell them what had transpired, nor needed they the passionate outburst on the part of the young man of his love. Earnestly he pleaded, they were Quakers and he was a man of the world.

"Thou truly lovest her, Friend Westbury?" the Quaker asked.

"Ah, can you ask it?" he cried, "I have loved her from the moment I saw her," and he confessed all.

"Yea, I think I can see that, but then thou art not a Quaker."

"No, I am not a Quaker, but still I trust I am a Christian."

"But thou art of the world, and were I to let my little maid go with thee, wouldst thou always be good and kind and loving and make her an affectionate husband?"

"I swear by Heaven—" he began impulsively.

"Swear not at all, son, neither by Heaven, for it is God's Throne. Nor by the earth, for it is his footstool," the Quaker interrupted gravely. "Let thy testimony be from thine own heart."

"Then may God deal with me as the vilest of sinners if I ere do ought to cause her to suffer."

"I know not what to do, young man. I believe thee and thou art well favored, and good to look upon, and thou speakest sincerely. Wife, what sayest thou?"

"I feel much as thee does, husband," the kindly Quakeress replied. "Though I should much prefer to see daughter Prue wedded to one of the faith, yet I should greater prefer to see her happy, and if she thinkest her happiness lieth with you young man, I thinkest we might give them our blessing. Thy lack of belief is aught I have against thee, young man," she continued, turning to Westbury, "but," and she turned again to her husband, "I rely on thee, husband, to make the decision."

"And thou, daughter? Thinkest thou thy happiness is bound up in our guest here?"

"Ah, father, I have loved him. I love him with the whole strength of my heart. O, I pray thee, consent to our union, for life would seem but a blank hereafter, without him. And father, I wouldst have thy consent, and blessing; I am thy daughter and I wish to obey thee."

The old Quaker considered. Then he said slowly:

"I have never thought that Prue would wish to wed aught but a Quaker, and as such ne'er possessed my mind. I never gave it a thought. But I loved, aye, I yet love my wife, daughter Prue's mother, with the love I know thy young heart entertains for my rue, and 'tis hard to refuse thee. And yet, thou art a kindly young man, and thy good spirit was shown in the little act thou didst, to get the Easter lily for the sick little one on the eve of Eastertide. But, my son, do not break her heart, for she is all we have. Therefore, trusting thee, I give her to thee. Take her, and receive my blessing."

Westbury caught the girl in his arms, and crushed her to him. Releasing her then, she knelt before her father. Lansdon reverently followed her example.

"My blessing upon thee, my daughter, and upon thee, my son, may my trust in thee."

"From my heart, I promise you," he answered, as he tenderly kissed the lips of his Quaker maid.

That trust was never betrayed.

"At The Call of the Bugle"

Is the title of the fifth story of the Cycle to appear complete in May COMFORT. It is a touching story of war and love and tells of the brave veteran of the old war, the salient soldier boy of the Spanish war and how he won his sweetheart. Don't miss it by failing to renew your subscription at once if the number above your name on the wrapper in which this paper comes is 295 or less. Use coupon on page 2.



"Oh, I do so wish I had a beautiful Easter lily."



Crack!
With a start he threw his head up like a stricken buck.



My blessing upon thee my daughter and upon thee my son.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

MY, my, here we are at April and already we can almost hear the patter of the April showers that bring the May flowers. Well, doesn't time fairly fly these days? I think if the year would be so long, it wouldn't be so long. I think that our days would be prolonged, but it seems about as hard not to be long as it is to stop time in its flight, and I don't see what we are going to do about it, do you? I guess we'll have to keep on being busy, only we won't be if we talk so much. So here I quit and get busy answering your questions.

The first one to greet me from the pile of letters is Cousin Florence of West Union, W. Va., who writes to say that she has been reading COMFORT and taking my advice ever since she was a tiny tot and now she is a First Grade teacher and will soon be Mrs. Saunders, and he is the finest man over. Now isn't she happy? She isn't quite twenty yet, but will be before she is married and I just know she and her husband will be a perfect joy couple. I am sure I wish you.

Gray Eyes, Nashville, Tenn.—It depends upon what you are used to and what sacrifices you are willing to make. Whether you should marry a man on ten dollars a week and board, or not, as you are so young and in love with him, maybe you would rather have him, and his ten a week than any other man and ten times as much. You will never know what you should do except by trying. (2) You may ask a young man when you know very well to take you to any place, but do it very rarely. If you are engaged to him, you may ask him as often as you please.

Blue Eyes, Cape May, N. J.—You are sure he once loved you and you want to win him back, do you? Well, my dear, if he had ever loved you would he have dropped you without a word of explanation? He must have loved you that way. Suppose you drop him as he dropped you and find one who really does love you.

Wondered, Washington, D. C.—In view of the fact that he is your employer and has never showed any signs that he cares for you more than politeness requires, I can hardly say whether I think he is worthy of your love or not. I am sure, though, that if you think less about him and more about your business you will be better worth what he is paying you.

Heartbroken, Wadsworthville, Ind.—When a young fellow has so much regard for his mother as to believe her advice, I think he is so worthy that I would not bother about him a minute. If by any chance you should marry him you would suffer from mother-in-law until the old lady passed away.

Heartbroken, Ashland, Maine.—A fifteen-year-old girl not yet out of school should not accept "confidentiality" from a young man. She might, though, accept a spelling book with perfect propriety.

Blue Eyes, Clarksville, Tenn.—After a two-year engagement and you are both as resolved as ever to marry, though your parents object, I think if you wait until you are twenty and he twenty-three, everything will be happier.

Weeping Willow, Chicago, Ill.—A girl of twenty-four and a young man of twenty-six should not let their love go away just because of some slight misunderstanding. Have a sensible talk with him and see if you either cannot be pleased where it once was and move on, seriously hereafter. You can be a better man than he is, because you are older than he is in feeling.

Blinded, Wilkesboro, Ga.—As he has asked you to marry him and you have accepted him and he is as devoted as you wish, I don't see that there is anything more you could expect of him. You have been engaged only since Christmas and you shouldn't "second the mothers." Should you? Ask him some things that are a lovely month to marry in. That will be a hint.

Troubled, Mt. Grove, Mo.—If he is the only one you ever loved or could love and he wants to marry you, why should you be afraid that his love would not continue? How can you find that out except by marrying him? You say you would rather be a broken-hearted old maid than married to a broken-hearted old man, or a broken-hearted wife? Take your choice.

Yellow Hair, Keosauqua, Ida.—Why do you think I should know whether he is trying to make a fool of you or not? You say he is a gentleman. He has done nothing except write a few cards to you. Is it not rather unkind to suspect him of making a fool of you?

Little Girl, New London, Conn.—While the loss of your arm is not in your favor, your heart and cheerful disposition is. Indeed, your disposition is better than an arm with an ugly disposition—and you should be all means, go out among your young friends and have all the good times your nature craves. It will be good for you, and better still, it will be good for the thousands of people who go about gloomy and sad because they haven't everything in the world they want. Don't worry about the young man who fell away as soon as he heard that you had but one hand. The next one looking for sunshine in his home will come along by and by.

Fluffy, Lake Park, Iowa.—Don't sleep with him, and don't let his being thirteen years older than you be any objection, if he is all the other things I suppose he loves you or he wouldn't want to marry you.

Silver Bell, Balla, Mo.—It never does harm to be frank, and as you have your work to do and are too young to think very much of the young men, tell him so pleasantly, he will be to them when you have time, and they will like you all the better.

Sunshine, Mt. Vernon, Ind.—More times than I can count I have told you cousins, whenever you are undecided which of two or more men to choose to marry, not to choose at all, until you know positively which is the only one for you. Make your own choice as you see the one who has to live with him and ought to know what will suit you best.

Daisy, Mountain Creek, Ala.—Paul he tells you he loves you, but must wait unless you love him so little that you don't care to wait and would prefer some other who is quicker to tell his love.

Blue Eyes, Holt, Mich.—My dear, you haven't done anything to make yourself attractive to young men or you would have at least one or two young men of some age. A girl of eighteen should be ready and willing to meet the young men half way and make them feel that she appreciated their attentions by doing some little things for their comfort. You can't just look back with your thumb in your mouth like a little child, or they will think you are for the girls who are young ladies and not like young ladies.

Troubled, Barn, Randolph, S. Dak.—Who are you so anxious to get married that you don't want to wait until you are twenty-one? Do you desire to marry a boy or a man? I think, then, you had not better marry at all, unless you are marrying for trouble.

Broken Heart, Ozark Hills, Mo.—It may hurt to lose your trust in the young man, but if he is so weak that he will let your sister's jealous talk drive him away from you, I think you are well rid of him. Cheer up.

Apple Blossom, Shingletown, Cal.—Your uncle's advice is in relation to you. You are too young to think of marrying now, and if you wait till you are twenty-one, by that time you will have proved him to be a good and reliable man. He has not been in the past. Girls of fifteen and sixteen are very silly about boys and many of them get into a year of suffering. Now he is sensible and will tell you have good reason to believe that marriage is all right for you. If the young man does not want you, you can marry some other girl rather than wait, but let him marry and let the other girl do the suffering.

Fairy, Auburn, Ky.—Oh, by all means marry the man you love no matter if he does forget his vows

and neglects you. He'll be worse when you have married him, but nobody can say you didn't marry for love. My, my, honey, what fools girls can be.

Brown Eyes, Jonesville, Tenn.—Don't marry simply to get out of trouble at home, or you may move into worse trouble. If you think home is such a hard place, why don't you go and be a nurse, teacher or a milliner as you say you can, but your parents won't let you? When they find you are able and determined to make your own way, they will treat you very differently. I am inclined to think your unhappiness is much your own making.

Packhouse, Miami, Okla.—A good disposition isn't everything in man or woman and many persons of that kind are more or less despicable. Just why I don't know, but they are. Now your young man of the lovely disposition has deceived you and as you despise despicable men, you better make a compromise and not lose him, since the desert was only in a small matter? Read the rest of it to him about it, but keep him for his good disposition and make him as near your ideal as possible. You cannot find one who is ideal, not are you ideal yourself, except to yourself. You must make allowances for human frailty in others and ask others to make the same allowance for you. (2) As to the man who won't forgive her, because she has let her mother postpone her wedding a few months, I must say he doesn't love the girl very much and he never will love his mother-in-law.

Puzzled, Cross Timber, Mo.—Don't accept the first man who proposes just because you are afraid you will never find another. Remember only the man you love, even if he is the very last one who proposes. Better be a happy old maid, than an unhappy wife.

Brown Eyes, Natoma, Kans.—Don't worry. If the young man is any good he will remember how his mother did all she could to have him become sweethearts and now when she objects to you because you are, he will take your side and laugh at his mother. If he doesn't, then he is glad to let him go.

Brown Eyes, Longville, Minn.—Better obey your mother, if she keeps you away from school, than to have some young man take you there. Wait until you are of age, then you can have all the trouble you want on your own account.

Betty, Howison, Miss.—Mothers sometimes do make the course of true love run very roughly, but if you and the young man are really in love and he is all right, you will both obey your mother until you are ready to mind your own business and then you will surprise her. A hint, my dear, to the wise is sufficient.

Headed, Carry, Okla.—Of course you are not too young to love no matter if your parents do think so and you are not too young to learn to spell, either, no matter if you have finished one course of "colledge." Did you learn to spell it that way?

Red's Girl, Clark's Mills, Pa.—In love stories that we read, class makes no difference where love is and all sorts of incongruous matches are made, but it is different in real life. You see, the more people many in real life, there are a whole lot of other people they must associate with and these people have views of their own about the kind of people they want to know. Now if you have a husband who never had a father, people will talk about it who do have fathers and pretty soon you will find yourself and your husband all alone and your children the only ones if you have any. It is not a happy life to be shunned by your neighbors, so you should be careful. Of course, the young man is not to blame and he might be a much better husband than a man who did have a father, but the world doesn't look at it that way. You see how your mother feels about your marrying him, and she is like most people. Marriage is a serious matter and must be considered from all points of view. Wait until you are twenty-five, and then if you are willing to take the risk, you may do so. Even then it would hardly be fair to any children you might have.

Troubled, Pinckton, W. Va.—Ordinary lovers' quarrels don't amount to much and should be patched up. Patch this one up and try again, but don't try too often, because quarrelsome people quarrels are not so easy to patch up, and lovers who quarrel won't stop when they are no longer lovers—I mean, are married people. If he is quarreling because you will not kiss him, tell him he may kiss you when he is engaged to marry you.

Broken Heart, Greensboro, Fla.—If after wearing his engagement ring for six months, he demands it back again, you had a right to break the engagement even if he did not want you to. You may do as you please about making up with him again, and if you ever get that ring again, don't give it up under any circumstances.

Betsy, Bladen, Nohr.—As you considered his attentions a joke until he left you and went with another girl who took him seriously, don't you think you could be getting disheartened to try to get him away from the other girl? I think you had better let her have him. (2) Beware of the jealous young man. He gets worse by marriage. (3) The widower should be old and experienced enough to prevent his elderly housekeeper from interfering with his letters from the young woman who was to him. (4) The young man should be informed that it is wrong to take mail that does not belong to her. Cupid does queer capers, doesn't he?

Dark Beau, Binghamton, N. Y.—Well, well, you write: "I see that there is no Binghamton girls have come to you." I should hope not if Binghamton boys have as bad effect on their spelling and grammar as they seem to have had on you. Suppose you exchange books for books a little while.

Brown Eyes, Royalton, Minn.—You let yourself go on loving him, even when you know he was going to marry the other girl with the money and yet I don't think you are so very much to blame, for love is a master. Still, you should have made some effort to see him as he was and try to persuade yourself that he was heartless and cruel as well and that you were really winning by leaving him. Now stop your crying and look out on the world hopefully, for there are good men in it and you know now that this one was not a good man and wholly unworthy of your love. You have been taught a lesson which may save you much suffering in the future.

Undecided, Salem, Mo.—Perhaps, as you can go to St. Louis to work in a factory with your brother, it would be as well as to stay in the small town where you can do nothing and the same is needed, you don't go thinking that you need the pleasure of city life. You will not have them, except to your hurt. Ask the nice young man who wants to marry you to wait until he gets a better place and you have earned a little for a nest egg. And while you are waiting and working think always of him and the home you are getting ready for. It is forgetting things that ruins the young girls working in the big cities.

Orderly, Kearney, Mo.—The young farmer had no right to get mad when he had told you he couldn't come so far to town every Sunday night to see you in such cold weather, and you told him that you would let him know when it would be convenient for you to see him in such places as he could come. Still you were piqued when you said it, and you had no right to be. I could think more of a young man who would not risk his health just to be gallant, than one who would. Fool sweethearts never make sensible husbands and sensible husbands are better than silly ones. Not too much sense, but enough. You are sensible in not wanting a long engagement or marrying before you are twenty-one. I see you are inclined to be sensible. It is a bad habit and you should correct it. A sharp tongue also has its uses.

Violet, Glasgow, Ky.—Why should you want to break with him because he failed for the first time to come on Sunday night, and you've been sweethearts for six months? It was thoughtless of him to let two other girls interfere with his call and he deserved a good scolding, but if he explained and apologized, I think you should keep him in favor, though he should promise not to do so again. You are not engaged to him and you say you don't think you love him, and you have no right to be too exacting.

Unhappy Schoolgirl, Hickville, O.—If you had your mind on your books instead of your teacher, you wouldn't be falling in love with him. He does not care for you and you only embarrass him. Wait until he shows some sign. He is not as bashful as you think he is.

Some Girls, Slater, Mo.—My dear, when you have decided on someone to love, let me know and I'll answer your questions. I can't decide for you.

Anxious, Bala, Iowa.—Don't believe him when he tells you he loves you. If he did, he wouldn't be asking you all the time to forgive him for going with other girls, promising not to do so and doing it just the same. How can you have a man like that? He'd make a fine kind of husband, wouldn't he? Would you forgive him for the same offense after you had married him? Now is the time to quit.

Discouraged, Redwood Falls, Minn.—If your love for a man depends on his looks, I don't think much of it. Men are not made to be looked at, but to be loved. A man who has only his good looks to recommend him and find out what a delusion beauty is. That's all.

Eva, Hillsboro, Texas.—The girl who is fond of all men alike, never will have a "steady," because she

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

cities are all kept clean and orderly. Dogs are used for transferring carloads of market provisions, milk, etc. The people are very polite but they are too slow to suit me. They take their time whether they eat, walk or work and do not think it is wrong for girls to drink beer.

During fall and winter we visited Rostov, Odessa, Kiev, Kharkov, Moscow and St. Petersburg, which is the capital of Russia. In every Russian city there are large business where the peasants bring their produce, such as vegetables, fruit, milk and even bread to be sold. The peasants are mostly uneducated.

The favorite drink of Russians is tea which they cook in large samovars. While in Moscow I saw the Kremlin. It is the largest and the most beautiful church there is. The winters in Russia are very severe. Sometimes the cold goes up to 35 below zero, so if a person thinks anything of his nose and ears they cover them up pretty snugly. The favorite pastime of Russians in winter is skating and sleigh riding. On our way home, which was early last spring we stopped in Paris where we passed only two weeks. I was very homesick for home and dear old Chicago. The French are very polite, have very nice manners, and are terrible flirts. Every young man I met said he was in love with me before I had a chance to get acquainted with him, and a couple of fellows even went so far as to propose. I'd keep a straight face in the beginning of the proposal but before they would get through I'd be running at the top of my voice. I guess making love is a Frenchman's favorite pastime.

Do you know Uncle Charlie I used to be a farmer girl about six years ago? I love to stay on a farm during the summer, but in winter Chicago for me. I love to go shopping downtown where you have to be careful of the crowds of people will push the life out of you. I would like letters and postals from the cousins. I will of course return all favors.

With love to all,

MISS MARIE NEPPERBAFF.

Your description of yourself, Marie, is quite entrancing. You ask what I think of you. I think you could walk on tiptoe through a cemetery on a dark night without causing a riot, and that is something more than I could ever do. You might, however, have trouble in getting through if the moon was shining. I am glad, dear, you told us that Berlin is the capital of Germany. Billy the Goat has always insisted that Berlin was in France. I'm glad they make good use of dogs. For dog, a truck horse today, a sausage tomorrow. By the way they have a municipal dog market in Berlin now. Meat is so expensive that the poor German workmen have been forced to eat dog. The government objected to the people using dog for a diet for a while, but as it would not, or could not supply anything more appetizing to its wretched poor to eat, it quit persecuting the dog eaters and built a swell market where you can get a hind quarter of Fido, a sirloin roast of Rover, and other canine delicacies at reasonable rates. Germany like the rest of Europe is cursed with militarism and a decadent aristocracy. The Kaiser practically sits on a throne of baronets. It's a toppling, shaky, uncomfortable throne, and if we can save off the long expected war for another ten years, the social democrats who now have a hundred and ten members in the German Reichstag, will topple the War Lord from his throne, make Germany a republic and send the decadent aristocracy to work, and put the soldiers to useful tasks. When that day comes, and it is practically here, the splendid German race will not have to eat dog. The Germans are very sensible people to take their time both at work and play. They live longer and enjoy life more than we do, and with all our hurrying and scurrying they accomplish practically as much as we do. They are not driven, hounded and speeded and worn out at forty as our workers are. The Germans are a healthy, wholesome, temperate race, and though they drink an enormous quantity of beer, probably more than is good for them, you have only to look to them, to see that it does not do them much harm. Beer is the national beverage, and the government takes good care to see that it is made out of good material. Brewers are not allowed to poison people in Germany as they are here. Beer in Germany does not lead to whiskey. Here it does. That is why too often it is dangerous. The Germans take life in easy fashion. We rush to everything and are exhausted when we are half way through our tasks, and then when our nerves are all in tatters, whiskey poison is gulped down to brace us up. Don't let us cast a stone at the beer drinking Germans, while they liquid death, poisonous whiskey, is our national beverage, with its consumption, alas! increasing all the time. I am glad you saw the Kremlin. Europe is smothered with wonderful cathedrals, poems in stone that were erected hundreds of years ago. The workers were doing then just what they are doing today, with all our boasted civilization. They were rearing magnificent temples and living in hovels. We cannot even today equal, let alone excel their wonderful work. That shows what mankind was capable of even in those dark, dreary ages. Those pitiful hands that raised the Kremlin, Notre Dame, Westminster Abbey, could, if they had been allowed have built beautiful homes for themselves. But as soon as they created anything, it was taken from them. They raised crops for the lazy, indolent rich and were called serfs and bonds as a reward for their pains. They were treated atrociously, scandalously, horribly. They were capable of doing practically anything and everything, but the powerful parasites of church and state, kept them in ignorance so they could exploit them. If they rebelled they were murdered by those for whom they toiled. Ah, you will say, thank Heaven I didn't live in those bad old days. My dear friends, we are living in days almost as bad, and in some ways even worse than those hightailed days of old. Today the workman constructs the wonderful automobile, but he cannot ride in one. He makes bath tubs but he has not one in his tenement. He makes gorgeous pianos, but if he wants any music in his home he must whistle through his teeth, or play a solo on a soap box. He builds palatial railroad cars, those wonderful palaces on wheels, and travels on a brake beam or sits up all night in the smoker. No sleeping car for him. He fills the world with beautiful things. He clothes it, feeds it, houses it, warms it, lights it, makes it sanitary, and right here in a farcical republic, for every dollar he gets wages he has to fight. Every dollar, nay every dime that is given him is begrudged him. If he rebels at the misery of his lot and goes on strike, his brother workmen do just as they did in the days of the barons hundreds of years ago, come out and shoot him down with weapons of his own making, or put him in a prison which he has built, a cage of his own creating. Meanwhile our present day industrial baron sits in his luxurious home while the workers have built for him, toasts his toes at the open coal fire which men have died in the mines to provide for his hearth, so that he may not freeze to death, and laughs contentedly, until hunger, want and suffering, have forced the strikers to accept his terms. I am not overdrawn the picture, for the history of labor is a history of toil, oppression, suffering, starvation and bloodshed. While I am writing this, there is a strike on here in New York. The men begged that the differences between them and their arrogant, autocratic, corporation employer be submitted to arbitration and the gentleman impudently replied: "I would as soon think of arbitrating with my cook as with my striking employees!" No, autocratic king of the Dark Ages ever spoke more arrogantly or haughtily than that. But that is practically the attitude of all the great employers of labor in this country today. The king and baron of old when there was trouble chance of getting their cocoanuts cracked, but our barons of pork, steel, iron, transportation and finance let loose their strike-breaking hordes, and while the battle is on, retire to a safe distance and wait until hunger, brute force, and the arm of the law which is ever at their command, have done their work. I want to tell you right now and here if I had to have my choice

whether I worked on an old world cathedral away back in the so-called Dark Ages of feudalism or in a Pittsburgh steel mill, or in any other of our various mills and factories, I would choose the Dark Ages every time. Why? Oh, that's simple enough. In those old days when it was dark you went to bed. There was no boss who could keep you toiling practically day and night. Then too, when Sunday came there was leisure for all, and a magnificent church to worship in, a church where even the poorest was welcome. Ah, my dear friends we are still in the Dark Ages, but we are getting out of them rapidly, and within fifteen years from now, there will not be a trust baron in the United States or any employer who will dare use the arrogant language quoted above. Marie, you say during the winters in Russia the cold goes up to 35 below zero. Now how can the cold go up while the cold is going down. I should think when the cold went up it would get warm. When it's very cold I think you'll find the mercury goes down below zero instead of thirty-five above it. Your experiences in gay Paris were quite exciting. You mustn't be too hard on those impressionable, flirtatious Frenchmen. A man can't help making a fool of himself when he meets such an irresistible young lady as yourself. Why, even if I met you would make a fool of myself, if during a cold spell you started the mercury turkey trotting up and down the thermometer in two different directions at once. You say a couple of fools even went so far as to propose but we will never know whether they were fools or not until you tell us what they proposed. I suppose being in France the Frenchmen proposed you have some frogs' legs with absinthe on the side. Good thing you were not proposed to in Germany, or the German might have proposed to treat you to a stein of Budweiser and a hot dog with Fido sauce. Whatever they proposed it must have been something awfully funny or you would not have been roaring at the top of your voice. But oh, Marie, it was cruel of you not to let us know just what they did propose. If you ever feel like letting us know what their proposals were I'll certainly spread it to the winds through the columns of COMFORT.

BLUFFTON, GA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: My sister takes COMFORT and has been taking it for quite a while and I enjoy reading the stories in it. Uncle Charlie, you ought to have been with me last fall. I spent the day at Lanark, Fla., about one hundred and fifty miles from Edison. We started from Edison about six A. M. and got there at twelve. While we were there we went in bathing, went boat-riding and danced.

We started home at eight thirty and never got to Edison until three o'clock the next morning. We didn't get to sleep hardly at all. The people on the train would sing, play violins, pick guitars, sell chewing gum, coca-cola, cigars and ground-peas, so we had a good time.

SAM WOODHAM.

Sam, I don't know if your name is Woodham, Woodhams, Woodhouse, or Woodhan. You wrote the Sam and the Wood beautifully, and the h and a that follows the Wood are immense, clear and distinct, but heaven only knows what the balance of your name is. People who won't write their names and addresses correctly ought to be thoroughly spanked. We have to guess at names, and hundreds may thought pieces of mail are returned to us yearly because the postal authorities can't deliver the matter sent out. If a person's name is Smith he'll write it so it looks like Jones, and if his name is Jones he'll write it so you'll think it's Sausageheimer. With the help of a post-office directory, we can generally figure out a person's address, but when it comes to names, you have nothing to help you, and all you can do is to make a wild guess. Hundreds of League buttons and membership cards are returned to us because in sending out these letters by mail we have had to guess at the writers' names. Often too, if a name is given, and in such cases the postmasters will not take any trouble to locate the party for whom the letter is intended. Those who don't get their mail and other premiums, write and denounce us as thieves, rogues, vagabonds, scoundrels and everything short of murderers. They blame us while the fault is all their own. All this returned mail has to be readdressed and re-stamped, and the cost is simply appalling. One can guess at the contents of a letter. A word here and there will give one an idea of the sense of the sentence, but no one on earth can guess at names. Now, Sam, I want to ask you to kindly explain a sentence in your letter. You say: "We started from Edison about six A. M. and got there at twelve." We'll assume for the sake of argument that you mean twelve noon and not midnight, and when you say "we got there" we must also conclude that you got to Edison. So according to the way you've got it, it took you six hours to get from Edison to Edison. Six hours of hard traveling and when you got to your destination you were still in the same place that you started from. What a waste of time and money traveling six hours without moving an inch. What's the good of spending hours of time and carfare traveling, if at the end of your journey you have not got anywhere, but are still in the same place as you started from? What's that, Mr. Goat? Sam means it took him six hours to get to Lanark? Well, Sam, if that's what you meant why didn't you say so? Get a poor gink all excited about nothing, is cruelty to animals. After you write a letter, read it over and be sure and get every sentence clear and explicit so no one can misunderstand your meaning. You must have had a royal time on that trip to Lanark and back. You say you went bathing, boat riding and danced. Don't you know that it's a terribly wicked thing to dance? If you don't believe it, ask the religious glooms. According to the glooms you are going to a very bad, hot place forever and ever and three weeks after, if in the exuberance of youth, while you're feeling extra good, you happen to caper around the floor, and kick up your heels a little bit and show that you're alive and happy, instead of demonstrating that you are only fit for the morgue, and a candidate for a nice, dark, damp, gloomy spot in the nearest cemetery. Don't you know too, that it was wicked to go boat riding, and as for going in bathing, oh, that was terrible! The religious glooms will have you on the coals forever for that, for according to their theory, everything that savors of pleasure and happiness is sinful and wicked and a crime against the Almighty. Of course if it's wicked to dance, it's wicked to bathe, for you have to kick up your heels a good deal when you are bathing, so I suppose the religious glooms never take a sea bath. You don't know anything about the glooms, Sam. I'm glad you don't, but some of the benighted fanatics are always after me with a hot poker, because I don't turn this department into a morgue, but I'm wiser in my generation than the glooms. I know what you want, and I know what humanity wants. It wants justice, joy, happiness and the right and opportunity to get out of life every bit of innocent, wholesome pleasure that it can. I'm sorry I could not have been with you on that homeward trip to Edison. You must have been a happy, jolly, care-free bunch. But I think you might have cut business, money making and commercialism out of your day's enjoyment. It was all right to sing and play violins, but whatever possessed the people to start selling chewing gum and coca-cola, cigars and ground peas? Were they trying to

make money to pay for the day's outing? It's all very well for the train boy to sell these articles, but when the people start in selling them to one another on a pleasure excursion, that seems to me carrying the money-making instinct entirely beyond the limit. I'm wondering how you managed to get ground peas. Billy the Goat says he thinks one of the excursionists must have had a can of peas and that he put them on the railroad track and let the train run over them, and then when they were well pulverized, he hopped on the rear car and sold them to the passengers. I can't imagine how you managed to pick guitars on the train. It's all very well to go into a music store and pick one, because they keep plenty of such articles in stock, but I didn't know that they carried an assortment of guitars on trains for you to pick. It's a wonder you did not add to the gaiety of nations by leaning out of the window and picking cotton. When I was on the train I used to do a good deal of picking myself. First of all I used to pick a seat that held four people, and then I used to spend the rest of my time picking cinders out of my eyes. You didn't mention anything about the cinders, Sam, but as you danced, went boat riding and went in bathing, if the prediction of the glooms is correct you're liable to spend eternity picking cinders, and you won't have a chance to be selling or buying any coca-cola either while you're doing it. Never, mind, Sam, you had a good time, and a good time is a good time, and only prurient, narrow minds can make evil out of it. P. S. Billy the Goat wants to know if you saved the can that held those ground peas. He'd like it for lunch.

CONCRETE, N. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I live on the top of the Pembina Mountain Range within about two or two and one half miles of the cement mines. I have been there twice. They are down in the bottom of the mountain range about three hundred feet. The mines have been closed for several years.

Six miles from my home is a small town called Alga. It is a French and Indian town. There are a few Indians but mostly French and half-breeds. Many of the small children cannot speak a word of English, and some of the grown-up people cannot speak English very well. Don't you think it is awful for a person to be born and raised in the United States and they can't speak English, Uncle Charlie?

I am thirteen years of age and am five feet tall. I have gray eyes and reddish brown hair. I greatly enjoy COMFORT and all of the letters.

Hoping Billy the Goat will not get this, I am, Your loving niece and cousin,

EMILY HILLIGASS, League No. 35,468.

P. S. I would like to hear from some of the cousins.

Emily, you say in your letter that you live on the top of the Pembina Mountain Range. Now I could quite understand how a young lady could live on the top of a mountain range, because such things are easily arranged. I can even understand how a young lady could at a pinch live on a kitchen range if they kept a nice cool fire going, but how the deuce she could manage to exist on a mountain range is more than I can make out. You might tell us something about this Pembina Mountain Range, Emily. How often does it ring, and who rings it? Possibly it rings itself, and I'll bet if it does, you have to hang onto the ceiling with your teeth to keep from falling out of bed. Personally I have never had any experience with musical mountains. I think I would prefer those of the unmusical variety. A mountain with the artistic temperament would be an awful nuisance to those who had to live on it. Anyway Emily, you have got the only musical mountain in the world, and the fact that you are able to live on it proves that it must be a pretty good sort of a mountain, and do bell ringing stunts of extraordinary charm at any and all times whether called upon or not. You also seem to have the only cement mines in the world. I was born in the greatest cement section in the world, and think you will find that cement is a manufactured product. It must be dandy to dig it right out of the earth without the trouble and expense of fixing it up for the market. Cement is a mighty fine thing. I remember once when I was very much gone on a young lady I tried to cement our friendship in what I thought was a perfectly harmless way with a kiss, hot from the furnace of love, on her rosy lips. Evidently she objected to that kind of cement, for she hauled off and swatted me on the bugle with such force that it took a whole barrel of the genuine cement to place until they all grew together again. You see a cement mine is a handy thing to have around at times. Billy the Goat is of the opinion that a ham-and-egg mine, a corn-bief and cabbage mine, or a pork-and-beans mine would be preferable to a cement mine. I suppose if somebody found a beef steak mine, there would be a big crowd on the scene right away trying to stake out claims. I am glad that the mountain range only about three hundred feet. Mountains however have such large feet, that would still give excuse for considerable amount of noise. Yes, dear, it is tough to have people living in the United States who can't speak the English language, but you mustn't expect too much of people who have very low order of intelligence. The French people are doubtless continually crossing speak English. It would be a good idea, however, to tell them that if they intended to stay on this side of the line they must learn to speak English or get out. There are, however, many more dreadful things than being unable to speak English in an English speaking country. Just think of the men who can speak English and have all the advantages of education and wealth, who spend their entire time robbing, cheating and exploiting the people. This country is full of these sharks and they do more harm in one minute than your non-English speaking Indian and half breeds do in a million years. I'm sorry, Emily, that your eyes are gray. It is sad to see these signs of old age appearing in one so young. If you don't like your gray eyes, you can run into a lamp post at night and get a black eye. Try it and let us know the result.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for April

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from a postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Letters unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Margaret L. Hammond, 153 River St., Hillsdale, Mich. Invalid for forty-nine years, seventy-five years of age. Send some sunshine into the dreary life of this poor, patient old soul. Miss Genella Watts, Taylorsville, R. R. 5, Box 27, N. C. Helpless for eighteen years with spinal trouble. Parents dead. Poor and needy, unable to work. Grateful for any assistance. Highly recommended. Mary Ellen Willis, Barnesville, Ga. Helpless invalid. Poor and needy. Greatly in need of assistance. Send her the sympathy that buys bread and lots of it. Mrs. M. H. Campbell, Martinsville, Box 395, Va. Invalid. Great sufferer. Husband earns a dollar a day, and has to stay home most of the time to nurse her. Doctor says she will never be any stronger. Send something to pay for medical attention.

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Packed in a box all ready for shipping and delivered Free by Parcel Post. Six Medium Knives and Six Medium Forks, fully warranted. Table Cutlery. Made to wear. Strongest Construction, best Cast Steel with clean, black, smooth handles. Will come handy when the best silver is not needed; and in fact this fine grade Cutlery is universally used in preference to plated ware when you want to use nice shiny knives to cut tough meat or other things with. We will send this useful Premium for a club of only Seven subscribers to COMFORT for 15 months at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Arthur White, Piedmont, R. R. 3, S. C. Chronic sufferer from rheumatism. Wants to go to a hospital for treatment, but has no funds to get there. Will someone help him? He is very worthy. Miss Myrtle Canady (33), 111 S. Pennsylvania Ave., Greensburg, Pa. Partially paralyzed for five years. Unable to do any work. Has to depend on mother who is afflicted with rheumatism. Highly recommended. Do the best you can for this afflicted family. Miss Mary S. Stone, Greenville, N. Y. Invalid for thirty years. Great sufferer. Deformed and almost helpless. Her physician says: "Her case is one of the saddest I have seen in a number of years' work among the sick." Do what you can for this poor, destitute, lonely soul. J. M. Rickard, Spott, Mo. Helpless rheumatic. Needy and worthy. Highly recommended. Give him a greenback boost. Eliza Rook, Altoona, Kans. Chronic invalid more than thirty years. No one but an aged sister who helps to support her. Very worthy. Highly recommended. Send her a dime shower. Mrs. Lucy Irwin, Concord, Ky. A martyr to the agonies of heart trouble. Widow without means of support. Finest references. Send her some money to buy heart stimulants. Tavis Colum, Mulberry, R. R. 1, Box 69, Ark. Invalid for many years. Would like letters, postals and any financial aid you can render. Edward L. Potts, Evergreen, Ala. (Bellevue Route.) Head drawn to his knees by rheumatism. Helpless for fifteen years. Poor and needy. Highly recommended. Belle Chapman, Springfield, R. R. 6, Tenn. Helpless child. Six years of age. Mother dead. Father poor. Sister of thirteen looks after her. Needs financial help and would like books and cards. Agnes McKim, 326 Walnut St., Royersford, Pa. Invalid. Would like letters, postal (CONTINUED ON PAGE 3L.)

DRINK CRESCENT ORANGEADE MAKE IT YOURSELF

Just add cold water to Crescent Orangeade Powder, sweeten with sugar and you will instantly have the finest, richest drink imaginable. Fully guaranteed under the Pure Food Law, U. S. Serial No. 11788. A big money maker at Fairs, Bazaars, Ball Games, Dances, Etc. Many make \$10. to \$50. a day. Over 4c. profit on every glass. One glass means a steady customer. Agents wanted to sell the powder to families, restaurants, stores, etc. Send a dime for a trial package (enough for 17 glasses) with catalogue, etc., postpaid. You will be surprised and delighted. Address: CHAS. W. MORRISSEY & CO., 4417 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

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NEW OFFER—right now. WE PAY ALL CHARGES. Send a post card to Paragon Tailoring Co., Dept. 407, Chicago, Ill.

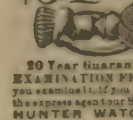
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BOYS! Here is your chance to get a fine baseball outfit, consisting of complete uniform including shirt, pants, cap and belt, good quality, extra well-tailored, of combination of big catcher's mitt, better's glove, catcher's mask (extra strong and durable) and rubber center ball, big league style, or fine chest protector. Will Not Cost One Cent. Send your name and we will send you a set of our fine pictures to dispose of at 25 cents each. Send us the \$2 you collect and for your trouble will send you outfit as described. WRITE TODAY for pictures. No harm done. I take back what you can't sell.

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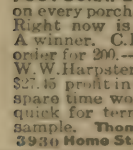


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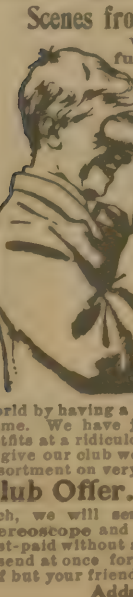


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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.


A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

THE soft, balmy month has come at last. No more thought of winter, or its chill breezes will bother us for a while. If there should happen to come a cool day it but reminds us that we are free from snow and ice. The plans and notes cover a wide range and will prove of interest to any live, ambitious boy, who has a liking for mechanics. See that your subscription is paid up so you will not miss any numbers.

The Capital

The Capital of the United States has been located at different times at the following places: Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, York, Princeton, Annapolis, Trenton, New York, then back to Philadelphia, where it remained until 1800, since which time it has been in Washington. Nearly all of the changes were made in the stormy days when the Young Republic was undergoing its baptism of fire. The stability of the government is attested by the fact that no change has been considered since the war of 1861.



Experiment

Here is a little experiment in air pressure. Fill a glass jar with water to a point half way to the top. In this you float a small medicine bottle filled just full enough to float as shown. Seal the jar with a piece of sheet rubber tied at "A." The air that is in the jar between the rubber and the surface of the water is just like any other material substance. If you press down on the flexible rubber you push the air down against the medicine bottle and it sinks. As soon as you withdraw the pressure the bottle bobs up again. This should set you thinking. I will answer any definite question you ask me about air pressure.

Inexpensive Canoe

This plan is for the boy who wants a canoe and cannot afford to put more than three or four dollars into one. Most of the material used can be procured from a friendly grocerman without expense. The work of building is not beyond the ability of any bright boy over twelve years of age. In fact, the whole idea is from the brain of one of my boy readers. The boat that he made proved successful in every way and is still in daily use. His total outlay for material was less than three dollars. The long strips used for gunwales and timbers, and the canvas were purchased, the ribs were made of barrel hoops.

The first part of the work is to bolt up your two long ash strips as in Fig. 1. First nail in the center brace, which is thirty-six inches long and next draw the ends of the strips together with long bolts as clearly expressed by Fig. 4. To prepare those strips for bending either soak them in water, preferably hot, for a few days, or else steam them for a few hours. The piece which runs along the bottom is now our problem. Instead of trying to curl each end up to form the bow and stern of a canoe, we fasten hoops to each extremity. As one hoop will not be strong enough we use four thicknesses nailed together. To make a good strong joint lap them over the bottom strip eight inches as in Fig. 2. Nail the hoops to this piece and reinforce by wrapping with wire. The manner of fastening the top of the curved hoops inside the point of the bow and stern is shown by Fig. 4. The extreme end must be planned to look like "Y" so it will fit snugly. At this time screw the nuts to their limit of tightness. If you wish you may take out the bolts later on, but it is better to see that they are just long enough so that the head and nut may be countersunk into the gunwales. The gunwales are the two long strips shown in Fig. 1. Use hoops of double or triple thickness and shape two to the size of Fig. 5. They may be

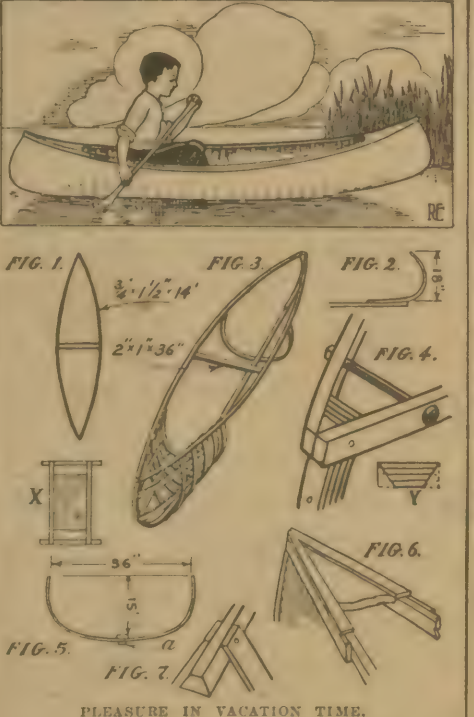


FIG. 1. 2' 1/2" x 36"

FIG. 2. 4' 0" x 4" x 1/2"

FIG. 3. 2' 1/2" x 14"

FIG. 4. 4' 0" x 4" x 1/2"

FIG. 5. 36"

FIG. 6. 4' 0" x 4" x 1/2"

FIG. 7. 4' 0" x 4" x 1/2"

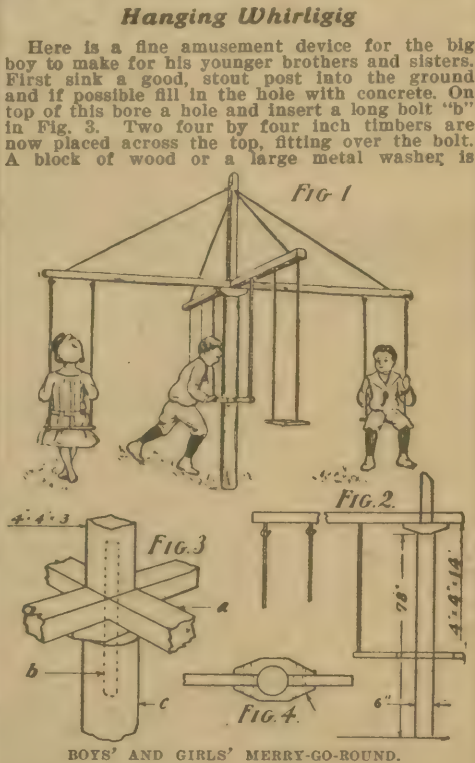
PLEASURE IN VACATION TIME.

curved accurately by steaming them and then nailing them to a mould cut to the dimensions given. Leave them for two days or longer so that they will be dried and stiffen to the right contour. Those hoops or ribs are then fastened two feet each side of the center brace, which holds the gunwales apart. They come inside the gunwales and outside the bottom strip. Fasten with screws, first boring gimlet holes. You may now put in the four other strips, from end to end, two on each side, as shown in the fore part of Fig. 3.

Put in a steamed hoop every four inches as shown by the same cut. These must be pulled, and stretched and fastened, carefully and slowly to get a graceful, and worthy boat. If you only put in one rib a day, put it in right. The boiling or steaming may be done in a common wash-bowler. The longer they are steamed the more pliable they will be. When all the ribs are in we are ready for our canvas covering. Turn the canoe skeleton upside down and lay your canvas so that its center line will rest upon the bottom central strip. Tack along this, stretching

carefully as you go. I know of no rule for this work only to work from the center gradually in all directions. On the center line of the bottom nail another strip, lengthwise, as indicated by "a" in Fig. 5. Place in a deck piece at each end of the boat, and cover the edges of the canvas with strips tacked along the gunwale. Fig. 6 illustrates this finishing process. The next step is three or more good coats of paint inside and outside. Use the best lead and oil and allow each coat to thoroughly dry before applying the next. "X" is a diagram of a seat made of strips and canvas.

The canoe made according to the directions given is neat, serviceable and safe. It will yield you many an hour of pleasure but do not use it as if it were an ironclad. Write me if you want further information or just drop a line to say that you don't need any.



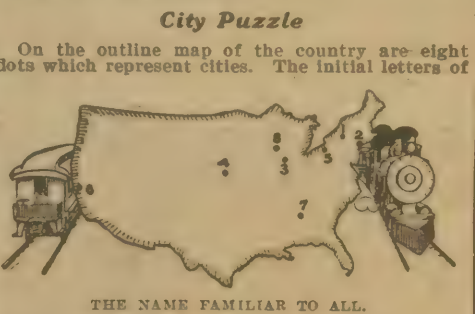
Hanging Whirligig

Here is a fine amusement device for the big boy to make for his younger brothers and sisters. First sink a good, stout post into the ground and if possible fill in the hole with concrete. On top of this bore a hole and insert a long bolt "b" in Fig. 3. Two four by four inch timbers are now placed across the top, sitting over the bolt. A block of wood or a large metal washer is placed under the timbers to reduce friction. On top of the timbers place a three-inch post, which is also bored so as to fit over the bolt. From the top of this high post cables are stretched and fastened to the ends of the cross arms. From the under side of the timber ends hang swings as shown. In the center is a hanging cleat by means of which the swings are turned. Fig. 2 shows this arrangement clearly. Paint all the wooden parts green and you will have a pretty and durable merry-go-round that will bring your friends for miles around.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' MERRY-GO-ROUND.

City Puzzle

On the outline map of the country are eight dots which represent cities. The initial letters of those cities arranged in the numerical order indicated spell the name of a very familiar nickname of the country, or federal government.



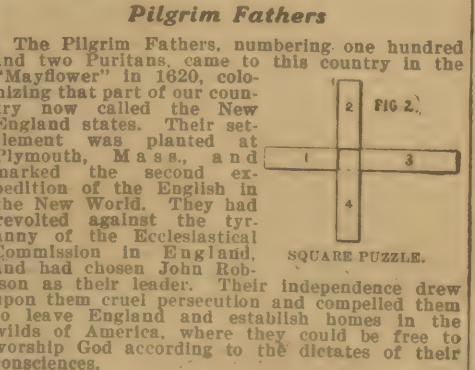
THE NAME FAMILIAR TO ALL.

Big War Fund

German statesmen believe that the war chest of \$30,000,000 in cash that has been idle forty years is the greatest factor of peace in the Empire. It is packed in more than 1,000 chests and numerous bags. Each chest contains 100,000 marks, and each bag 1,000 marks. The seals are inspected three times daily by three different officials and other superior government agents make monthly inspections. Some of the statesmen have attempted to have the money invested but others argue that it serves better as a big stick to scare off any prospective infringers on German rights.

Pilgrim Fathers

The Pilgrim Fathers, numbering one hundred and two Puritans, came to this country in the "Mayflower" in 1620, colonizing that part of our country now called the New England states. Their settlement was planted at Plymouth, Mass., and marked the second expedition of the English in the New World. They had revolted against the tyranny of the Ecclesiastical Commission in England, and had chosen John Robinson as their leader. Their independence drew upon them cruel persecution and compelled them to leave England and establish homes in the wilds of America, where they could be free to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences.



SQUARE PUZZLE.

The picture above shows how the square is made by moving one of the strips. Number three is moved to the right and the small space inside the ends makes the perfect square required.

Answer to Square Puzzle

The picture above shows how the square is made by moving one of the strips. Number three is moved to the right and the small space inside the ends makes the perfect square required.

April Problems

No. 1. If James can eat a bushel of apples in 10 days, and John in 12 days, how long would one bushel last both?

No. 2. After cutting off a certain quantity of cloth from a piece containing 45 yards, it was found that there remained nine yards less than had been cut off. How many had been cut off?

No. 3. What number is that whose half, third and fourth parts together, equal 65?

Answer to March Problems

1. 80 sheep. 2. 103 and 153 votes. 3. 13 and 19.

If you have a boy friend or relation who does not receive COMFORT, you will do him a great favor by writing and telling him of some of the good things we are running in the way of mechanical articles. Work with the hands is valued just as highly as brain work, and although it is not generally known a good mechanic gets better pay than an office man. The latter may be able to wear better clothes while at work but he misses the fine health that comes from muscular work and the sense of joy that thrills one who actually makes something useful with his own

"In One Hour I Learned to Play the Piano at Home"

Without Lessons or Knowledge of Music You Can Play the Piano or Organ in One Hour.



Wonderful New System That Even a Child Can Use.

He—"You surprised me! You told me yesterday you couldn't play a note!"

She—"I couldn't; I learned to play in one hour by the wonderful 'Easy Method Music!'"

Impossible, you say? Let us prove it at our expense. We will teach you to play the piano or organ and will not ask one cent until you can play.

A musical genius from Chicago has invented a wonderful system whereby anyone can learn to play the Piano or Organ in one hour. With this new method you don't have to know one note from another, yet in an hour of practice you can be playing the popular music with all the fingers of both hands and playing it well.

The invention is so simple that even a child can now master music without costly instruction. Anyone can have this new method on a free trial merely by asking. Simply write saying, "Send me the Easy Form Music Method as announced in COMFORT."

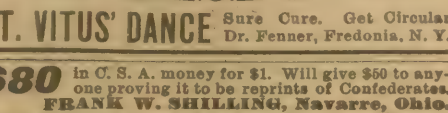
FREE TRIAL

The complete system together with 100 pieces of music will then be sent to you Free, all charges prepaid and absolutely not one cent to pay. You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us \$1.50 and one dollar a month until \$5.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with it, send it back in seven days and you will have risked nothing and will be under no obligations to us.

Be sure to state number of white keys on your piano or organ, also post office and express office. Address **Easy Method Music Company, 172 Clarkson Building, Chicago, Ill.**

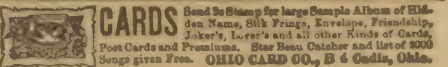
hands. The skilled mechanic works with both hands and brains and needs schooling for this purpose; so make the most of your school, learn all you can from your books and teachers and then learn a good trade or learn to be an up-to-date, progressive farmer. The professions require more education, are overcrowded and do not pay so well as formerly.

UNCLE JOHN.



ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Get Circular Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

\$80 in U. S. A. money for \$1. Will give \$50 to anyone proving it to be reprints of Confederates. **FRANK W. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.**

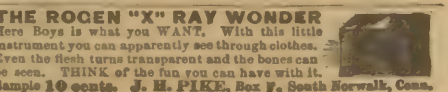


CARDS Send to Shilling for large Sample Album of 1000 Name, Birth, Death, Marriage, Friendship, Love's, Love's and all other kinds of Cards. Post Cards and Premiums. Send Best Catalog and list of 1000 Songs given Free. **OHIO CARD CO., B & C, Ohio.**



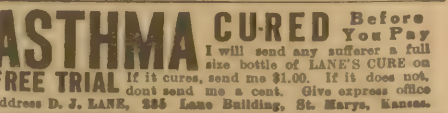
Marvel Fish Hooks

Land every fish that tries to take the bait. Write for free hooks to help introduce. **MARVEL HOOK CO., Dept. 43, CLINTON, IOWA**



THE ROOSEN "X" WAX WONDER

Here Boys is what you WANT. With this little instrument you can apparently see through clothes. Even the flesh turns transparent and the bones can be seen. THINK of the fun you can have with it. Sample 10 cents. **J. H. PIKE, Box 7, South Norwalk, Conn.**



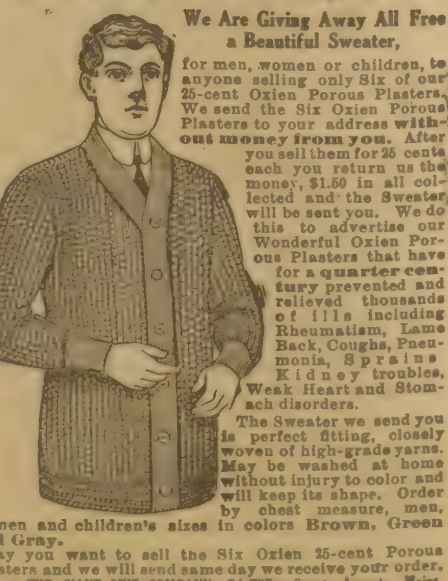
ASTHMA CURED Before You Pay

I will send any sufferer a full size bottle of LANE'S CURE on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send me \$1.00. If it does not, don't send me a cent. Give express office Address **D. J. LANE, 235 Lane Building, St. Marys, Kansas.**



Big Entertainer 320 Jokes and Riddles, 153 Parlor Games and Magic, 45 Tricks with Cards, 73 Trivia, 7 Comic Recitations, 3 Monologues, 22 Funny Readings. Also Checkers, Chess, Dominoes, Fox and Geese, 9 Men Morris. All 10c. postpaid. **J. C. Dorn, 709 So. Dearborn St., Dept. 24, Chicago, Ill.**

Sweaters Free



We Are Giving Away All Free a Beautiful Sweater,

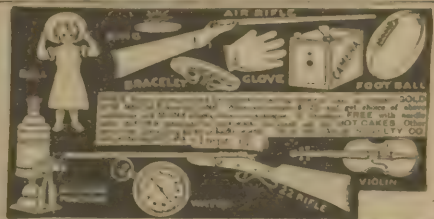
for men, women or children, to anyone selling only Six of our 25-cent Oxien Porous Plasters. We send the Six Oxien Porous Plasters to your address without money from you. After you sell them for 25 cents each you return us the money, \$1.50 in all collected and the Sweater will be sent you. We do this to advertise our Wonderful Oxien Porous Plasters that have for a quarter of a century prevented and relieved thousands of ills including Rheumatism, Lame Back, Coughs, Pneumonia, Sprains, Kicks, Stomach troubles, Weak Heart and Stomach disorders.

The Sweater we send you is perfect fitting, closely woven of high-grade yarns. May be washed at home without injury to color and will keep its shape. Order by chest measure, men and women's sizes in colors Brown, Green and Gray.

Say you want to sell the Six Oxien 25-cent Porous Plasters and we will send same day we receive your order. Address **THE GIANT OXIE COMPANY, 24 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.**

Tailoring Agents

Get our great new offer—
finest snap ever known—
\$35 to \$65 per week,
easy as A. B. C. Earn well
\$25 made-to-your-measure
suit by an hour's easy work.
Wholesale prices so low—style
so handsome, every man is your
customer. Our Beautiful Sam-
ples sell themselves. You don't
have to do a lot of talking. Our
pictures show you just how to
measure. Get our fine Sample Out-
fit, wholesale prices and Great
Special Offer. It's all FREE to
minute. Send us your name right away. Write TODAY.
Chicago Tailors Association, Dept. 216 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.



WATCH, RING AND CHAIN FREE
We give LADIES, SMALL and gentle
men, RINGS and more case watches
to anyone, for selling our art post cards
of LUNA PARK. Order 50 pictures now.
When sent send \$2.00 and
we will send you FREE
a splendidly set, guaranteed
actual watch, highly en-
graved, temper-proof, also sig-
nificant ring and hand-drawn watch.
PALACE MEN. CO., Dept. 11, CHICAGO

350 Shot Hammerless
EASY break down action, loads automati-
cally, polished Nickel Steel, walnut stock, peep
sights, length 31 inches, weight 28 ounces. Free for
selling 24 fine Mexican drawn work Handkerchiefs at 10c each.
No money required. R. W. ELDRIDGE, 182 Eldridge Bldg., OLEANS, VT.

RHEUMATISM CURED

will gladly give any sufferer a Simple Herb Recipe Absolutely Free that will
Cure any case of Rheumatism. Send 2 cent stamp. Address
W. W. SUTTON, 2651 Orchard Avenue, Los Angeles, California

X-RAY KATHODOSCOPE.
LATEST curiosity. Everybody
wants it; tells the time on watch
through cloth. Apparently see best girl,
fellow, objects through cloth, wood or stone,
any distance, all climates; lasts lifetime; always
ready for use. Price, 35 cents. Stamps or Silver.
KATHOS CO., 135 E. 25th St., N. Y. CITY.

GOLD FILLED SIGNET Ring, Warranted 3 Years, FREE
Send 10c to pay postage, packing and advertising.
Any initial engraved Free. Ring sent same day money is
received. The Auctioneers, 419 Bay St., Little Rock, Mass.

FITS
I have cured cases of 20 years stand-
ing. Trial package (free by mail).
DR. S. PERKY, Box 1860, Los Angeles, Cal.

Have You a Pet Dog?



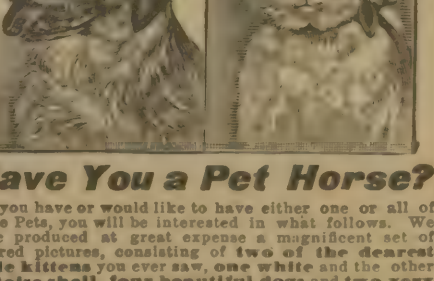
Have You a Pet Cat?



Have You a Pet Horse?



Have You a Pet Horse?



Have You a Pet Horse?

If you have or would like to have either one or all of
these Pets, you will be interested in what follows. We
have produced at great expense a magnificent set of
colored pictures, consisting of two of the dearest
little kittens you ever saw, one white and the other
tortoise shell, four beautiful dogs and two very
beautiful horses.
If you are fond of either cats, dogs or horses, these
pictures will please you very much. They are beautiful
enough to frame, as they are lithographed in bright at-
tractive colors and are copies of originals which cost a
great deal of money, so in getting these eight pic-
tures you get actually the same pleasure as you
would have if you had the originals, costing one hundred
times as much.
The names of the kittens are Tom and Flossie.
The names of the horses are Bill and J. W. The names of
the dogs are Sport, Bob, Jack and Duke. These
names may not be the names of any of your pets, but you
are almost sure to find that they look just like your own
little kitty, or your own little dog, or your own
dear old horse.
Now in order to get this beautiful set of pictures, all
you have to do is to get us one new 15 months' 25-cent sub-
scriber to COMFORT, so if you want them get one of your
friends to subscribe and we will send them to you for your
trouble. If you are already a subscriber, send us 25 cents
and 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, for a renewal for 15
months, and we will send you the entire set free.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Children's Jolly Hour

With Uncle John

CHILDREN should like this month be-
cause it seems so gentle. Remember
to be gentle yourselves, in all things,
especially with old folks. When you
are reading about Paul and Prue and
the Funny Bugs, have them listen and
you will see that they enjoy it too. If any of
the plans puzzle you write to me and I will try
to help you.

Paul and Prue and the Magic Cloak

CONTINUED FROM MARCH NUMBER.

he was charmed by the loud singing of a beauti-
ful bird.
"It is telling us something," guessed Prue, and
she was right, for soon they were able to under-
stand the song. It told them that they could
stay in the garden as long as they wished and
have plenty to eat, but that they could never go
home and see their parents again unless they



"THE BIRD BUT DID ITS DUTY."

found the button which the great bear had
snatched off the magic cloak. This put them in
a bad fix for the bear had plunged into the
depths of the forest and was utterly lost. Again,
even if they did find the bear how in the
world could they regain the button which it had
swallowed. With such thoughts in their minds
they lolled about, discouraged and not caring
much what became of them.

When the beautiful bird had told them this
sad news it came closer begging for the seeds of
the melon they had eaten.

"Be off," shouted Paul, "all that you have
done for us is to bring more sorrow to our
hearts and now you dare to ask for food."

"The bird but did its duty," put in Prue, and
she tossed it a handful of the seeds. When it
had eaten its fill, it warbled:

"Thanks, dear child, I will fly high and long
and wide till I search out the bear and I will
return and tell you where to find it."

Paul was sorry that he had been so hasty
but before he could say a word the bird was gone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Paper Animals

Four different animals are shown in the pic-
ture. A, is a horse, B, is a dog, C, is a duck, D,
is a rabbit. Each of these is made of one piece of
paper. The hard part is to fold and cut them out
right. The picture is intended to show you how to
do this. Surely you can cut out the simple
shape in the lower left-hand corner marked
"C." This makes the duck, when folded on the
dotted lines. It is just the same with the
others. Cut out as near like the given outline as
you can and bend on the dotted lines. If you
have a little natural talent and can draw pretty



IT WILL TEST YOUR INGENUITY.

well this will give you a good chance to show
it. You hundreds of girls who sent samples of
your drawing, where are you now? I would like
a small sample of this cutwork. I will reply
with a post-card.

Funny Bugs at School

In this month the Funny Bugs as well as the
children must return to school. On their way,
they met the mouse and made him go along. It



HE DOES CREDIT TO HIS NAME.

was great fun to see how stupid the mouse looked
when the teacher asked him his name. He did
not reply, so one of the Funny Bugs said that
it was Mr. Sly.

Funny Bugs Foiled

The Funny Bugs found the mousehole and
plugged it up with a cork. They have a bed
caster and are ramming the cork in good and



THE MOUSE KNEW HOW TO GET OUT.

tight. But the mouse was too sly to be trapped.
He gnawed his way out through another hole and
is running for dear life. I wonder if the Bugs
will catch him.

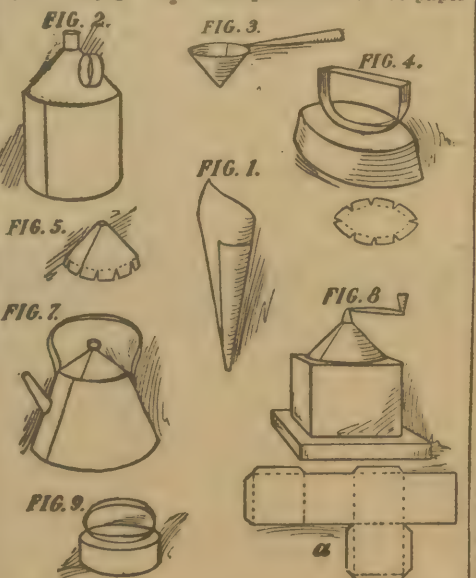
Paper Chain

Surely this chain is simple enough for the
smallest girl of all my large family to make.

Fold a common
piece of paper
once as shown in
Fig. 1. Now
with a pencil,
mark it as Fig.
2 is marked.
The next job is
to cut on the
lines with a scis-
sors. When you
have finished it
will be one link
of the chain as
in Fig. 3. The
last link on the
picture explains
better than
words can how
the links are
put on. You can
make your chain
as long as you wish
and if you have colored
paper to work with and have the links red, white
and blue it will look nice.

Kitchen Things

Here is a whole assortment of kitchen things
which you can make out of paper. The first to
try is the Jug. The main part is a roll of paper

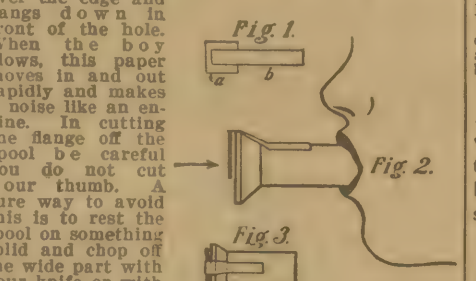


KITCHEN CONVENIENCES FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

either pasted or sewed in shape. The top or
cone part is Fig. 5. This fits into the top of the
roll. Again paste or use the needle. A cork and
a paper strip for the handle finish it. The dipper,
the fatron, tea-pot, biscuit cutter and
coffee mill are all made on the same principle.
"A" is a plan for the coffee mill. The articles
should be made quite small so that they will
fit in a box like those new shoes come in. The
best help you can get is a study of the pictures.
I would only puzzle you if I tried to make it too
plain, and besides I want you to use your own
brains a little.

Spool Engine

Look at the picture marked Fig. 2. It is a boy
with a spool in his mouth. On the upper side
of the spool is pasted a paper strip, it extends



THE SMALL BOY'S DELIGHT.

In reading the things which appear in the
Jolly Hour, it is sometimes good to go over the
same thing several times in order to get the right
idea. I try to make everything plain, but some-
times, some child is not sure of my meaning.
The pictures will tell you more about the plan
than a whole page of print. Study them closely
and you cannot make a mistake.

UNCLE JOHN.

Five Wheel Chairs in March

185 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Five wheel chairs in March is not bad. But can't
we make it more for April? Remember, spring is
here and the poor cripples want to get out and enjoy
the air and sunshine and see the flowers and hear the
birds sing. There is so little of happiness in their
dreary lives of prolonged suffering that we ought to
redouble our efforts this month to send the blessed
wheel chairs to as many shut-ins as possible.

Take your April COMFORT around and show it to
your neighbors and friends; explain to them how
much good reading and useful information they will
get out of it by a fifteen-month subscription. Who
will refuse to subscribe if you also say that you are
getting the subscriptions to help provide wheel chairs
for the shut-ins?

Following are the names of the recipients of the
five March wheel chairs. The figures after each name
indicate the number of subscriptions which the friends
of each have sent in aid of the Club.

Carson Behringer, R. R. 1, Whitney, Texas, 175;
Ethel Logan, R. R. 3, Lexington, Ky., 91; Mrs. M. S.
Carrell, Pinehurst, Ga., 63; Mrs. Annie Hogge's little
daughter, Tabb, Va., 58; Malinda Freeman, Tribbey,
Okla., 56.

Mrs. Hogge has not given us the name of her little
daughter, but we expect her to tell us when she ac-
knowledges receipt of the wheel chair. Ethel Logan
is a twelve-year-old child. Mrs. Murray, who sent
the subscriptions for her crippled mother, Mrs. M. S.
Carrell, was trying to get the chair as a cheering sur-
prise for the old lady's birthday in April, and I am
happy to say that it has been ordered in ample se-
son for that occasion.

The friends of Carson Behringer have sent the 175
subscriptions for his chair since the first of February;
and the friends of Mrs. Carrell and Mrs. Freeman got
their subscriptions in a very short time.

But especial honor is due Mrs. M. I. Tolbert of Sul-
phur Springs, Texas, who heads this month's Roll of
Honor with 93 subscriptions. Last month she sent in
20. In this splendid work she is doing for the shut-
ins she is actuated by motives of pure philanthropy
and charity, for she is not working for a wheel chair
for herself nor for any friend, but sends her subscrip-
tions for the benefit of any needy applicants. If we
had fifty such workers for the club we should soon
be able to provide every cripple in the land with a
wheel chair. We can't expect many to accomplish so
much and we are duly grateful to each and every
person who shows a disposition to help by sending
in even one subscription to the Wheel-Chair Club.
If every COMFORT subscriber would even get one
subscription for the Club all the shut-ins would soon
be provided for. Surely anybody can get one sub-
scription. Please just try; do the best you can and
send one, sure, if you can't do any better. Every
one that is sent for the Wheel-Chair Club counts, and
the shut-ins need the help of all.

In connection with Mrs. Parkhurst's nice letter of
thanks, printed below, I wish to say that with her
letter came a substantial token of gratitude in the
form of 79 more subscriptions from her friends Mrs.
L. Rice and Clara L. Cowell, who are also good
friends to the shut-ins generally as these subscriptions
have helped to provide the chairs which I have since
sent to other shut-ins.

We have a splendid Roll of Honor for March; let
us try to beat it this month.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain
that for each and every 200 new 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT sent in
either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to
COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which
they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to
some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a
large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but
I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.
Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five
or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Enables Her to Dine Out the First Time in Five Years

MALOT, IOWA, Jan. 16, 1913.
DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS, ONE AND ALL:
I received my wheel chair in December and although
my expression of thanks is a little tardy it is none
the less genuine.
I have been a shut-in and a great sufferer from
rheumatism for five years, but thanks to COMFORT and
my many friends I am a shut-in no longer.
The first day I had my chair I took dinner with a
friend, and I have been receiving invitations ever
since. I was sixty-six years old New Year's day.
Again thanking all who so kindly aided in getting
this fine wheel chair for me, I am your grateful friend,
MRS. J. PARKHURST.

Proud of His Dandy Wheel Chair

LINCOLN, ARK.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received my wheel chair all right, and am proud
of it. It is a dandy chair, and I want to thank you
and all who helped me get it. The chair surely will
be of great benefit to me.
Gratefully yours,
LEE WHITTENBERG.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those
who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of
the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous.
Following each name is the number of subscriptions
sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mrs. M. I. Tolbert, Texas, for worthy person, 93; Carson
Behringer, Texas, for own wheel chair, 80; Laura Armstrong,
N. Dak., for Flossie Wright, 50; Mrs. James T. Carmichael,
Ga., for Lillie Lummus, 48; Mrs. E. Murray, Ga., for Mrs. Car-
rell, 45; Friends, Texas, for Carson Behringer, 40; Mrs.
Dica Williams, Ohio, for Flossie Wright, 38; Mrs. J. C. Ariall,
Ala., for Ethel Logan, 20; Chas. E. Garwin, N. J., for Mrs.
John Trimmer, 20; R. L. Daggett, S. C., for H. G. Dunn, 20;
Celia Lipsay, Okla., for Tom Stopp, 19; E. T. Norwood, Tenn.,
for Marcia Tipper, 17; Jessie Rice, Tenn., for J. D. McIntosh,
16; Mrs. J. H. Wofford, Texas, for daughter, 16; Edward
H. Ober, N. J., for Edith Bachelder, 16; Flossie Pearl
Wright, Iowa, for own wheel chair, 15; Pearl Golden,
Ga., for Carson Behringer, 15; M. D. Johnson, Mass., for
Charles O'Brien, 15; Margie Sabin, Idaho, for Flossie Wright,
12; Mrs. Carl Rhoades, Kansas, for Maude Carpenter, 10; Mrs.
W. A. Owens, N. C., own wheel chair, 10; Mrs. H. J. Arnold,
Ga., for Flossie Wright, 10; Mrs. M. J. Christensen, Iowa, for
Flossie Wright, 10; Mrs. W. A. Anams, Texas, for Malinda
Freeman, 9; Mrs. Lilly McIntosh, N. C., for J. D. McIntosh, 9;
Mrs. Davis Snyder, Texas, for Mrs. Bowman, 8; Mrs. Anna
Bathiam, Iowa, for Flossie Pearl Wright, 8; Natty Lillian
Baker, N. C., for own wheel chair, 8; Miss Sadie Berg, Wis.,
for Pearl Wright, 7; Lee Whittenberg, Ark., for Flossie Pearl
Wright, 7; Mrs. H. R. Logan, Ky., for Ethel Logan, 7; Mrs.
Nabel Braden, Mo., for Flossie Pearl Wright, 7; Mrs. W. E.
Smith, Nev., for Flossie Pearl Wright, 7; Miss Florence
Moody, Minn., for Flossie Pearl Wright, 6; James J. Burke,
N. Y., for Albert Burke, 6; Mrs. Kate Pitchford, Ala.,
for Flossie Pearl Wright, 6; Mary West, W. Va., 6; Mrs.
L. L. Schuler, Kans., 6; Mrs. Lillie Jenkins, Pa., for little
Hogge girl, 6; Mrs. N. T. Simpson, Md., for most needy, 6;
Anna Wash, Ky., 5; Edrie Farmer, Texas, 5; Roy Martin,
Tenn., for Flossie Pearl Wright, 5; Mrs. Susan Long, Ill.,
6; Mrs. W. B. Beckley, N. Dak., 5; Mrs. Lillian Boone, Miss.,
for Flossie Pearl Wright, 5; Mrs. J. J. Johnson, N. C., for
Flossie Pearl Wright, 5; Mrs. A. Wilbratte, La., 5; Mrs. Mary
H. Mollin, Utah, for Flossie Pearl Wright, 5; Miss Pearl Trup,
Ohio, for Flossie Pearl Wright, 5; Mrs. Zora Gott, Mich., 5;
Jesse Dell, Ark., for Flossie Pearl Wright, 5; Miss Emma Wil-
ers, Iowa, for Flossie Pearl Wright, 5; Mrs. Henry Willey,
Neb., 5.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

T. H. G. Luther, Tenn.—If you are a healthy young man of fairly good character you will have no trouble about getting into the U. S. army as there is a demand for good men. There should be a recruiting station not far from you, but write to Secretary of War, Washington, D. C. for information in full and you will get it at once. A soldier's life in time of peace is an easy one, if he will accept freely the regulations under which he must serve, and if he will stick to it and equip himself properly, in body and mind, he stands a very fair chance of getting a commission. Even if he never gets beyond non-commissioned rank, he can retire on pay that will support him for the rest of his life.

A. J. Cadiz, Ill.—Opinions concerning the doctrine of "eternal punishment" have been greatly modified during the past half century, and while most churches still hold theoretically to the belief in a hell-fire, many individual members of those churches in good and regular standing take their religion very seriously. Any Protestant, Catholic or Jewish clergyman will give you further information.

If L. L. of Conings, W. Va., inquiring in this column for information about raising ginseng will write to John W. Wagner, Grundy, Va., he will get it at first hands, as Mr. W. has in half an acre of "sang" and a quarter of Golden Seal and believes he knows something about "sang" culture.

H. O. Terre Haute, Ind.—One may learn to read French or any other foreign language without a teacher, but it is a slow process and to speak it one must have someone to speak with. Probably the best method is with a dictaphone which is practically a teacher. The length of time required to learn depends on the linguistic ability of the pupil, and the young learn more readily than older persons. A very fair education in law may be had through correspondence schools, but the "able lawyer" is born, not made. Stenography is not typewriting, though all good typewriters know stenography. Stenography requires months of practice, a quick mind and an agile hand, besides knowledge of spelling, grammar and general information. That is, those are the requisites for a good stenographer. The cheap grade don't know much of anything and earn from five to eight dollars a week in the cities where good ones receive from twenty to thirty dollars a week and upwards for the highest class. Typewriting is more easily learned than stenography, but a good typewriter knows a lot more than merely to write quickly. Try to get a job on a Terre Haute paper as a reporter and see if the field is filled or the pay good. The firm is reliable.

Albert Dalton, 1312 Patterson Ave., Roanoke, Va., would like to hear direct from COMFORT readers in Western Canada about farming in that section, how to get government land, the climate, markets, etc., etc. If Mr. D. gets a Canada farm, we should like to hear from him.

A. E. H. Watertown, S. Dak.—Just what is an "American," has been the subject of a great deal of discussion which is still unsettled, but COMFORT accepts as correct the definition given by a friend of the paper which is that an American is any person who was born on the Western continent after it received the name of America. Before America was, there could be no Americans, but since the country has had its name all persons born within its limits are Americans. This definition is not beyond discussion, but it is better than any yet offered.

E. P. Granville Summit, Pa.—If you read COMFORT advertisements as you and all COMFORT readers should do, you would not be spending postage writing to us for the addresses of reliable coin firms. They are there; go to them.

V. M. Hustontown, Pa.—"The Chief of Police of Pennsylvania," does not exist which may be the reason for no one in your town being able to tell you who he is. If Pennsylvania has a state constabulary, write to the Governor and ask him who is at its head.

F. H. Travis, Texas.—Whitewash as made by government formula is prepared as follows: Slack half a bushel of lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during slacking. Strain and add pack of salt dissolved in warm water; three pounds of rice ground and boiled to thin paste; half pound powdered Spanish whiting and a pound of clear glue dissolved in warm water; mix well together all these and let stand for several days. To be applied hot as possible with paint or whitewash brush. Said to be as good on wood, brick or stone as paint and much cheaper. (2) Filtration by modern methods is an art that requires expert treatment. Consult an expert. An old-fashioned filter made of a barrel filled with sand, pebbles and charcoal may answer your purpose, but will not be much of a filter. (3) Piano varnishing calls for skilled talent. You cannot polish a piano to look like new. Putty makes a good filler for cracks to be painted over.

H. G. Bruffadt, Karlstad, Minn., would like to hear from Northern people living in the Southern states concerning climate, soil, prices of land, and other conditions of living in those states. COMFORT readers who know write direct to him.

M. M., Fall River, Mass.—You can buy good white paint ready mixed, differently prepared for different uses, or you can buy pure white lead, linseed oil and turpentine, perhaps adding a little drier, and mix your own paint if you know how and in what proportions. Get a painter to tell you how to mix it for your particular purpose. (2) We do not know the compound you ask for and it does not sound good to us.

E. W., Mt. Ida, Ark.—Panama hats are not made in Panama, but in Ecuador principally. They are made of native grasses and the finest are woven under water to prevent the material drying and breaking. Some bring fancy prices even as high as forty or fifty dollars from the natives, and in this country a hundred dollars or more. They cannot be made in this country. The cheaper grades are baled and shipped to foreign markets, where prices range from two dollars and fifty cents up. Five dollars is the usual price in the U. S. for a fairly good one.

Inquirer, Chaseburg, Wis.—Mark Twain died in 1910 aged seventy-five. (2) Advertisers your curio in Chicago papers so collectors may know of it. Collectors are always looking for strange things. Eleven thousand, eleven hundred and eleven is written in figures 12,111.

E. H. L., Perdue, Ore.—The letters r, s, v, p, stand for the French phrase, "Repondez il vous plait," and means: Please answer, or Respond if you please. Don't know "Bessie Boston."

Mrs. J. G., Passapatany, Va.—A knowledge of the English branches is sufficient to pass Rural Carrier examination. For particulars write to Secretary of Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

S. K. M., Eaton, Tenn.—Most story writers typewrite their manuscripts, and editors rarely bother to read those not typewritten. We advise you and all COMFORT readers with literary ambitions, and there are a good many of them, not to try to write stories except for the local papers. The local editors will teach you the necessary details and some other things you ought to know.

Mrs. L. G. H., Palroaks, Cal.—Only coin experts know their value. Write to those advertising in COMFORT. Other COMFORT readers with coins please do likewise.

O. E. N., Kansas City, Mo.—In nearly every college and university in this country, are students earning their way to an education. The only way to find out the working plans is to write to the various institutions for information. As you can attend but one at

a time, write to the one of your choice and if it hasn't what you want, try others. Make inquiries about the Loan Fund as well. In this country the young man or woman who really wants an education can get it somehow. Berea College, Berea, Ky., is one we know of where there is a working chance for both sexes.

N. B., Kuna, Idaho.—Write to coin experts advertising in COMFORT. (3) The happiest man in the U. S. probably is not the richest one. We don't know who he is. It is neither Mr. Rockefeller nor Mr. Carnegie. Mr. C. has an annual income of a dozen or fifteen millions, more or less. Nobody knows how many Carnegie libraries there are in the U. S. Mr. C. has lost count of them, but is building more. He lives in New York, Pittsburg and Scotland.

H. J., North Adams, Mass.—You can get sectional maps of any of the states by writing to Supt. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C. The price is merely nominal. Hasn't North Adams a large-sized map of Arizona?

A. A. Moran, Kans.—Information concerning homestead lands may be had by writing to Commissioner of the Land Office, Washington, D. C.

Inquirer, Shenandoah, Va.—A good many COMFORT readers are inclined every now and then to go into some local business or other and write to us for information concerning licenses and other matters of purely local conditions. COMFORT is not the place to seek information, but right in the towns where the business is to be located. Every town has its own local laws and what they are can only be learned by inquiring on the spot. Any town official knows more in a minute than we do in a year about such matters.

Mrs. A. W., Amboy, Ill.—Woman's Exchanges are established in every town in the country where the women are sufficiently interested in each other's work to give the workers a chance to sell their products. A commission is charged on sales which maintains the Exchange, as they are not run for profit. In some places they are quite successful, in others less so and in some they fail. It depends entirely upon the women. No two of them are exactly alike, as no two communities are alike, and no two women.

Subscriber, Walling, Tenn.—The country photographer has very little chance to sell photographs for publication, as every publication almost has its own staff of photographers, and in addition there are large operators in every city who have their cameras at every point which is worth photographing. The country photographer and the amateur have their chances only in such pictures as are original and unusual. The nearest city Sunday paper is the best opening for sales. They will often buy pictures of local interest, either news or otherwise, not gathered in by their own men.

Bridge, Monongah, W. Va.—If you pass the civil service examination and get on the eligible list, it is supposed that political influence has nothing to do with your case and you will come in your regular order on the list. In some cases this is true, and in others it is known that politics has got an applicant in ahead of others who lack the influence. Politicians are human.

Justice, Montezuma, Ia.—As yet there is no general law providing pensions for old people, but in some of the states measures are moving toward that end. What Iowa has done we do not know. Ask your member of the legislature.

Subscriber, Harleton, Pa.—The duties of the President of a base ball club vary, but generally they are to have a general supervision of the club in all matters of business, playing and its relations to other clubs and the public.

Mrs. S. S., Delphine, Mont.—There is no rule for measuring the stack of hay because no two stacks are alike in shape. If the stack were a perfect cone its cubical contents might be determined by multiplying half its diameter of base by 3.14159 and this product by the height of the stack, and dividing by two.

Gus, Crary, N. Dak.—Like a great many COMFORT readers and other people besides, you depend too much on information that may be most easily obtained and are governed by it. You ask us as others do about conditions of all kinds in Canada and Northwest U. S., as applicable to yourself. What might be true for some would not be for you and if you acted on such information and failed to make good you would blame yourself last, when in fact, nobody would be to blame except yourself. Thousands of failures of people going to new localities are due to just such careless methods. Make a trip into the sections you think of moving to and see for yourself what they offer. One trip of this kind is worth more to a prospective settler than whole volumes of information given to him by someone else. For that reason we do not attempt to answer your numerous questions.

S. B. H., Benbo, Ky.—When any COMFORT reader finds any strange mineral, or wood, or flower, or water or other unusual natural product on his land he should at once write to the Governor of his state about it and ask him to submit the matter to the proper authorities. Discoveries of natural resources are being made all the time and state officials are always interested in investigating their value.

Stops Tobacco Habit

Elders' Sanitarium, located at 698 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be stopped in three to five days.

As they are distributing this book free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once—Advertisement.

You Can Make \$7.00 PER 100 COLLECTING your neighbors names for our Directory. All kinds of names wanted. Send 10 cents postage for blank book and outfit. We want a million names quick. **TELE DIRECTORY CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.**

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—in other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied, German. **American Institute, 954 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.**

FREE WATCH RING and CHAIN We positively give free a beautiful, gold-finished, engraved American made, stem-wind, stem set watch, proper size, guaranteed five years. Also a beautiful ring set with three diamond cut brilliants for setting 20 jewelry articles at 10c each. Order jewelry today. When sold send \$2.00 we will send watch, ring, chain. **ARDEN WATCH CO., Dept. 39 Chicago**

TO GAIN WEIGHT

Will you tell me what to do to get plump and increase my weight a few pounds? I am 22 years of age, five feet four inches tall, and weigh only 110. I should be very glad if you will tell me how to gain about 15 pounds. I am working in an office every day. **MARION K.**

Directions for increasing the weight have been printed here so often in reply to other distressed thin people that some may frown at a repetition.

You may increase your weight by eating nourishing food, using plenty of butter, olive oil, fruits and nuts. Above all, take plenty of time for eating, and chew your food thoroughly. At some sanitariums, patients who wish to get fat live on an exclusive milk diet, drinking from ten to fifteen quarts a day.

I have had a number of people tell me that a new nourishment called Sargol does wonders in putting on flesh, and that as a test the Sargol Co., 12-D, Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., will send a 50c. package free to any one mailing them 10c. to help pay distribution expenses. You had better send to them for this, as it certainly is much easier to take a little tablet of condensed flesh-builder three or four times a day than to drink several gallons of milk. It sounds reasonable, as we all know there are foods so concentrated that an ounce or so a day is sufficient for a soldier on a long march.

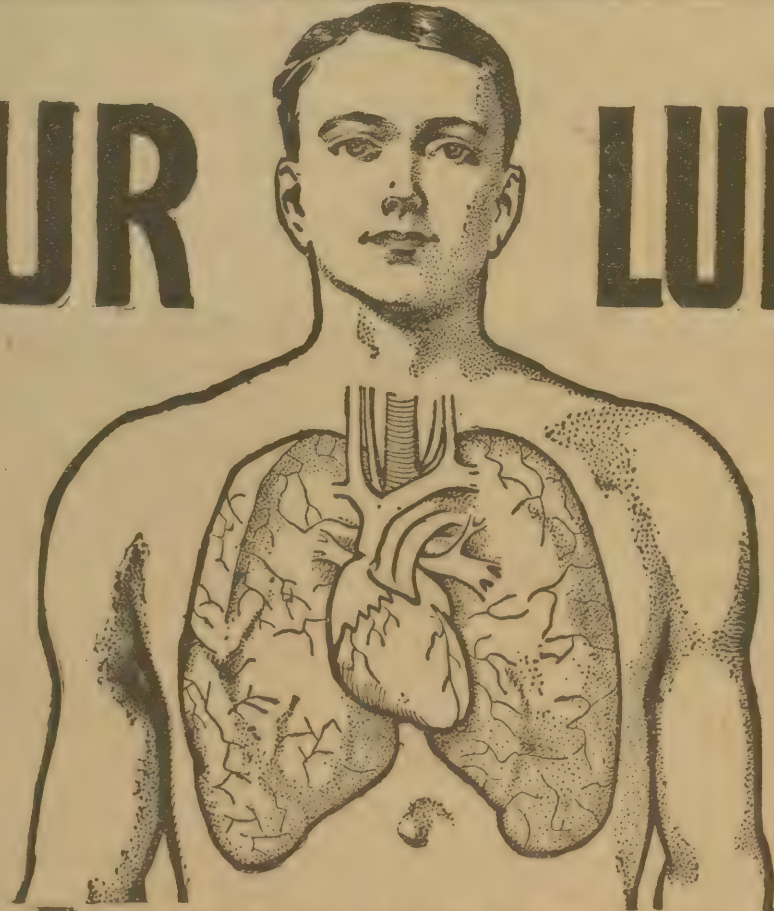
I hope you will be able to write me in a short time that my advice has helped you gain the desired weight, for there is nothing more embarrassing than to be skinny and underweight.



Having a Big run everybody needs it. A wonderful offer. This is a standard work of real value, not to be compared with the anonymous and trashy dictionaries so largely advertised. It contains 344 pages, and upward of 30,000 words, with pronunciation and definition of each, and numerous illustrations. It is handsomely bound in cloth, and is a very neat and attractive book. To those who cannot afford a \$12.00 Webster, it furnishes an admirable substitute; in fact, unless you already have a modern, unabridged dictionary in the house, you should certainly have this. We will send this Dictionary by mail postpaid.

Special Offer: Send us only one 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these great value Dictionaries—Bona-fide new subscriptions only accepted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

YOUR LUNGS



ARE YOUR LUNGS WEAK OR PAINFUL?

Do your lungs ever bleed?
Do you have night sweats?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually hawking and coughing?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

THESE ARE REGARDED SYMPTOMS OF LUNG TROUBLE AND

CONSUMPTION

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

We Stand Ready to Prove to You absolutely, that Lung Germine, the German Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of advanced Consumption (Tuberculosis) Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other lung troubles. Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung Germine. It is not only a cure for Consumption but a preventative. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity. Lung Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over five years ago and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

Let Us Send You the Proof---Proof that will Convince any Judge or Jury on Earth We will gladly send you the proof of many remarkable cures, also a **FREE TRIAL** of Lung Germine together with our new 40-page book (in colors) on the treatment and care of Consumption and Lung Trouble

JUST SEND YOUR NAME

LUNG GERMINE CO., 218 Rae Block, JACKSON, MICHIGAN

WANTED!

**A FEW YOUNG MEN
WILLING TO WORK
Good Pay—Short Hours
No Traveling, No Experience
NO MONEY REQUIRED!**

We are willing to make a few more young men practically partners of ours in a business that pays big money—a business in which we have been successfully engaged for nearly 20 years, and which we can quickly teach others. We do not expect you to put up any money or travel. We do not require that you have gone to college or even high school. All we want to know is that you are HONEST, that you are IN EARNEST and that you will WORK.

The thousand or more hustling men whom we have already let in on this proposition do not work very hard. On the average, they work less than six hours a day. Some make a good living and work but 3 to 4 hours per day. And these men are earning four to five times as much as their friends.

We don't ask our men to go out until we have told them the secret methods that we use so successfully in getting business.

And we don't send cheap, gaudy sample books to our men. We give you a line of samples and styles so wide in variety that you can do business with anybody. The man who comes with us doesn't have to stop at \$100 to \$200 a month. If he has the stuff in him, we put him in a position to make twice that amount.

Needless to say, all our men can get things for their own needs from our factory at wholesale prices. That's about one-third less than regular retail prices.

The chances are you have got the stuff in you to make a big success; to make plenty of money. All you need is a chance. Well, here is your chance—the chance to get into a business that pays big RIGHT FROM THE START. A business in which you can choose your own work hours and be your own boss. A business in which you can't lose a penny. Only a few men are wanted. Those who write first will be given preference. Remember, no money is required. We furnish the capital, equipment and experience, free of cost to you. Write right now; tomorrow may be too late.

The Progress Tailoring Company
Dept. 194, (28) Chicago, Illinois

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with for biding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Preventers, Shambaugh, Iowa.—It is not obligatory for a lady to serve refreshments in the evening to a "steady" caller, but it certainly adds to the festivities of the occasion if she does. However, nothing elaborate, a few apples often being sufficient. The refreshments may well be omitted when coming in after church, though some girls are favorites with the young men because they always have a bite handy for callers at any time. We favor the refreshment method.

Bud, Grafton, N. Dak.—It is considered quite proper to dance any of the decent round dances with other men than brothers or cousins. Some of the new ones such as turkey trot and bear hug are not decent. Indeed, if a girl has no brothers or cousins at a dance, how will she ever dance? (2) A lady may accept a gentleman's escort for a short trip on a train and they may even stop at the same hotel, but it must be with the full knowledge of all their friends.

Lulu, Spicer, Minn.—There is no safe means known to stop one's natural growth. Five feet eight is rather tall for a fourteen-year-old girl, but don't worry, some very famous beauties have been six feet tall and the tall girl is far more stylish than the dumpy one.

M. E. G., Plainfield, Wis.—A wedding breakfast comes about as near being the counterpart of a luncheon as can be imagined. Begin it with grape fruit, say, served with sugar and a cherry, then follow with a lobster or chicken salad, or jellied consommé, to be followed by sweetbreads or other light meat course, deviled eggs, and potato gratin, with dessert of ice cream, cake and coffee. Relishes of any kind with salted nuts go with it to taste. If these things are not to be had you may compose the breakfast to suit your means, being especially careful to make everything dainty and not serve too much or too many things.

Blue Eyes, St. Joseph, Mo.—There are various things called "Kensington." What kind do you want? (2) A hostess at an "At Home" receives her guests and looks after their comfort and pleasure in every way she can. But she does not select subjects for discussion. That is left to the taste and wishes of the guests, individually and severally. (3) Two good books of etiquette are Mrs. Sangster's "Good Manners for All Occasions" and Emily Holt's "Encyclopedia of Etiquette." Any book-dealer in St. Joe can get one or both for you, if they don't have them. Practice, though, is worth more than book knowledge, though the books are handy for details.

Flower, Beves, La.—There are as many different kinds of bridal processions at church weddings as there are brides and whatever kind the bride wants she may arrange to her own satisfaction. (2) The superstition that May is an unlucky month to marry in comes down from the gent to hold the lady's hand when driving with her, but we suppose if her hand got so very cold it hurt her, that he might hold it long enough to start the circulation. (2) Thank anybody for any courtesy shown you, no matter who or what. (3) You may ask a friend for his picture.

Lonely, Cole Camp, Mo.—Your parents are acting quite properly in objecting to your having beaux while you are in school. Girls of sixteen are nearly always silly about young men.

Sonnet, Cedar Falls, Ia.—Etiquette prescribes no rules for the proper actions of a man when he gives the engagement ring nor for the lady when she receives the same. Any way that suits the two most interested persons is correct.

Chums, Hartshorn, Okla.—It is quite correct to inform young men callers of the hour at which they must leave. And there should be a definite hour in all families. For most young men are thoughtless. (2) The man may walk between two ladies, if they wish him to, but usually he walks to the outside of them. (3) When a lady has an engagement to go out with a man she should be ready to start when he arrives. Promptness is politeness. She may meet him at the door unless she has a servant to do so, and at a show she does not have to hold his hat.

Chad, Polk, Ga.—It is not necessary to give up church in order to attend dances, unless your church is of the order which does not permit dancing. The "gentleman" you "have been keeping company with," has no right to go to dances and object to your going. What is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose.

Mother of Twins, Novinger, Mo.—Your husband should not have let the man with a wife meet the woman in his shop unless he had consulted you first. Now all he can do is to ask your forgiveness and promise not to permit such meetings hereafter. If he does, then you report the meeting to your wife, who doesn't know about it and we think that will stop it.

Perplexed, Aldine, Texas.—A birthday present for a young man should be some small article of jewelry, a watch, a safe, a cane, an umbrella, or something of that kind, to cost as little as may be. (2) If even one other girl wears low quarters in your community, you may do so. To be the only one might make you conspicuous. (3) A girl of fourteen should not have young men callers, Sunday or any other day.

Discouraged, Fairmont, N. Dak.—Where two or three persons living in an uncongenial community find it difficult to get along with the people, they should either not associate with any of them, or move to congenial surroundings. It is hardly to be expected that the few should ask the many to conform to their ideas.

Blue Eyes, Hebo, Oregon.—Beware of the unknown correspondent. Besides being very unconventional, it may lead you into an affair with an ex-convict or a married man. Girls cannot be too careful of the kind of men they know.

Brown Eyes, Livingston, Cal.—Romantic young people often put their names in boxes of local products, eggs, fruit, or others, and send them out to be picked up by anybody who will. It may be interesting to them, but it is very risky and may lead into serious trouble. You had better not reply to the letters you have received. (2) The use of cosmetics is so general among women that it is a recognized custom, and when used artistically, may be endorsed, but the greatest care should be exercised in their use and color should be handled very cautiously. Ordinary white powder is a necessity of the toilet and is not objectionable.

Eldas, Elon College, N. C.—If the young man feels hurt because the young lady is attentive to accept of other company when he has not asked her himself, he should be more alive and not let his rival get ahead of him. Victory belongs to the vigilant.

Puzzled, Roseberry, Idaho.—It is proper for a young lady to visit the home of her sweetheart if invited by his mother or sister, not otherwise. (2) Your "steady company" is not acting properly in having a flirtation with another girl and you would be justified in letting the other girl have him. (3) It would be grossly impolite for a gentleman to return a lady's invitation to any affair with "I accept," or "I decline," written across it, unless he did it as a joke and she understood it. A party of young people may be perfectly capable of looking after themselves in any kind of outing, but a chaperon should be with them, and the more capable they are the less they object to a chaperon.

Poultry Farming for Women

Correspondence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

there is never any telling when such growths may be cancerous, and it is not safe to fuss with them. I am sorry, but I cannot answer letters by mail.

E. M. E.—I hatched Toulouse geese last June. Will their eggs hatch? I have been told that goose eggs will not hatch until the goose is two years old. (2) Now, would you please give me a few hints on how to raise turkeys, as I would like so well to raise a few.

A.—It is not advisable to use eggs for hatching from geese under two years of age, for though they may hatch, the goslings will not be profitable. (2) It takes turkey eggs twenty-nine days to hatch, and large, motherly old birds should be chosen to do the incubating. It is not safe to put more than five such eggs under an ordinary hen. When the hatch is over, put the hen into a brood coop, and in front of it put a box about nine inches deep and large enough to form a yard for the babies to exercise in. It is, of course, necessary to remove part or the whole of the end of the box which joins the front of the coop, so that the little ones can run out and in. Cover the bottom of the box with coarse sand and put a small drinking fountain in one corner. Then the babies will have a safe place to play in the first few days of infancy, which is squandered out of it before it is fed. Like little chicks, they must have nothing for thirty-six hours; then little and often must be the rule. Never leave food in front of little turkeys, for they are very apt to overeat. After two weeks they need only be fed four times a day; after the fourth week three times a day. After the first two days of feeding add a little hard-boiled egg which has been chopped fine without removing the shell, and a few days later add chopped green onion tops, pinhead oatmeal and ground charcoal; about a teaspoonful of the latter to a cupful of bread and oatmeal. By the

"WANTED—Agents to sell Home Remedies. Write HOME REMEDY CO., FREDONIA, N. Y."

How Are Your Nerves?

Nervousness is often merely an indication that the body is out of tone, and entirely disappears when this fault is corrected. Hundreds who suffer from Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Exhaustion, etc. have found Bodi-Tone, just what they needed, for its activities in the body are of a character needed to set bad nerves right. You can try a dollar box without a penny. See offer on last page.

Song Poems Wanted Cash for good ones. Needham Music House, 31 Hays, St. Louis, Mo.

SILK HOSE Free this month. Send no money. State city. Agents, TRIPLEWEAR MILLS, Dept. G, 112 So. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

GO ON THE STAGE Will tell you how! Write for a good descriptive circular. It's Free. Wisconsin Supply Company, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

LADIES Make Shields at Home. \$10.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. EUREKA CO., Dept. 21, Kansas, Mich.

Women Agents Wanted. Do you sell to women? Write today for full information about our quick selling big profit proposition which you can carry as a sideline. Wyoming Mfg. Co., 11 Main St., PITTSBURGH, Pa.

You Can Make \$8.00 PER 100 COLLECTING your neighbors' money for our Directory. All kinds of names wanted. Send 10 cents postage for blank book and outfit. We want a million names quick. WATSON & CO., 236 N. LAKE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Home services.

TEN BOOKS for 10 cents—We give ten complete and separate books and a good Magazine for one year—the whole thing for only ten cents, post paid. Send stamp or coin. ROCKWELL BOOK CO., 236 Archer Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

MORPHINE No matter how long you have been troubled, no matter how many treatments you have taken, there is one sure, safe—home cure—MANINE. You owe it to yourself to write at once for free proof of the only drug cure in the world. Not a habit. Manine Medicine Co., 620 Princess Building, St. Louis, Mo.

BIRTHSTONE RINGS Free Greatest ring offer ever made; guaranteed five years. To make new customers we send this Beautiful Ladies' Ring with stone for any month, only 12c. stamps to pay packing and mailing. State size and month. C. REXFORD CO., 936 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

J. U. RUTISHAUSER CO. Established 1855 The Old Reliable Mail Order Jewelry House Wholesale Dealers in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Clocks and Cut Glass. WE SELL DIRECT TO THE CONSUMER Write for OUR BIG FREE CATALOGUE J. U. RUTISHAUSER CO., 31 N. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL. References—Any Bank or Mercantile Agency

I Can Make Your Fat Vanish by the Gallon!

I CONQUERED OBESITY PAST MIDDLE-AGE

I Ate Everything I Liked—Went Through No Exercise—Wore No Special Clothing—took No Weakening Baths!

I Explain My Simple, Speedy Home Treatment to You—FREE!



I, Lucile Kimball, a married woman past middle-age, attacked by obesity for years, finally conquered the fat monster. Everything you ever tried, I tried. I went through exercises, rolled on the floor, cut down my food, gave up sweets, fats and starches, wore elastic clothing, tried electricity, massage, osteopathy, vibration, hot and vapor baths, swallowed pills, capsules and teas—gained as rapidly as I lost—and so would you with those so-called treatments.

For years, my friends have asked me to tell them how I got rid of fat and kept it off. They know that I eat what I want—go through no exercise other than I get around the house and office; that I am FREE from obesity, happy, healthy, supple—and look younger by fifteen years than I actually am! I was afraid that my Home Treatment might prove temporary. I waited months. My fat did not return, and I waited years, but my fat did not come back. Still, I postponed. I tried my Home Obesity Treatment on friends. They were equally benefited—men and women of all ages. And finally I decided to reduce the obesity of fat men and women all over the world.

You have figured fat by the pound. Your "methods" and "treatments" have attacked living tissues more than fat. What did you gain? Nothing! Your fat came back the moment you stopped your exercise or diet. It did not go if you tried anything else. But my Home Treatment is not exercise or diet. I say "diet" in its broadest sense—not "starvation diet," not "excessive diet," but diet of any kind.

Eat any kind of meat, vegetables, salads, pastry, fish, fowl, nuts, candy that you want—when you want it. Drink what you want—when you want it. I don't interfere with your food or drink. No bending over, rolling, playing golf, horseback riding, doing exercises of any kind. Sit in your chair at home, or in your chair at your office—and the fat will vanish from you by the pint, quart and gallon. It goes away rapidly. It melts from your cells. You feel better—stronger. Beauty returns to women; strength to men. You never heard of anything of the kind before in your life. Everybody says, "How wonderful!" It is marvelous beyond description, and it is absolutely harmless. It is so simple, you need devote only three or four minutes each twenty-four hours to its use.

You Must Not Send Any Money!

Above all else, if you want this Home Obesity Treatment of mine, write at once. But—don't send a penny. I will return it. I want to tell you what this Home Obesity Treatment is, how it works. I want you to be able to use it in your own home or boarding house—on the train—visiting—anywhere. Nobody knows you use it. You never are asked to write a testimonial. I am a home-body, opposed to the work of charlatans. I know that you will appreciate the sincerity of my message, and send today for this FREE. I know your name and address will be among the first to reach me. I pledge secrecy and my personal attention. Don't wait. Get this NOW—FREE. If you are slightly fat, if you are moderately obese, if you are very fat, if you have double-chin or localized obesity in any part of your body. Don't let fat get a stronger grip on you. Stop being the butt of ridicule. Get this NOW—FREE. I look for your immediate request. Address me, please:

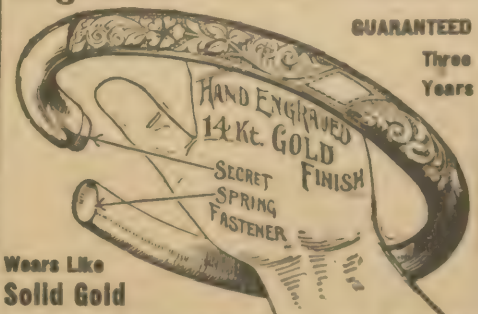
Lucile Kimball, Suite 5, 1327 Michigan Blvd. Chicago, Illinois.

end of two weeks gradually reduce the bread and increase the oatmeal, which should be cooked half an hour and allowed to dry out, so it is easily crumbled when cool. After the fourth week, ordinary ground oats, moistened with scalded milk, may be used. Half boiled liver, chopped fine, is the best animal food to give. When that is not practicable, use the best brand of commercial ground beef, one teaspoonful to a quart of meal, because it is very strong and liable to produce diarrhea—a disease which attacks young

turkeys almost sooner than any other young bird. Watch carefully, and at the first evidence of any looseness of the bowels give boiled rice to eat, and rice water or cold tea to drink. Watch newly hatched babies for a few days at feed time, for there is often one or more that needs to be taught how to eat. This is especially so when they are with common hens. But a little patience in crumbling feed close in front of them and coaxing them to pick it up will overcome the difficulty.

Engraved Gold Bracelet

GUARANTEED
Three
Years



Wears Like
Solid Gold

THIS Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique Spring Fastening is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages and wears like Solid Gold. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly three inches in diameter, we consider it a beautiful pattern. Your Initial or Initials may be engraved on the shield, or not, as you choose. This bracelet is a Summer of 1913 style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee it and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Special Offers: Send us only one new 15-month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, for your own sub. or a renewal.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FRENCH IVORY TRAY

Also a Vanity Box with Puff and Powder



The tray is made of the white Ivory that is not only fashionable but will enhance the beauty of any dresser or vanity. It is five by three inches and nearly half inch deep. With this tray we give you a small powder box containing a puff, and a package of perfume, and a sanitary toilet powder. Enough powder to last a long time, and you can use this both on your face and body.

The illustration will give you an excellent idea how the puff is made, and the shape of the box and tray. The box is small and light, handy to take around with you.

One good feature of this kind of Ivory ware is that you can wash it with soap and water, and it will look just as good as new, and always have a fresh appearance.

Club Offer: For one subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months we will send you either the tray or the powder box and puff with face powder free, or we will send the entire outfit of tray, box and puff and powder, for a club of two subscribers at 25 cents for 15 months. These must be new subscribers but if you prefer to send your own 35c. renewal for 15 months and 10 cents extra, 35c. in all, we will send you either the Tray or Box, powder and puff free by Parcel Post.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ladies' Corset Covers

Made of cambric finish Muslin, and are Beautifully Trimmed Across the Front with rows of lace and beading with Dainty Ribbon inserted. The neck and armholes also have lace to match. These Corset Covers have a puckering string around the waist which can be drawn to fit any waist, and this gives the desired effect.

We have these Corset Covers in different styles, but the illustration will give you a very good idea of what we are offering.

Every woman and girl has to have corset covers included in their wardrobe, so now is the chance to get as many as you want Free.

They come in sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. Be sure and state size required when ordering.

Club Offer: For a club of only Three subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you one of these beautifully trimmed Corset Covers, free by Parcel Post.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

35 Birthday, Motto, Comic, Flower, Love Postals, 10c. very swell. **WAGNER & HESS CO.**, 837 Ashland St., Chicago.

Men Wanted Detective Service. Trained or untrained. Big Pay. Address: **SECRET SERVICE**, Martinsville, Va.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. ARTOL CO., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.

\$2.00 A DAY earned at home writing; send stamp. Address **Art College**, LAPORTE, IND.

\$10 Cash Paid PER 1000 FOR CANCELLING. **SCOTT, CONNOR, & CO.**

FITS I CURED MY DAUGHTER by simple discovery. Doctors gave her up. Will send T. LEROY, Island Ave. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

GOLD Spectacles \$1 a Pair Send for catalog. Agents wanted. **Coulter Optical Co., Chicago, Ill.**

Ladies to Sew at home for a large Phila firm; good money, steady work; No canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. **UNIVERSAL CO.**, Dept. 23, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

WE MAIL \$1 for each full set of false teeth. Partial sets in proportion. Highest prices paid for Old Gold, Platinum, Silver, Diamonds & Jewelry. Mail by parcel post. **PHILA. SMELT & REF. CO.**, 805 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa. Est. 21 yrs.

LOTS OF MAIL If you want to get lots of mail from different sources, send us your name and address. We will send you a sample of our Directory, and a large assortment of various and wonderful reading matter. Write today, send 10 cents, coin or stamps for postage, and you will get lots of mail—and the big lot of power to decide. **Williams & Co., McKinley Park, Chicago, Ill.**

PATENTS, SECURED TRADE-MARKS Prompt and Efficient Services. Send Sketch or Model of your Invention. Write TODAY for Information. **M. F. GANNETT**, 407 Victor Bldg., Wash., D. C.

SONG POEMS WANTED IN PROSE OR POETRY. Send us your best work. We will pay you for it. **WAGNER & HESS CO.**, 837 Ashland St., Chicago.

BEEF BLOOD VITAMIN MAKE PINK FLESH Marvel of all Flesh Producers. Six times the strength of strong healthy blood. Gain 15 to 20 pounds, have plump form. For Indigestion, Nervousness, Constipation, To prevent wonderful powers we will send 50c trial package for 10c and our SPECIAL TEST OFFER with POSITIVE GUARANTEE. Write today, now. **THE VITAMIN COMPANY, Dept. 5, Clarinda, Iowa.**

GOITRE \$2.50 Treatment Free To convince you that my home treatment will cure Goitre, I will send you a \$2.50 Trial Treatment Free, which will quickly relieve choking and other alarming symptoms. It will also begin to reduce size of Goitre, thus satisfying you that my method will permanently cure. Read this letter from Mrs. Arthur Bell, Walton, Ind., which is one of hundreds I continually receive:

"I am happy to write you that your sample treatment two years ago entirely cured my goitre. I think it wonderful that the treatment cured it so quickly. I have nothing but prayers for you and shall always recommend your wonderful treatment."

Don't delay—write today for my FREE trial treatment. You risk nothing. I convince you that goitre can be cured. Write now while you think of it.

Dr. W. T. Bobo, Goitre Specialist, 615 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Michigan.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

ECZEMA Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—CURED, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Remember I make this broad statement after putting twelve years of my time on this one disease and handling in the meantime nearly half of a million cases of this dreadful disease. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY, I will send you a Free Trial of my mild, soothing, guaranteed treatment that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, just give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today I believe you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it and you will see I am telling you the truth. **Dr. J. E. Canaday, 1119 Court Block, Sedalia, Mo.**

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

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as many causes of sleeplessness as there are persons who suffer with it. No one remedy, nor any definite advice can be given, only do not get into the drug habit to produce sleep. Get at the cause of it and the only way to do that is to consult a physician. It should be done at once, too, because sleeplessness means serious danger to mind, body and nerves.

Mrs. V. C., San Antonio, Texas.—Tea or coffee in moderate quantities are practically harmless to healthy stomachs, but they are stimulants and possess other qualities that stomachs not healthy cannot properly handle. The result is trouble added to trouble. In some cases of dyspepsia a cup of the finest coffee and cream will produce more harm than can be remedied in a week of dieting and treatment. Both tea and coffee are acquired tastes and nature can get along better without them if they are never used. That is why we forbid them in all cases of indigestion. (2) As you live close to the dry hot air of New Mexico, go there for your catarrhal trouble. Medicine only affords temporary relief and you can get that at the drug-store.

M. H., Arrowhead, S. Dak.—Burn the warts off with lunar caustic and if they persist in coming back, consult a physician. Warts are due to certain internal conditions of blood and nerves, and tonics are necessary, but what tonics to take can only be known by the physician who makes an examination.

Ogdensburg, Wis.—Climate has very little effect upon liver and stomach troubles, unless perhaps, if you went to California or Florida and lived largely on fruit and in the open air. Then it would hardly be climate. We think if you would go to fruit farming in Colorado and in the open with plenty of active work and good food, properly eaten, you would get rid of your trouble.

Fletish, Concord, Tenn.—You have neglected your eyes until you probably have granulated lids. Consult an oculist about granulation and have him test your eyes for glasses. Crowsfeet are a sure result of using weak eyes and wrinkling the face to see when glasses should be used. (2) If when you have taken a warm bath, you follow it with water as cold as you can stand, and then rub dry, you will reduce the tendency to take cold. You should take such a bath every morning.

F. S., Parkston, S. Dak.—As a lotion for bed sores use tablespoonful of powdered alum in a teaspoonful of whiskey. Bathe the sore several times a day. (2) A blood maker and purifier is made of half ounce of sulphate of manganese in a pint of water. Take a wineglassful three times a day. (3) For constipation try gems made as follows: One half cup of bran, one half cup of flour, one half teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar mixed together; add three teaspoonfuls of good molasses, one half cup of milk, one whole egg and one half teaspoonful of salt. Beat hard until well mixed and pour into hot buttered gem tins and bake in very hot oven.

H. B., Frenchville, Pa.—Anyone who has a sure cure for diabetes has a fortune. It is not a disease for the patient to attempt to handle himself and he should see a doctor at once. Sometimes it is rapid in its action and at others it runs along for years. It is more frequent among men than women and among the middle aged than among the young and old. With proper attention it may be kept under control, except in particular cases.

Sister, Hillsboro, Oregon.—The condition of the finger nails has relation to the state of the general system and small discolorations are of no moment. The white spots you complain of are known as *flores unguium*, or *menacula*, and among children indicate the number of fevers they have had. If they become so numerous as to annoy you, consult a physician and have him prescribe a proper system tonic.

PARCELS POST JOBS OPEN. Railway Mail Clerk Examinations everywhere May 3rd. Write Franklin Institute, Dept M 12, Rochester, N. Y., for list of all government jobs open.

JOIN THE OWL'S CLUB If you want to write. We have made good and can teach you to. Learn how to put your best thoughts in a telling, attractive and saleable form. There is a big demand for live up-to-date manuscripts. Tell us of your ideas, ambitions and education. Advice, full particulars and our book—Does and Don'ts For Writers—sent upon receipt 25 cents. Owl's Club, 161 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

I WILL START YOU earning \$4 daily at home in spare time silversmithing; no capital; free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. **G. F. Redmond, Dept. AA, Boston, Mass.**

FREE NEW ALMANAC, WHEN TO PLANT AND HARVEST BY THE MOON. Predictions about Crops, Weather, Sickness, Lucky Days, Future Events, When to Transplant, Trim Trees, Set Eggs, Butcher Meats, Travel, Write Letters, Sign Papers, Seek Business, Ask Favors, Borrow Money, Wear Babies, Take Medicine, Perform Surgical Operations Successfully, Etc. A Daily Guide to Speculate, Gain Knowledge and Make Money. Valuable Information for Show People, Street Vendors, Office Workers, Etc.—SEND TWO CENT STAMP FOR POSTAGE. **Prof. J. MACDONALD, Globe Building, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.**

TO YOU WHO ARE SICK WE MAKE THE FAIREST OFFER THAT WE KNOW. For many years Dr. Coonley's Famous ORANGE LILY has brought relief to thousands of sufferers from Diseases of Women, such as Suppression, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Congestion, Inflammation, Leucorrhea and Displacement of the Womb and Ovaries, Change of Life, Leucorrhea or Whites, etc. Neglected treatment means more irritation and inflammation, resulting only too often in an ULCER, or CANCER, until your case may become INCURABLE. If you have never used this excellent treatment before, just send us your name and address on a card, and we shall be only too glad to mail you at once a FULL FIFTY-CENT BOX OF ORANGE LILY ABSOLUTELY FREE. Won't you PLEASE send for it NOW before it is TOO LATE? IT WILL NOT COST YOU ONE CENT. **The COONLEY MEDICINE CO., 207 Cass St., DETROIT, MICH.**

A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory. A Big Lot of Real Silk, also REMNANTS Plush and Stamped Satin FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

ART is needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILT" making is again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of many RICH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. Our packages contain from 99 to 125 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get our great monthly and a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these

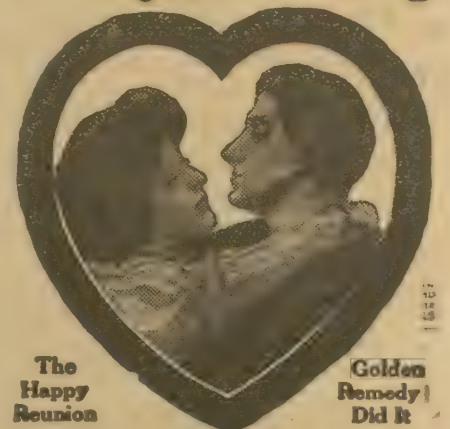
prices made from these remnants: but we know if you ORDER ONE lot we will sell more to you.

BEST WAY to make this liberal offer besides giving you a large and elegant piece of Plush 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you to advertise "COMFORT" and this Page 21 Illustrations for patchwork, or for other ornamental work where Fancy Stitches are used, it has been decided to put together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc. The book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these, besides directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Quilting, Kennington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitch, etc. It also tells how to do Kennington Patchwork.

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Costs Nothing to Try. Golden Remedy Is Odorless and Tasteless—Any Lady Can Give It Secretly at Home in Tea, Coffee or Food.

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Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

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MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT. Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. Write us in confidence. **ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 832—21 E. Van Buren St., Chicago.**

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PILES RELIEVED at once by **THE WONDERFUL CUROPILE** SOOTHING REMEDY

You need not suffer any longer. **CUROPILE** gives quick relief and entire satisfaction to all sufferers from Piles. It removes the itching, soothes the inflamed parts and remedies the conditions that cause trouble.

CUROPILE is a patented toilet paper coated with healing substances is endorsed by leading physicians. It's better and cleaner than ointments; it's nicer and finer than drugs.

Send 25c. coin or stamps for a trial package to **CUROPILE PAPER CO., 25 St. Marks Place, N. Y. City**

THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER A BOON TO WOMANKIND Made from the purest finest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Ask your druggist or send us \$2.00 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Descriptive circular, FREE. **The Bee Cell Co., Dept. A, White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.**

ECONOMY ROMPERS

AN ALL-READY SUIT WITH PATENT KNEE TAB For Girls and Boys For several years now far-seeing Mothers have found that Rompers are the most practical and economical suit that can be made for their children. After becoming acquainted with this style of suit it has been a great bother to get the patterns and then cut and make the garments, having them made for the season's wear. Now that the Parcel Post has been established, COMFORT has arranged with a big manufacturer who makes a specialty of this Patent Knee Tab Elastic Romper to handle part of their output, so we can thus offer a Ready-to-Wear Suit for Boys and Girls that will Help Out the Tired Mothers, and save a lot of time, worry and money, and keep the children looking neat and tidy all the time, and then it is so easy to dress and undress when you have this style of one-piece dress.

These Rompers are made in two styles of cloth. We have them in dark blue, also dark brown, piped with red, suitable for dressing up.

The illustration will give you a good idea of the style of these Rompers, and the wearing quality is most excellent. There are enough pearl buttons sewed on to make them always look neat, and they will not bag in the seat or get out of shape, and we would call your attention to the Elastic Tab at the knee, as shown in the cuts, and not for nothing elastic tab will not act that way. The child can move its limbs freely, and will be happy and contented while at play. They come in sizes two to five years. When ordering be sure to state age, and color of goods wanted.

For a club of only four subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months we will send you one of these famous Rompers free by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Send for a FREE BOX of OXIE (One Week's Supply)

Oxien Tablets The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's great storehouse of healing.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 27 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

Faithful Shirley

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

those delightful picture galleries, Mr. Vining acting as their escort most of the time, as Mr. Norwood is so engrossed with his business. She closes her letter by saying—Mamma, it cannot do any harm to read this little bit from my letter to Madame Marton, since she is a relative," she interposed, with an inquiring glance at her mother.

"No, dear, I should think not," Mrs. Lovering responded.

"Well, then, Madame closes her letter by saying, 'So, my dear, the next time I write you I shall probably be the happiest girl in the world as the promised wife of Clifton Vining.'"

An icy shiver ran over Shirley as she listened to these words, which, for the moment, figuratively speaking, seemed to blot out the sun for her, and it required the exercise of all her will-power to prevent herself from crying out with almost mortal pain.

She had never dreamed of anything so dreadful as this. She had wondered at Clifton's long and unaccountable silence, and she had been deeply wounded by it; but that he could willfully wrong her in such a way had never occurred to her.

This, then, was why she had not heard from him, and a hot blush of shame and indignation surged to her brows as she thought of the many times she had written to him, begging him to send her but a line to assure her that he was well and happy.

But she was here aroused from her painful reflection by hearing Lurline ask Madame Marton if she had ever met any of the Vining's.

"No," Madame answered; "but I have known that the two families have been intimate for a great many years, and I suppose that it will be a good match for the girl."

"Oh, excellent!" exclaimed Mrs. Lovering, "for the Vining's are reported to be immensely wealthy."

"Humph! money won't pay a woman for getting a poor husband, in my estimation," said Madame, with characteristic bluntness. "But I have a letter here from Madame's mother," she added, taking an unopened one from the table, "maybe she has written me the same news."

She broke the seal, and glanced hastily through the letter.

"Well," she remarked, after a few moments, "there is nothing definite, though the affair is pretty strongly hinted. Helen says: 'We are everything, with Mr. Vining as our escort. He is very attentive to Madame, and I hope to have something of a very pleasing nature to write you a little later.'"

"Alas! it is all true, then!" thought Shirley, for, to her, Mrs. Norwood's words were strongly confirmatory of what Madame had written to Miss Lovering.

It seemed as if her heart must break, and, with a face as pale as snow, and feeling that she could bear no more, she arose from her chair to leave the room.

Her head was whirling, there was a buzzing sound in her ears, the strength seemed leaving her limbs; then she was vaguely conscious of someone crying out in a startled tone, after which all was blank.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Story In Book Form FREE

You will like this story so well you will want to read the book. The whole story in book form is now offered you free. The regular installments of *Faithful Shirley* are so bound to fascinate you, the complete story in book form will captivate and you should send at once for a copy and read it through. We are prepared to furnish in complete book form, a splendid edition with colored paper binding suitable for your home and reading-room. Don't wait for the installments, read the whole story now. We send a copy of "Faithful Shirley" for only one new 25c fifteen months' subscription to COMFORT. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

cards, and reading matter. Mrs. Geo. Sherer, Fredericksburg, Ind. Invalid. Wants cheery letters and postal cards. Mrs. Mattie Blalock, Norwood, Stanley Co., N. C. Shut-in for thirty-five years. Would like cheery letters and postal cards.

Please don't send postal cards to invalids, unless they ask for them. People who are suffering and hungry, people who are gasping for breath, because they cannot get a few cents' worth of strychnia tablets or an ounce of digitalis to pump their lagging hearts, don't want postal cards unless a dime or a dollar goes with the card. Most of our shut-ins get little if anything else, but postal cards. People who dose invalids with cards ought to have a long spell of poverty and sickness, and then get this kind of junk handed to them. They would scorn the cards, and revile the senders. All the sympathy in the world, and all the postal cards in the world, never bought a slice of bread or a single bottle of medicine to ease pain. Use the money you spend on postal cards and send it in nickels and dimes to the needy to buy bread. People cannot eat postal cards, and sympathy does not fill empty pockets.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to address and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All these League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal or membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they

6x9 ft. Floor Rugs \$1.95

9x9 ft. \$2.95 12x12 ft. \$5.25
9x12 ft. \$3.95 12x15 ft. \$6.50



Send 50c Deposit,

Send your 50c deposit, today, to receive your rug. We will send you this elegant, heavy, handsome, woolen rug, 6x9 ft. or 9x9 ft., by express collect to your home. If you find it a splendid specimen of the goods, as if you were at our store and saw the goods in person, please send your order for the rug, and we will promptly deliver your rug. Write us for our Big Free Carpet and Curtain Catalog. Our most wonderful book in the world on floor-covering. It shows pictures of carpets, rugs, oil-cloth, linoleums, matting, etc., as they actually look. It shows the real costs and patterns of the goods, as if you were at our store and saw the goods in person. It shows in colors (long Carpet at 15c a yard, Rag Carpet at 10c a yard, and wide linoleum 50c a yd., Brussels do. 75c a yd., Velvet do. 1.00 a yd., Axminster do. 1.25 a yd., Small rug 25c a yd., 6x9 ft. rug 1.00 a yd., 9x9 ft. rug 1.25 a yd., 12x12 ft. rug 1.50 a yd., 12x15 ft. rug 1.75 a yd., Shaw matting 15c a yd., Oil cloth 10c a yd., Linoleum 12c a yd., and everything in floor covering at correspondingly low prices. Also HEADQUARTERS for Lace Curtains, Draperies, Bedding, etc., full line in carpet catalog. Write now and see our wonder prices. **JOHN M. SMYTH & CO., 150-152 W. Chicago**

bother him and cause confusion and delay. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

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At hundreds of entertainments given during the past winter, Uncle Charlie's poems were in every case the big hit of the evening. They always caused more laughter than any other numbers on the various programmes. "The other pieces caused mild laughter, but when we recited your poems, the audience doubled right up in their seats." That is the way they all write. That is the tribute the American public is paying to real humor, real fun, of the genuine Uncle Charlie kind. You will find all this glorious fun in Uncle Charlie's 160-page, lilac silk cloth-bound volume of poems. This beautiful volume also contains an absorbingly interesting sketch of the author's life, with splendid half-tone pictures, equal to photographs, which show Uncle Charlie and his faithful help at their work. This elegant volume which weighs nearly a pound can be obtained free for a club of only four fifteen months' subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. COMFORT's greatest premium. Work for it today.

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That is what they all write, so delighted is everyone with Uncle Charlie's superb song folio, which contains twenty-eight of the dandiest, loveliest, dreamiest and most haunting songs ever written. They are songs that make you laugh, cry and keep you humming all day long. On the cover, which is a work of art, are several superb pictures of Uncle Charlie at various stages of his career. This splendid volume of mirth, melody and sentiment free for a club of only two fifteen months' subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Both books free for a club of six. Work for them today.

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Seven Old Songs We All Love



Beautifully Illustrated in Many Bright Colors and Gold Ink

COMFORT has just obtained a series of good old songs and besides furnishing you with the words and music complete on separate sheets there is an appropriate and highly colored picture with each song. Not only do these pictures portray the sentiment of the song as suggested in small reproduction in above cut, but each one being the highest work of the illustrator's art and embellished in gold is suitable for framing and hanging on the wall of any room. The first lines of each song are printed in an attractive panel underneath the title of the picture as shown here.

Home Sweet Home

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

Then the full score of words and music is printed on reverse sheet on each of the following subjects, making seven very appropriate and pretty pictures in all, and seven complete songs as well, on sheets 10½ by 14.

Lead Kindly Light

"Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on."

Cottage by the Sea

"Childhood's days now pass before me, Forms and scenes of long ago;
Like a dream they hover o'er me, Calm and bright And the quiet shadows falling, softly come and softly go."

You Can Secure the Entire Lot of Above Songs Free.—COMFORT readers can but appreciate the fact that these are all familiar old songs and we know many will want the entire assortment, and to send for a set also.

Special Offer: We will send the entire lot of Songs "SEVEN SHEETS OF ILLUSTRATED MUSIC" own renewal will not count. IT MUST BE A NEW SUBSCRIBER, or send 50c and your own renewal for 15 months, and we mail a complete set.

Rock of Ages

"Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed."

Sweet and Low

"Sweet and low, Sweet and low, Wind of the Western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the Western sea."

Old Oaken Bucket

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollections present them to view!"

In the Gloaming

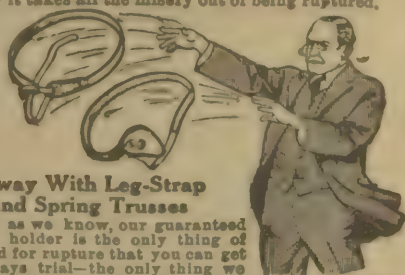
"In the gloaming, oh, my darling! when the lights are dim and low,
And the quiet shadows falling, softly come and softly go."

COMFORT readers can but appreciate the fact that these are all familiar old songs and we know many will want the entire assortment, and to send for a set also.

Special Offer: We will send the entire lot of Songs "SEVEN SHEETS OF ILLUSTRATED MUSIC" own renewal will not count. IT MUST BE A NEW SUBSCRIBER, or send 50c and your own renewal for 15 months, and we mail a complete set.

Guaranteed Rupture Holder On 60 Days Trial

Won't Cost You A Cent If The Two Months Test Doesn't Prove All Our Claims
You can make a thorough 60 day test of this guaranteed rupture holder without having to risk a single cent. We'll make one especially for your case and let you see for yourself how it takes all the misery out of being ruptured.



Away With Leg-Strap
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So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthe Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 15 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless. Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why drugstores should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbugs—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 6000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny. Box 68—Cluthe Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

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Fat

by a simple easy method Mrs. B. Meyers of N. J., writes: "It reduced me 47 pounds Six years ago and I have not gained any since." Full particulars mailed free in a plain sealed package to anyone. Hall Chem. Co. 552 Hall Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmares, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the stomach, lungs, kidneys or nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

How Bees Make Honey

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

lower corner of the frame, pile up and drop off, while in great contrast improved strains of Italians seem scarcely disturbed at all, but quietly stick to the comb and proceed with their duties, the queen often continuing her round of egg-laying as though nothing had happened.

So if the hive you have purchased does not contain a pure-blooded Italian queen, it will pay you to send a dollar to some reliable queen breeder, and receive by mail safely from any state in the Union, a young fertile Italian queen with full directions for successfully introducing her in place of the queen which you will at same time remove and destroy. If this be done in the early summer season, a complete change in the inmates of that hive may be noted in about eight weeks, thus demonstrating the fleeting life of the little busy bee.

The rearing of queen bees for market has itself become a great industry, the demand for them for the purpose of improving the stock of bee-keepers all over the Union now being very great, and this channel alone forms a pleasant and profitable industry, and one quite suitable for women as well as men.

As this article is written for the general public rather than for those who already keep bees, the details of management when worked with the objects of comb honey, extracted honey, queen bees, or general increase, must be omitted, as all are given in books which you will undoubtedly purchase and read as soon as you have become a member of the bee-keeping fraternity, which *pro bono publico*, we hope you will decide to do.

Yet all is not sunshine in the life of a bee-keeper. The business has its dangers and risks, perplexities and losses, as well as nearly all others. Heavy losses in wintering are common, and prevalent diseases are abroad throughout the land. However, with watchful care these may be controlled so as not to seriously affect the profits, and on the whole, we may assert that for men or women who have time to exchange for money, either in town or country, few if any prospective home industries offer more attractive inducements than "Doth the Little Busy Bee."

34 NICE POST CARDS different sorts, and one year. The **WHOLE THING** for only ten cents. ROCKWELL CARD CO., 3265 Archer Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CANCER—Dangerous to Neglect

It is curable if promptly treated with Dr. Johnson's Combination Medical Treatment. Cases cured ten years ago show no signs of return. New Book explains all. It's FREE. O. A. Johnson, M. D., 1329 MAIN ST., SUITE 342, Kansas City, Mo.

Correct Your Stomach!

Rodi-Tone gives the Stomach new strength and vitality, and it converts food into the pure blood elements which the body needs. It stops the bloating, distress after eating, nausea, etc., by making the Stomach well. Thin persons gain flesh, strength and energy, for the blood becomes filled with vital elements, which were lost by the stomach's weakness. You can try a dollar box without a penny. See offer on last page.



Free to You—My Sister

FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering from Woman's Ailments

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from woman's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience we know better than any doctor.

I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish Discharge, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Prolapse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I Want to Send You a Complete Ten Days' Treatment Entirely Free

to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book "WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To mothers of DAUGHTERS, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Stomach and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315

NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A DRESS Without Costing You any Money?

This fine dress material comes in a navy blue, black and brown. It is 36 inches wide, and a handsome wool-filled cloth. The color is very strong and will not fade. Also the cloth is woven quite firm, and will keep in good shape. The material is the latest weave of the well known Danish Poplar Cloth, having a fine cord of satin closely woven, making a new exclusive elegant pattern good for all seasons of the year, and one can make a dress or waist as fancy or as plain as they wish. You will be very much satisfied with this cloth, and we are making three offers below so you can have either a dress, or waist or skirt. If you order enough for a waist, you will later send in for the skirt, and if you send in for material enough for a skirt you will save with you when you wish to have a complete dress, and as we are going to let you have a complete dress pattern for getting up a small club, we advise you in the beginning to secure enough subscriptions for a whole suit.

FOR A COMPLETE DRESS send us eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months and we will send you five yards Free by Parcel Post.

FOR A WAIST send five subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months and we will send you two and a half yards, which is suitable for a waist.

FOR A SKIRT we will send three yards for six subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COINS I pay from \$1 to \$500 for thousands of rare coins, stamps and paper money to 1894. Send stamp for illustrated circular, get posted and make money quickly. VONBERGEN, the Coin Dealer, Dept. C F., Boston, Mass.

Asthma Prompt relief. Remedy Guaranteed. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Me.



A BUSINESS KNIFE FOR MEN

First-class knife and we recommend it to all who want a real honest, useful knife. Saber blades are thicker than the usual blade, will stand more hard work and more sharpening, are stouter in every way. **CLUB OFFER.** Send us three subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months, for one of these Knives, to be sent by Parcel Post.

STURDY KNIFE

For all work. Saber Blade for rough work and smaller blades for general uses make this a most desirable knife. Illustration is exact size, is lined throughout with brass, has German Silver Cape, name plate and solid black ebony handles. Nothing better in any price range. Send us three subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months, for one of these Knives, to be sent by Parcel Post.

New Embroidery Designs

For Household or Personal Use

FREE for a Club of Two

Six numbers of great value, chosen because of the frequently recurring need in every home for just such useful articles.

The six offers embraced in this one announcement represent carefully selected embroidery articles, new in style, material and design. Kindly read each description, it may acquire you with one or more new things of interest and each and every one is fascinating from an embroiderer's standpoint.

No. 1. Is a pair of stamped Drill Pillow Tops, size 22x22, ready to embroider. One is a lovely Rose design, the other a conventional pattern. Difficult to say which is preferable, but we give you both, one of each, or two of either free.

No. 2. Twenty-one Piece Table Set of Dollies, consisting of one Center-piece, size 18x18, one Tray Dolly, size 18x24, one Oval Tray Dolly, size 9x12, six Dollies, size 6x6, six Dollies, size 3x3, and six Napkin Rings, entire Outfit stamped on one sheet. This varied size set provides Dollies for an entire Dinner or Supper, with also a Dolly for many uses there is such variety of size. Many ladies use dollies about the house, under vases, dishes, and ornaments on table and mantel, and always there is a demand for sizes. Should you embroider these with a good wash cotton you will be proud of your set, which will last you a very long time and wear through much use.

No. 3. Table Runner, Scarf or Throw, size 20x40 inches, being 20 inches wide and 40 inches in length. Conventional design painted on Aberdeen Crash. This may be used as it is, but is more attractive if outlined with corresponding color in silk or cotton. Splendid cover for Table and an extremely popular style just now.

Ladies' Shirt Waist, Kimono Style. The design stamped on Fine Lawn. Punch work embroidery is the most popular of all the many varieties and this particular waist is one we selected from many patterns, because of its singular beauty and ease to embroider. For the coming Summer, you will require more than one of these dainty waists.

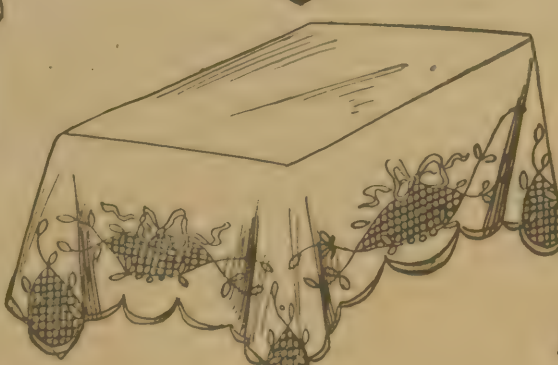
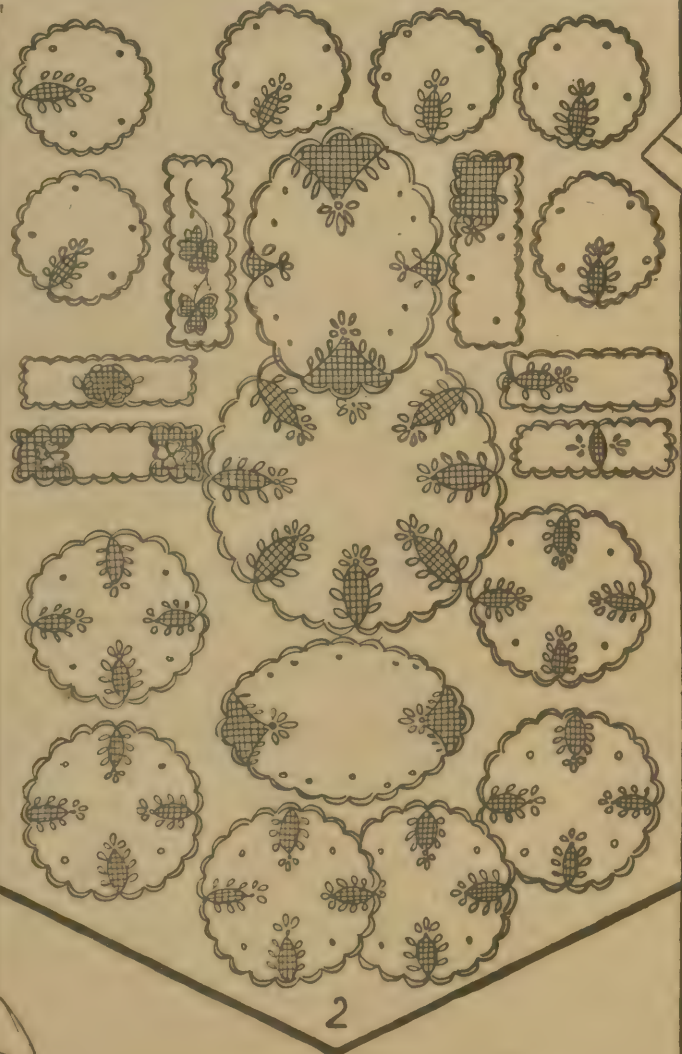
No. 5. A Thirty-six inch Square Table Cover on Manhattan Crash, also a Punch Work design, very beautiful when completed and not difficult or tiring to embroider. The need of, or usefulness, of Table Covers requires no mention. We recommend this if you want the newest and best.

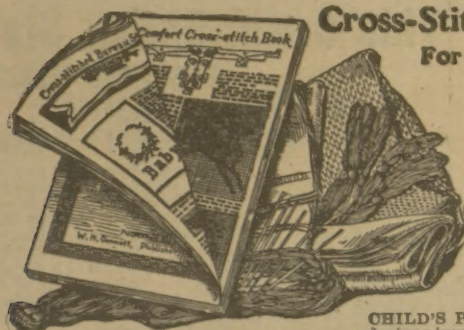
No. 6. Punch Work, Corset Cover, the design on sheer Nainsook, ready to embroider and make up. You will at once appreciate the singular beauty of the design selected and immediately select this, if nothing else among the assortment tempts you.

THE ABOVE SIX EMBROIDERY SETS OR ARTICLES are irresistible. If you do not embroider, or have much on hand to do, a shut-in, or invalid, would appreciate any of the articles you might select, or you can profitably employ your time embroidering such for sales or fairs.

READ THESE OFFERS. Only two subscribers to COMFORT, at 25c each for 15 months, secure free any of the Six Embroidery Numbered Sets or articles mentioned above. If you are already a subscriber and it is not convenient to send a club of two, you may send one NEW subscription at 25c for 15 months and 10c additional, 35c in all, for any one of the six articles listed. This one subscription must be a new one, not your own name. All orders filled promptly and goods sent free of expense, to you by Parcel Post. State number desired when ordering.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





Cross-Stitch Instruction Book and Outfit.

For Working Cross-Stitch Designs on Canvas, Linen, Huck and Scrim with Embroidery Cotton and Needles.

We have just compiled a most comprehensive and valuable book on CROSS-STITCH embodying the best of the oldest and newest CROSS-STITCH ideas. Profusion of illustrations give practical help to pages of authentic instruction. These with a color key, for many designs, show at a glance just what colors are to be used to produce the harmonious result intended. This descriptive idea is so simple everyone succeeds at CROSS-STITCH work, with our booklet. Everyone is doing something in CROSS-STITCH nowadays. In this booklet you are shown and taught how to make a CROSS-STITCH BABY TOWEL, SHIRT-WAIST FRONT, PINCUSHION, BUREAU SCARE, COLLAR and CUFF SET, TIDY, CHILD'S PLAY DRESS, ALPHABETS, ANIMALS and miscellaneous designs innumerable. To interest you in CROSS-STITCH we now

offer you free for but one new 25c subscription to COMFORT for 15 months, one CROSS-STITCH BOOK, with ONE-HALF YARD CROSS-STITCH CANVAS, one Skein Embroidery Cotton and one Needle. In the Book we fully describe FOUR BIG CROSS-STITCH OUTFITS. Cut above illustrates outfit No. 4 of CROSS-STITCH SCRIM, HUCK, LINEN, CANVAS, ETC., which is given free for club of five. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Hair and Neck Decorations

We take this method to show three very new and pretty styles for woman's adornment, and are sorry that no picture can half show off the brilliant effects of these different articles.

THE SILVERED BEAD BANDEAU is made up of innumerable small glass beads woven around this ornament in chain-like fashion, and then there are fifty half inch long silver lined beads giving that attractive Jacob's ladder effect as shown in cut, while the two figure eights in center and circles at either end are decorated by six larger pearl beads distributed one in each center. It is a foot long and about one and a half inches wide, and designed largely for evening wear, fitting over the hair in graceful form. These bandeaus are very becoming to the wearer and coming more and more in style each month.

THE BLACK VELVET NECK BAND which has such an attractive silver pendant with its seven small and one large brilliant stone encircling and tipping off its unique shaped drop, also has a good strong silvered clasp to securely fasten it in to the back. It is just a good size and can be adjusted to fit a large or small neck, and is suitable for either day or evening wear.

SPUN GLASS AIGRETTE This decoration is made up of beautiful white spun glass set in a German Silver Hairpin which is topped by three rows of brilliant, and its entire length is seven inches. There is nothing quite so graceful or no hair ornament made that lends itself with such grace and refinement as fine Spun Glass and if you do not have occasion to wear it more than a few times during the season, it makes a great addition to your collection just to have this wonderful sample of what can be done by the glass workers. No matter in what style you do your hair, these aigrettes will give you that additional charm that cannot be obtained by any other feature of adornment. Every woman and girl ought to have all three of the above articles, which she can secure by getting a few subscribers to COMFORT as per following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 25 cent subscribers to COMFORT for 15 months, we will send any one of above ornaments as described, or for a club of four we will send any two articles, and for a club of five 15 month subscribers at 25 cents each we will send all three articles. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



FREE

This Fountain Pen Cabinet

Is a Convenient, Useful, Economical Necessity



Eight Articles

trivance. A Pencil always of same length and the lead may be screwed back into cylinder when not in use; a box of additional leads accompanies each outfit, making this an almost perpetual Pencil. The Knife has a disappearing blade operated by a push button in old opposite the blade. Gilt trimmed and neatly finished, suitable for Ladies, Men or Children. A generous rubber eraser and nickel-plated cylinder with an assorted dozen fine quality writing pens, completes the outfit of eight articles.

Club Offer. Send only four 25-cent subscribers to COMFORT for 15 months and we will forward this Complete Writing Outfit Free by Parcel Post.

Fountain Pen, Adjustable Penholder and Pencil, Knife, Screw Pencil, with additional Leads, Rubber Eraser, assortment of Pens, all neatly arranged and placed in an ingeniously contrived compartment cabinet, providing for each its proper place. As a table or desk ornament the Decorated Half Round Cabinet is superior to a tray or other device; for the children to carry to and from school it is a convenience that will aid them in preserving their outfit from day to day, as there is no ink bottle to upset. Children seldom own an elaborate pen and pencil outfit complete with all equipment for every school purpose, and now we offer them a most excellent assortment free, with everything handy for quick work.

The Fountain Pen is of regulation size, with a 14-kt. gold pen, universal writing point, and with each there is a glass filler to keep it supplied with ink enough to last a long time. The combination Pen, Pencil and Eraser is a metal cylinder, the Pen and Eraser in one end, the Pencil in the other, inverting the ends and inserting them in the metal cylinder safeguards the points, thus prolonging the use of both. The screw point Pencil is a neat contrivance, the lead may be screwed back into cylinder when not in use; a box of additional leads accompanies each outfit, making this an almost perpetual Pencil. The Knife has a disappearing blade operated by a push button in old opposite the blade. Gilt trimmed and neatly finished, suitable for Ladies, Men or Children. A generous rubber eraser and nickel-plated cylinder with an assorted dozen fine quality writing pens, completes the outfit of eight articles.

Club Offer. Send only four 25-cent subscribers to COMFORT for 15 months and we will forward this Complete Writing Outfit Free by Parcel Post.

Ready-Made Towels



YARD LONG

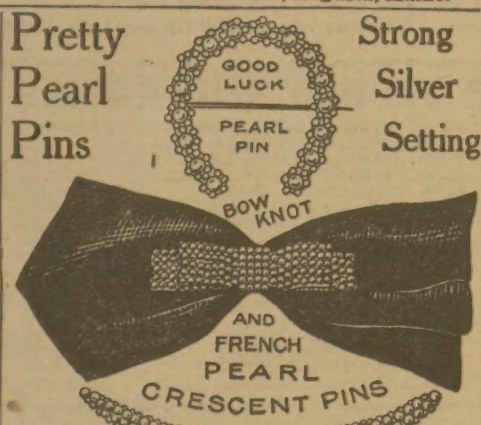
These Four Complete Ready-to-Use TOWELS.

Each a yard long, are given for a club of only two subscribers, and is one of the most sensible and satisfactory and thus most popular premium we offer. They are of excellent quality crash, each towel one yard long and ready to use. For kitchen, office, factory and shop use this is a durable, rough-and-ready towel; will wipe well, wear well and wash well. For dishes and hands this is the best; for many purposes about the house good crash toweling finds its use and the good housekeeper always has supply. The men and boys will enjoy such towels as these. The natural linen color and blue line border make them very attractive. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Club Offer: A club of only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures four of these ready-made Towels.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pretty Pearl Pins



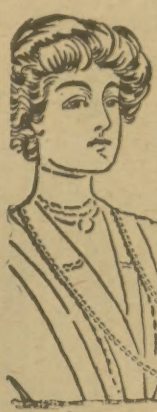
Strong Silver Setting

EACH PIN comes stuck into a White Satin Ribbon Tie about three and a half inches wide. The pure white seed-like Pearls called FRENCH PEARLS fashioned in this form make the prettiest of neck decoration, and can be worn with any color waist or dress and are pretty for the hair. This little touch of Pearl purity on a White Satin background gives a dressup appearance and livens up your costume immensely. The Pins are very strongly made, and by a new process, having the silver backing, makes them almost indestructible. They wear a long time as they are nearly solid. The subtle variations in color, luster, shape and texture of Pearls, are all reproduced, and they look so much like the real Pearls that come from the Oyster Shell that only experts can distinguish the difference. We show three styles in actual size, only we cannot illustrate the 3/4 inch White Satin bow which we send with every pin. Notice the GOOD LUCK or HORSESHOE pattern, the CRESCENT and the BOW KNOT, then we have one in plain circle style which we could not show in cut. After you get one we know you will send for more. They are so very dainty and pretty and you can now get them for such little work.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 15 months' subscribers at 25c each we will send you one PEARL PIN and RIBBON BOW or for a club of three subscribers we will send any two pins you may select. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

YOU CAN'T LOSE IT

German Silver Coin Purse With Long Chain



This cute little bag is over two and a half inches square. A 54-inch long chain attached enables you to wear this purse hung from the neck, providing a certain degree of safety, also the freedom of your hands.

This chain is long enough to go around the neck and have the bag in the pocket of a

coat or dress, or can be worn hanging, as most people wear them; the bag coming below the waist.

The bag is unlined, and made of very strong links, and has a fringed top fastened into little points with silver-plated balls on the ends. It is a handy coin purse to wear to church, when calling, car riding or shopping as you do not have to carry it in your hand, and you know it is safe on the chain around your neck, so you can't lose your money. Nice for young girls going to school.

The bags are very attractive and useful at all seasons with all costumes. They have no lining so can easily be kept bright and clean by washing in soap and water.

We would like to have every woman and girl reader of COMFORT own one. If you could realize how attractive and useful they are, no matter how many bags and purses you have you would get up your club and send at once.

Club Offer: Send only three subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months for one of these beautiful Coin Purse.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

KIMONO APRONS



Completely cover the dress, thoroughly protecting the garment of the wearer. With low, round neck, short sleeves, and a pocket, they are both very attractive and very useful.

A full length apron is a sensible apron; a ready-to-wear apron is desirable, and it is a fact, you could not buy such pretty and fine quality percale, trimmings, and buttons, and make an apron as reasonable as you could purchase this one—but you don't have to buy of us, you get it free for a slight service.

A fine quality Percale in variety of serviceable colors and patterns, enables us to assure you entire satisfaction. You may be familiar with work aprons, kitchen aprons, or bungalow aprons, or any similar name, they are all the same and for the same purpose. Let us send you one of these, with money back guarantee.

Club Offer: Send only three subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months, for one apron. Give bust measure. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THE RIGHT ROSES FOR EVERYONE.

Hardy Everblooming, the finest kind for all sections. The great popularity of our previous rose offers combined with the immense lot of pleasure our subscribers derived from growing them has induced us to make a special effort this season to obtain the finest collection of hardy everblooming roses ever produced. They are all strong rapid growers, hardy everywhere and produce great quantities of beautiful fragrant bloom every month of the growing season.

To make your success absolutely sure in the growing of these plants we have made arrangements to have them delivered at the proper time for planting in your locality. Our producer is perfectly familiar with the planting conditions in every section and will know exactly when to ship roses at the most favorable time to set them out. If immediate delivery is desired you must so state when ordering otherwise plants will be sent as per date schedule given below:

DATES TO PLANT ROSES.

Latitude of	Florida, Calif., Tex.,	after
" "	Ariz., Okla., So. Car.,	" "
" "	Wash., Tenn., Va.,	" "
" "	Nev., Kans., Mo.,	Apr. 1
" "	Iowa, Ohio, W. Va.,	15
" "	Mont., Mich., N. Y., and all New England States	May 1

Extreme early or late spring would vary dates five to ten days, so in case roses are not received just on date specified, do not be alarmed as they will arrive within a few days. Order today so you may get first choice.

RHEA REID.

A most beautiful and thoroughly distinct rose, possessing every quality to stamp it with the hallmark of perfection. Everyone raves about its extraordinary beauty and after seeing it in bloom, we can appreciate their enthusiasm. It is a strong, healthy grower, throwing forth long graceful branches, which are densely covered with heavy deep green foliage and handsome double flowers, which are produced in the greatest profusion all through the growing season. It has the vitality necessary to withstand all attacks of disease and insects which so frequently destroy our best roses. The color is a vivid scarlet crimson which intensifies as the bloom expands and the flowers are large, full and of perfect form with high center. An invaluable decorative rose; deliciously fragrant, superb in every respect, and especially adapted for garden planting.

SOUV. PRESIDENT DE CARNOT.

This wonderfully handsome new rose is one which excites the admiration of everyone beholding it, and it has so many good qualities that we are certain it will find a welcome place in the garden of every flower lover. It is a remarkably strong growing variety forming a shapely bush in the garden and has proved itself thoroughly hardy from numerous tests. The flowers are exquisitely perfumed large full, double and well shaped with heavy, thick shell-like petals; buds are very long and pointed, perfection in every line. The delicate rosy blush color, shaded a trifle deeper at the center of the flower, has not been approached by any later introduction.

SUNBURST.

No pen picture can do justice to this wonderful new everblooming rose. It is one of the most beautiful varieties ever introduced and we know full well that all who plant it will share with us in our genuine enthusiasm over it. We want every lover of beautiful roses to plant Sunburst, for there is no other like it, either in color, growth or beauty and wherever seen, it has created a veritable sensation. Sunburst is the ideal garden rose, strong and vigorous in growth, healthy in every condition, thriving in practically any soil under the most adverse conditions to a perfection seen in no other rose. The splendid flowers borne on strong, upright stems are produced in amazing profusion; in fact, there are few varieties in any class to compare with it in freedom of bloom. They are immense in size, and the color is an intense orange-copper and golden yellow, extremely brilliant in effect and exquisitely beautiful, but most difficult to describe. Sunburst is the premier garden rose of today and its numerous charms cannot fail to delight you.

MY MARYLAND.

A rare combination of a poetic name and exquisite beauty has made this new variety a dangerous rival of all the most famous pink beauties. A great outdoor rose of extreme hardiness, rapidly producing a sturdy, shapely plant, which in itself is a distinct ornament to any garden. The rich green foliage is not the least of its charms, clothing the long erect stems with cool verdant beauty. All summer through the large magnificent flowers are produced; flowers of indescribable charm, perfectly double, composed of thick, heavy petals unsurpassed in elegance of form. As they expand, their beauty seems to be enhanced, the brilliant lively shade of pink deepening until it fairly glows with its warm rich color and delightful fragrance.

WHITE AMERICAN BEAUTY.

This brilliant rose is renowned for the very highest type of its class—the best snow-white rose ever produced. It has won more prizes in Europe than any variety ever produced and well deserves the name that distinguishes it as the white companion of our national red beauty. This rose is an extraordinarily strong grower, branching

If you send your order NOW, EARLY, you are assured first choice of best stock, to be shipped direct to you from the nursery, carefully packed with instructions all ready for planting with assurance of positive results or we replace free.

TO THOSE WHO SEND NOW we make this liberal offer for early acceptance: Send us one new subscriber to COMFORT (the same must be for some person whose name is not now on our list) and we will immediately send you the assortment of Six Choice Roses. If you wish to extend your own subscription and obtain Six Roses, send 35 cents for COMFORT for 12 months and receive Roses Free. A club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures One Dozen Roses, two of each. Remember we guarantee success and urge the importance of ordering early.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Flexible Silvered Chain Bandeau

These silvered chain bandeaus are made to wear both on the hair or around the neck. They are very attractive looking for between the two roped chains are large brilliant stones which are cut in such a manner that sparkling colors radiate from the different stones. They are especially attractive when worn in the evening, and will make a great addition to your toilet. The bandeau is almost a foot long and three quarters of an inch wide in the center, tapering and when worn on the neck it can be held together by a

down to the two strands of silvered twisted flexible wire with end rings as shown in illustration. When worn on the hair it can easily be adjusted with hairpins, and under the glare of the lights or sun the brilliant throw colors and rays which are perfectly beautiful. There is nothing to tarnish or rust, and they will not discolor the skin or break the hair. Nice for a birthday present or souvenir gift.

CLUB OFFER: For a club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you one of these handsome and becoming bandeaus free by Parcel Post.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Spring and Summer Styles for Neck Decoration

A Variety of Attractive Premiums for Small Clubs

New LOCKETS In Enamel & Gold

Recently discovered processes make it possible to produce the most beautiful Cloisonne Enamel Jewelry at a less cost. Cloisonne means the introduction of colored enamels with gold and silver, producing most charming effects in beautiful designs. The old hand process was invented thousands of years ago and some of the ornaments cost thousands of dollars, so it was a very exacting and expensive work of art and we can now offer you something that looks as well and wears as well, without costing you any money. As partly shown here, each Locket is on a GOLD PLATED CHAIN, NINETEEN INCHES LONG, and suspended from the center, an entirely new idea. This Locket has a white ground with TRACINGS OF GOLD form.

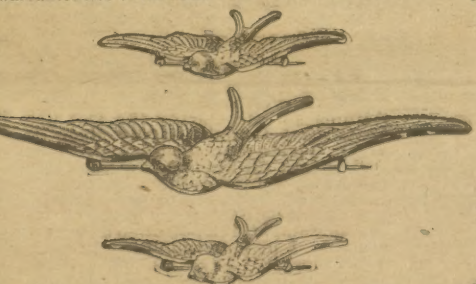
Club Offer. For only three, 15 months' subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will give you the above Locket and Chain. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PRETTY PIN SETS For Waist or Dress Wear

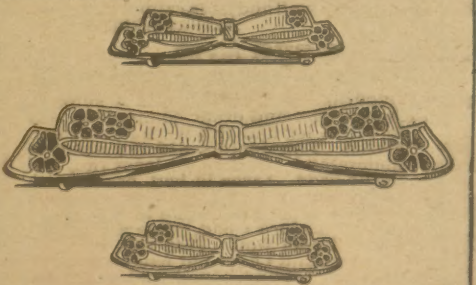
Are more in demand than ever, and we show you this large variety of styles in the latest kind of Cloisonne Enamel on Gold Plated surface and back. This enamel comes in most exquisite colorings and makes a very attractive and durable ornamental pin. It is so fired on and burnt into the bright metal backs that it is not only very pretty to look at with all its dainty shades, but will wear forever as the perfectly perfect process of treating makes them nearly indestructible, as well as very beautiful.



The Lily Pattern as shown above is Pin Set No. 24, and made up with creamy white enameled petals with green stems forming the bar with fire gilt bordering warranted not to tarnish.



This bird, Number 25, with her wings outstretched comes in a pretty gray enamel and has a slight touch of red on the breast. This large pin, as are all the others in the assortment is three inches long, and the small one just half the size.



Here we have the Bow Knot design Number 26, which is sort of a silver white with small purple violets on the end of each loop. You will notice each set of pins has one long pin for the front of the collar, or to pin on a jabot, and two small pins for the back, or for the front of a waist.



These long graceful curved pins Number 27, with the odd-shaped ends are a pretty blue with small white daisies and green leaves at the end. Women and girls in this age cannot get along without a set of dress pins. Perhaps you already have a set, but you will still want one or more sets of the pretty pins shown here.



The long graceful curved pins, Number 28, are clear white with a small purple design and green leaves. As you will notice all the small pins are exactly like the large one in design.

Send in your order at once for one or more of these sets for we know that after you have seen and examined these sets you will surely want more of them. Many of our club members send in for two or more sets of pins at one time.

Club Offer: For a club of only three subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months we will send you one set free by Parcel Post. Be sure to give number and state which set you wish when ordering. We will send any two sets for a club of five.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Which Do You Prefer

A string of PEARLS, a CORAL NECKLACE, or 51 TUSKA IVORY BEADS?



This is the year when Dame Fashion demands a necklace of some kind for both the day and evening wear. Many of you will want this entire assortment, so you can have a variety.

Pearl Beads can be worn with any costume, and always have a very rich appearance. The string of Pearls is represented by the cut in the center. The beads are made of a composition which gives a great luster, same as the Roman Pearls which are famous for their exquisite coloring and fine texture. They are strongly strung, and have a neat gold plated clasp. The beads are of suitable size, 65 on a string, and we cannot tell you how really becoming they look when worn around the neck.

Coral Beads. The darkest string illustrated represents the Coral Beads. They are almost oval in shape, and graduated in size as you will notice. This Coral is not the deep pink that is so very noticeable, but a lighter pink that gives such a dainty appearance to the wearer. The fainter pink is the most expensive in the real Coral which is taken from the Coral Reefs outside of Florida, also over in Italy. A great many people cannot afford the real Coral so we are offering this good substitute. These beads are strung on a strong cord, and have a gold plated clasp. This clasp is not one of the kind that comes undone with a little pull like the ordinary ones, but has a good strong catch to it, so that a special effort has to be made in order to take them off. This insures safety, for you cannot easily lose them.

The Tusk Ivory Beads are the same in shape as the Coral. As Ivory is the latest in collar, picture frames and toilet articles of all kinds, you will have to keep in style by securing a Tusk Ivory String of Beads. As they are pure white you can wear them with any costume. These beads are strung the same as the Coral and have the same kind of a clasp. You cannot afford to let this opportunity go by. As beads can be worn at all seasons of the year you will be securing articles that will not get out of style or season.

Special Offer: For a club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you a string of Pearl Beads, or for one absolutely new subscriber at 25c. we will send you either one of the Coral or Tusk Ivory Necklaces if you will state which you prefer, and for a Club of Three 15 months' subscribers at 25c. each we will send All Three of these different strings of beads as described above. **SPECIAL RENEWAL OFFER:** If you send 25c. for your own renewal for 15 months and 10c. extra, 35c. in all, we will send Either One of the three styles you may select.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FRENCH IVORY TRINKET BOX



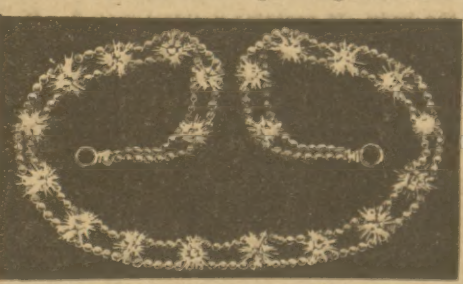
French Ivory Work is all the rage just now so we are offering you a trinket box, woven in like a basket, and has a small knobbed cover. Jewelry and trinkets of all kinds such as rings, necklaces, pins, collar buttons or any small articles can be kept in this little basket woven box. It is nearly four inches long, and over two inches high, and two inches wide. A very attractive ornament.

As Ivory work is so white and neat looking you can readily see what a great addition this will make to any dresser or stand, and anyone would more than appreciate it as a gift, as this looks like the real Elephant Tusk Ivory.

Special Offer: For a club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you by Parcel Post one of these French Ivory Trinket Boxes. Or if you will send 35c. and your own renewal for 15 months we will mail you a Trinket Box Free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BEAUTIFUL Beaded and Sparkling NECKLACE



This Necklace is made up of two strings of Silver Beads, strung on a pliable wire, and between are twenty Sparkling diamond-like Brilliants, securely backed up with bright metal firmly fastened to the strongly strung beads that will keep bright and last a long time. This double row of small beads gives a very attractive appearance as the pliable nature of the entire necklace makes a pleasing blending of brilliant and beads and an easy adjustment that fits around the neck in a graceful manner.

For a club of only Three 15 months' subscribers at 25c. each we will send this fine necklace free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BEAUTIFUL RIBBONS

Five Inches in Width with Soft Wired Edges

The Latest Conception in Hair Ribbons and Artistic Hat Trimmings. Guaranteed All Silk Taffeta

The edges of this Ribbon are finished to represent a small silk cord through which a soft, pliable wire is run. The most fashionable hats this season are simply trimmed with large stunning bows, and this ribbon enables the home milliner to give her hats that smart touch so difficult with the ordinary ribbons.

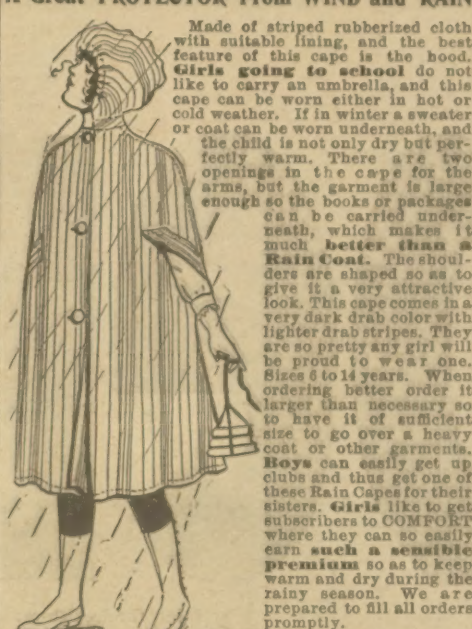
For Children's Hair this Ribbon makes Ideal Bows. The silk will not crush and the bow is instantly adjusted after being flattened under the hat.

You have only to send us two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and we will mail you free two yards of this lovely ribbon. We have delicate pink, light and dark blue, black, white, red and green.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN



Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the best feature of this cape is the hood. Girls going to school do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. If in winter a sweater or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much better than a Rain Coat. The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are so pretty that any girl will be proud to wear one. Sizes 6 to 14 years. When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to go over a heavy coat or other garments. Boys can easily get up clubs and thus get one of these Rain Capes for their sisters. Girls like to get subscribers to COMFORT where they can so easily earn such a sensible premium so as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. We are prepared to fill all orders promptly.

Special Club Offer: For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Capes.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ladies' JERSEY Vests

These Vests are made of fine Jersey ribbed white material. They are knit from hosiery which has been put through a process which gives them all the finish and luster of a Real High-Priced Silk Article.

These Vests will fit any figure and every woman knows how comfortable they feel and serviceable they are. They fit so nice and smooth over the figure like a kid glove on the hand.

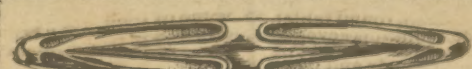
We carry all sizes from 32 to 44 bust measure, and are prepared to fill all orders promptly.

Club Offer: For a club of only two 15 months' subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you one of these Vests Free by Parcel Post, or for a club of four we will send a suit of vest and drawers to match. These drawers are made up with a French band and trimmed with Tortoise lace.

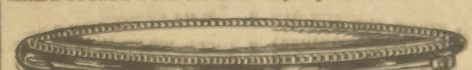
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three Artistic Pins

HIGHEST QUALITY GOLD FINISH. SPLENDID NEW DESIGNS.



Alice, No. 646, is an arts-and-craft design, copying hand-tooled work which is very expensive.



Aline, No. 275, is the favorite beaded edge pattern, always a popular design and always fashionable.



Doris, No. 269, is the engraved design, with monogram blank. In center space your monogram or initials may be cut.

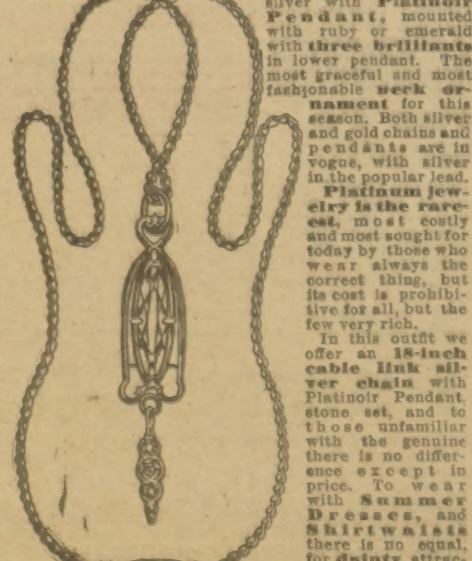
All three are excellent Neck or Belt Pins. Are two and one-half inches long, with strong, serviceable pin bar. Will wear well for years and so inexpensive we hope every lady reader of COMFORT will send for a set.

Club Offer: For only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send a set of three Pins.

You may select one of each pattern shown, or three of a number, or assort your order in any way. Use numbers and we will send just what you select, and guarantee them. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Summer Necklace Novelty

SILVER CHAIN WITH PENDANT



Artistic neck chain of silver with Platinum Pendant, mounted with ruby or emerald with three brilliant in lower pendant. The most graceful and most fashionable neck ornament for this season. Both silver and gold chains and pendants are in vogue, with silver in the popular lead.

Club Offer: For a club of but two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we send post-paid one of these Silver Chains with Platinum Pendants and give you choice of Ruby or Emerald setting. If inconvenient to send a club of two, send 25 cents to extend your own subscription 15 months and receive a Necklace and Pendant free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Weatherproof Garment

Utility Coat for Ladies, Misses and Men



Fashioned after the model of a "Great Coat," it covers the entire person from "Head to Foot," affording complete protection from the weather, be it wind or rain. Made of waterproof rubber sheeting, in two colors, Olive Drab or Tan and Gray with Flaid Lining, every seam is both sewed and cemented, has standing Military Collar, two side pockets and five large buttons.

For walking the coat is none too heavy, for riding it is the greatest rain and wind repellent imaginable.

Of late the so-called "rain coat" has been all the rage, they have proved more desirable than so-called cravenetted materials, being lighter in weight.

Every person, especially schoolgirls, should be simply protected from the weather, and this coat provides a garment that covers all the outer clothes, providing warmth and keeping everything dry. Such coats usually sell for \$6.00 but we can give them away free for small subscription clubs as we have bought a quantity at great advantage. Read the offer carefully.

Club Offer. Send only 12 subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months for one Coat; same will be sent at our expense. You may select Tan or Gray, as please give bust measure, required. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Everybody's Suit Case

They are Much More Convenient Than Bag or Valise. This cut shows our Brass and Leather Bound Twisted Fiber Suit Case. They are One Foot Wide, About Two Feet Long, and over One-half Foot Deep, Weigh only 3 1/2 Pounds. This excellent Premium is one of the best for either men or women, boys or girls to use for themselves or will make a splendid present for a friend. Perhaps you already have a heavy leather bag or suit case, if so you will also want one of the lightest, and yet longest wearing cases that can be made. The Fiber gives a beautiful color, and blends nicely with the brass clasps on each side. The handle is made good size to grasp and is well stitched. Inside it is roomy, well lined, with good wearing striped material and two straps are handy here to separate shirt-waists or men's shirts and help hold down a good case full of assorted male or female wearing apparel. The corners are metal bound and securely held firm and rigid with copper rivets.

Club Offer: For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you one of these very serviceable Light Weight Suit Cases Free by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Lucky Bluebird Pin Set



The Bluebird has long been the harbinger of good luck, and the emblem of happiness and prosperity, and the demand for these shirt-waist pin sets has developed into a craze. There are three birds on each pin and two pins of the smaller size and one large one. These three beautifully shaded blue enameled birds with their wide spreading wings make a three-inch wide strongly mounted gift backed pin to be used as a bosom or belt pin, while the two smaller pins, which can be used for collar, sleeve or waist pins, as well as many other purposes, are just half that size. The beautiful blue enamel is fired on so it will wear indefinitely, and always looks bright like the bluebird itself.

Don't fail to get a club of three 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each and have us send you one of these Good Luck Pin Sets free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Stunning New Spring Model House Dress

This dress is made up of a very good quality percale in the check design and the illustration gives you a general idea of the way it is made. The waist is piped with blue chambray to match blue in check, which gives it a pretty effect, and is ornamented on either side with small white pearl buttons. The dress with an invisible closing down the front, has a square neck, edged with dainty Hamburg.

The cuffs of the sleeves are also piped and edged with the Hamburg. The waist has a large tuck on each side to give it the required fullness. The most pleasing feature of this dress is the large armhole which gives the arm perfect freedom, for reaching, etc. The skirt is a plain gored skirt and has the high waist effect which is so popular just now. This very serviceable dress can be worn at all times. It also is pretty enough for street wear or calling. All women like to have a neat appearance around the house and if this dress is worn for a morning dress a large apron can be worn, and in the afternoon the apron can be taken off and still you will be dressed suitable to receive company and entertain. We have these dresses in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. When ordering be sure to state size.

Club Offer: For a club of only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you one of these very attractive house dresses, free by Parcel Post.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Open to All

Men and Women

No matter who or where you are, you can get a full-sized, one dollar box to try, promptly upon application, without sending or risking one single penny. We take all the risk, anywhere, everywhere, anytime, for our offer is open to all. We have no age limit, no limit as to locality, no restrictions as to ailments or the length of time you have been ill. We want every sick person to try Bodi-Tone at our own risk, no matter what the ailment, no matter what the age. We are glad to have you try it, even though your ailment may be called incurable, even though you may be over eighty years of age, for no one knows what Bodi-Tone will do until they have tried it. We don't ask a penny, we don't ask a promise to buy more, we don't force any medicine upon you. Our trial offer is a bona-fide, honest offer, an offer that has made thousands of cures because those without hope could try it without risk.

All you need do is send your name and address in the coupon, with no other information, for this offer is open to all.

If you are sick in bed, doctoring without benefit, or if you are trying to work with a chronic trouble, send for Bodi-Tone at our risk and see what it will do for you. If you have some peculiar trouble which you do not understand, which the doctors do not cure, give Bodi-Tone a chance to show what it can do for your body. If your body has been wasted by some previous disease, if you have suffered the ravages of LaGrippe, Fevers, Pneumonia, etc., if you have worried and fretted at your inability to recover the ground lost by your illness, try a box of Bodi-Tone at our risk and see if it will supply the elements the body lacks, see if it will restore the vital forces for you, as it has done for thousands. Men and women who are weak and run-down from disease, worry, overwork or causes unknown to them, find new life in Bodi-Tone, and we want to prove it to you, at our risk, no matter who, where or what you are. Clip the coupon and send for it today.

Bodi-Tone Does Just As Its Name Means

It cures disease by toning all the body, and we want to show you what it will do for your body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day. Each box contains seventy-five tablets, enough for twenty-five days' use, and we send you the full box on trial, so you can try this great remedy and learn what it is, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it cures stubborn diseases by helping nature to tone every organ of the body. Tonic is a little word, but it means a great deal, everything in health. When all the organs are doing their part, when each is acting in a perfectly natural way, when all the functions are healthy and performed with natural vigor, when the energy, strength and power of resistance to disease are all at a natural point, then the body is in proper tone. When disease has attacked any part, when lack of vitality is found and felt, the tone of the entire physical body should be raised to the highest possible point, to make all the body help to cure and restore. This is the power which underlies all of Bodi-Tone's great work for the sick, this is the power it offers you to help you get new health and new strength, new vigor and new vitality.



Bodi-Tone contains Iron, which gives life and energy to the Blood, Sarsaparilla, which drives out its impurities, Phosphate and Nux Vomica, which create new nerve energy and force, Lithia, which aids in the Kidneys and dissolves rheumatic deposits, Gentian, which does invaluable work for the Stomach and Digestive forces, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root, which promote vigorous Liver activity, Peruvian Bark, which raises the tone of the entire system, Golden Seal, which soothes the inflamed membrane and checks Catarrhal discharges, Cascar, which gives the Bowels new life in a natural way, and Capsicum, which makes all more valuable by bettering their absorption into the blood. Each exerts a special action in some organ or function that helps to bring the whole body back to health.

Natural Curatives To Make Natural Health

Each Bodi-Tone ingredient adds a needed element from nature to the body, for Bodi-Tone is altogether a natural remedy. Each has a certain work to do in the body and does it well, in a natural manner. They are used in Bodi-Tone because of this ability. We claim no credit for discovering these valuable ingredients, each of which has a well deserved place in established medical science. We claim only the credit for our successful Bodi-Tone formula, which is our own discovery, for the way in which we have selected, proportioned and combined these great natural curatives.

Put Your Finger On Any One

You can put your finger on any letter you see herein, you can put your finger on any one in any of the books and circulars we publish, and say to yourself: Bodi-Tone cured this person; Bodi-Tone proved its method and plan was right in this case; Bodi-Tone made this person well and strong; Bodi-Tone made new health here; why shouldn't it do as much for me, why shouldn't it cure me, why shouldn't I try it on the trial offer? No offer ever made to the sick equals this Bodi-Tone trial offer in its fairness, liberality and genuine benefit that may be obtained by old and young. It is not an untried, experimental medicine, seeking a reputation, that is offered you, but a medicine that has stood the test for four years time, a medicine that has been tried and proven and found real and right, a medicine which has gained a reputation by its curative work over the entire nation, from coast to coast. One half-million sick men and women have said, "Send me a box of Bodi-Tone on trial" and they got it, without paying a penny in advance, without having to pay a single penny until they were benefited. One half-million men and women have tested it, have seen for themselves what Bodi-Tone is and what it will do, just as we ask you to do right now. Every fair-minded person who reads our trial offer realizes that Bodi-Tone must be an exceptional medicine, that it must be far and above the average, that it must be different from others, or it could not be offered in this liberal way—no benefit no pay. You owe it to yourself to give Bodi-Tone a trial.

and for the health-making work which Bodi-Tone has so well proven its ability to perform in the body. The curative forces which Bodi-Tone so ably uses are the forces which have always existed in nature for the restoration of the body's health. Many are regularly prescribed by good physicians in combination with such drugs as each doctor may favor, for there are wide differences of opinion among doctors of various schools. The exact combination used in Bodi-Tone is what gives it the far-reaching and thorough curative and restorative power that makes possible the remarkable cures experienced by Bodi-Tone users, cures which prove the difference between Bodi-Tone and common remedies, cures which have won the gratitude of thousands.

No One Is Too Old To Use Bodi-Tone

Thousands of weak and feeble old men and women have sent for Bodi-Tone on trial, and found it put new flesh on their bones, new vigor in their minds, new vim in their muscles, and new vitality into every vital function. If there is anything wrong in any part of your body, if any organ is acting in a way which you realize and know is not right, send for Bodi-Tone on this trial offer and give it a chance to set you right. If you do not feel right, eat right, sleep right, weigh right, work right and think right, now and all the time, put Bodi-Tone in command of your body for twenty-five days. Let it marshal your bodily forces, let it line them up and work them into shape, until all are marching along straight, strong and harmoniously, in perfect time, tune and tone, for that is what Bodi-Tone is for and what it is doing for thousands. If the doctor's prescriptions and ordinary medicinal combinations have failed, let this scientific combination of special remedies show and prove what it can do for you. Its greatest triumphs have been among men and women who had chronic ailments, who had used patent medicines and had doctored with their local doctors and out-of-town specialists, all without lasting benefit. It is because of its great work in these cases that all chronic sufferers and persons with obstinate diseases are invited to try a dollar box of Bodi-Tone at our risk.

Thousands of Cures

of Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Female Troubles, Bowel, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anemia, Sleeplessness, LaGrippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Break-down have fully proven the power and great remedial value of Bodi-Tone in such disorders. Each one got a dollar box on trial, as we offer to you in the coupon at the bottom of this page.

Why Be a Slave To Bad Health?

Why remain in ill-health month after month, why allow your body to make you a slave to ills, humors, distress and discomforts, when it is so easy to procure a trial box of this home treatment which has restored thousands to vigorous health and glorious strength? Why delay another day, when a trial of this proven medicine is yours for the asking? Why keep on suffering, when by filling in your name and address on the trial coupon and mailing it to us, you can get a full twenty-five days treatment of this great remedy which people everywhere are praising and talking about? It just costs a two-cent stamp, and you don't need

Not a Secret Medicine

When you use Bodi-Tone you know just what you are using, know it is pure and safe and know you are taking the right kind of medicine to provide real help for the body. It contains nothing that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on killing pain with cocaine, opium, morphine or other dangerous drugs. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with remedies nature intended to tone and cure the body when that power was given them, and we tell you here just what they are and what they do.

to pay a single penny for the medicine unless Bodi-Tone benefits you. You have all to win and nothing to lose, no matter what your ailment may be, by trying Bodi-Tone on this liberal trial offer. Its history of success has proven beyond a shadow of doubt how the Bodi-Tone plan of *toning all the body* is a right plan that helps to cure these and other disorders, that it is a *real aid to nature*. Many who had for years been in poor health and had tried good doctors and most all of the prominent medicines, have found that one single box of Bodi-Tone did more good than all other treatments combined. It goes to the root in the body and cures because its work is rational and thorough, the only kind that makes cures permanent. It makes the body right, which it may not have been for years before the ailment became deep-rooted. Health through Bodi-Tone means health in every sense. If you want health, here is a chance for you. If you want to stop the use of medicine, if you want to stop the strain and drain of continual drugging and dosing, send for Bodi-Tone on this trial offer and give it a chance to *tone your body and make it healthy*, for healthy bodies need no medicine. How can you, in justice to yourself and family, pass Bodi-Tone by when it is curing the sick by the thousands, when you can try it without paying a penny for the medicine until it benefits you. You owe your body a trial of Bodi-Tone, for you have never used a medicine that cures disease by toning all the body. Read the reports from men and women who got Bodi-Tone on trial, typical of the thousands, in all parts of the country, and then send the coupon for a box on trial and try it for yourself. Don't delay or put it off, but send for it today.

Female Trouble And Nervous Breakdown

WALTONVILLE, ILLS.—My cure has helped to recommend Bodi-Tone here, for I live in the country and most everybody knows I have been in a very serious condition from Female Trouble, Indigestion and Nervous Breakdown. The doctors have been treating me for about a year and it seemed I could not get well. One of my neighbors read about Bodi-Tone and thought it would help me, and got me to write for a box. My doctor was willing I should try it, and said it might be the very medicine for me. I was able to be up and around after I had taken two boxes, and now I am able to help in the housework, although everyone thought I was too old and feeble to ever be able to do any more work. Words cannot express my gratitude to Bodi-Tone. MRS. MARY S. RIGHTNOWAR.



Injected Drug In His Limbs To Get Relief From Cramps

DUNNEGAN, Mo.—It is almost a year since I first used Bodi-Tone, and since I used it I haven't had any trouble with Rheumatism. I had Rheumatism for fifty years before I took this medicine. For five years I experienced terrible cramping in my limbs. Sometimes it would seem to go all over my body. The doctor said these cramping spells were the result of having Rheumatism for such a long time. It did not do any good for me to take medicine for these spells. The doctor would inject a drug into my limbs, which was the only way I could get any relief. I haven't had any of these cramps since I took the Bodi-Tone, and everyone that knows me is surprised to see me so well. I eat and sleep well and have gained some in weight. I am over seventy years old. AMOS BOGUE.



Had Asthma, Stomach And Bowel Trouble

HOT SPRINGS, S. DAK.—I have been afflicted with Asthma, Stomach and Bowel Trouble for years, the Asthma so bad, during the last five years that I could hardly sleep at night. I tried much doctor's medicine and bought all kinds of powders and other stuff for the Asthma, but none of them ever cured me. I used smokes and smudges that put my Stomach out of order and I think poisoned my whole system. I lost my appetite and ran down in weight to 120 pounds. About seven months ago I saw the Bodi-Tone advertisement and sent for a trial box. It helped me and I sent for more. I used three boxes, and am so free of Asthma that I can almost forget that I ever had such an ailment. My Stomach is all right, I can eat anything that's good to eat, sleep well and have gained in weight. ALBERT ARRINGTON.



Left Side, Leg and Arm Were Almost Paralyzed

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.—For eight years I suffered greatly with Rheumatism and other complaints. My left side, leg and arm were almost paralyzed. The doctors did not seem to understand my case, at least they did me no good. I was in bed, crying with pain from my leg and foot, when I first learned about Bodi-Tone and began to use it. Before I had taken all of four boxes I was well. This was nearly a year ago, and I have not used any since and am staying sound and well. My husband had suffered for many months with indigestion and could not eat a meal without suffering. The doctor's medicine did him no good. He was almost given out when he began to use Bodi-Tone, and it cured him just as it did me. He eats anything he wants now and enjoys his meals. Bodi-Tone is a blessing to the sick, and I don't know how to praise it enough after suffering as I did for eight long years. It has brought happiness to our home by making us both well. MRS. P. CAMPBELL, 3015 5th Ave.



Trial Coupon

Clipped from Comfort

Bodi-Tone Company, Hoynes & North Aves., Chicago.

I have read your offer of a dollar box of Bodi-Tone on 25 day's trial, and ask you to send me a box by return mail, postpaid. I will give it a fair trial and will send you \$1.00 promptly when I am sure it has benefited me. If it does not help me I will not pay one penny and will owe you nothing. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever used it.

Name _____
Town _____
State _____
Street or R. F. D. _____

Husband and Wife Trial Offer Where husband and wife are both ailing and need Bodi-Tone, we will send TWO BOXES on trial, with the understanding that each will use a box, and pay us \$1.00 each if benefited. In such cases this Coupon should be signed with the husband's name, followed by the words "and wife."